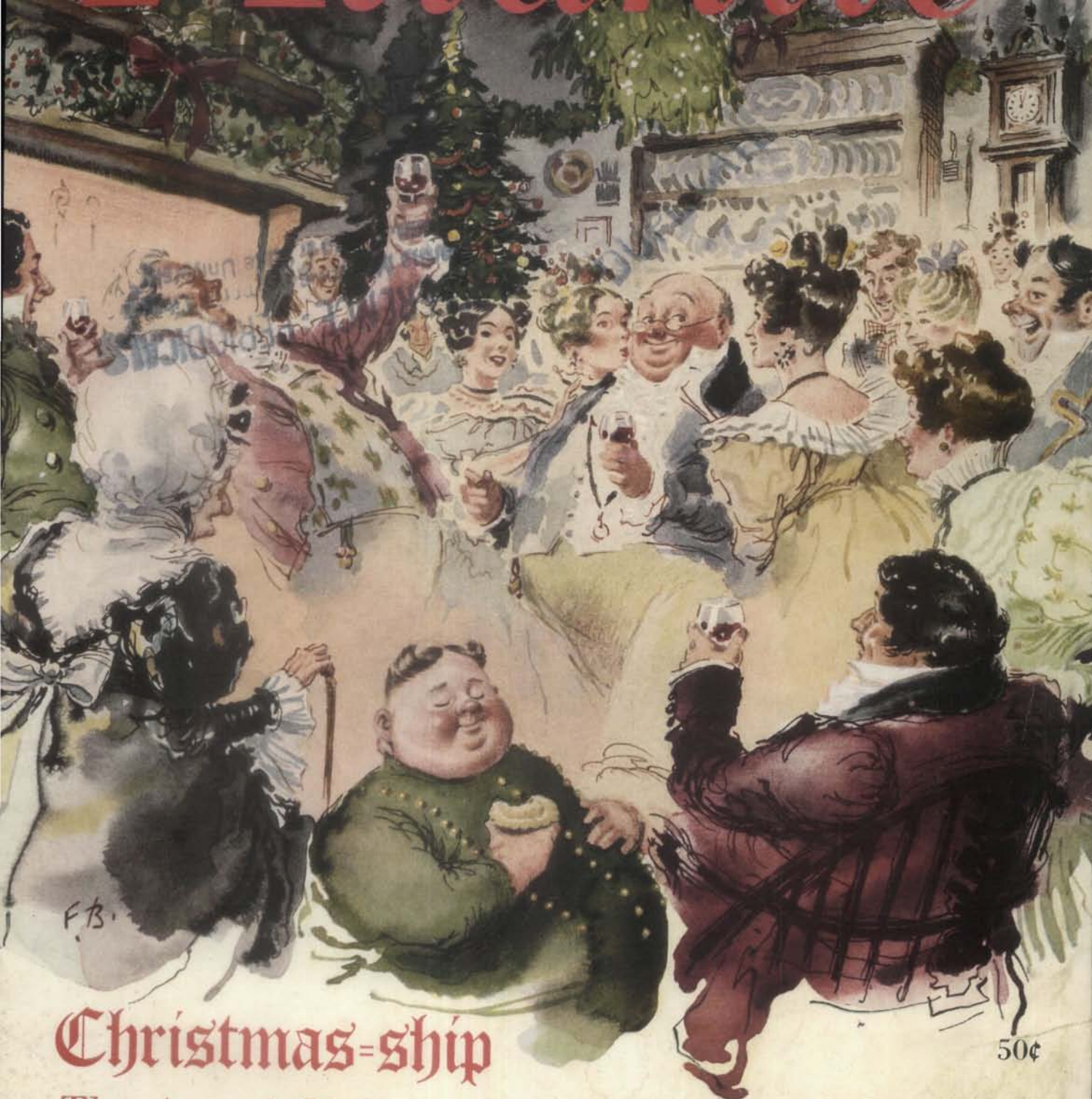


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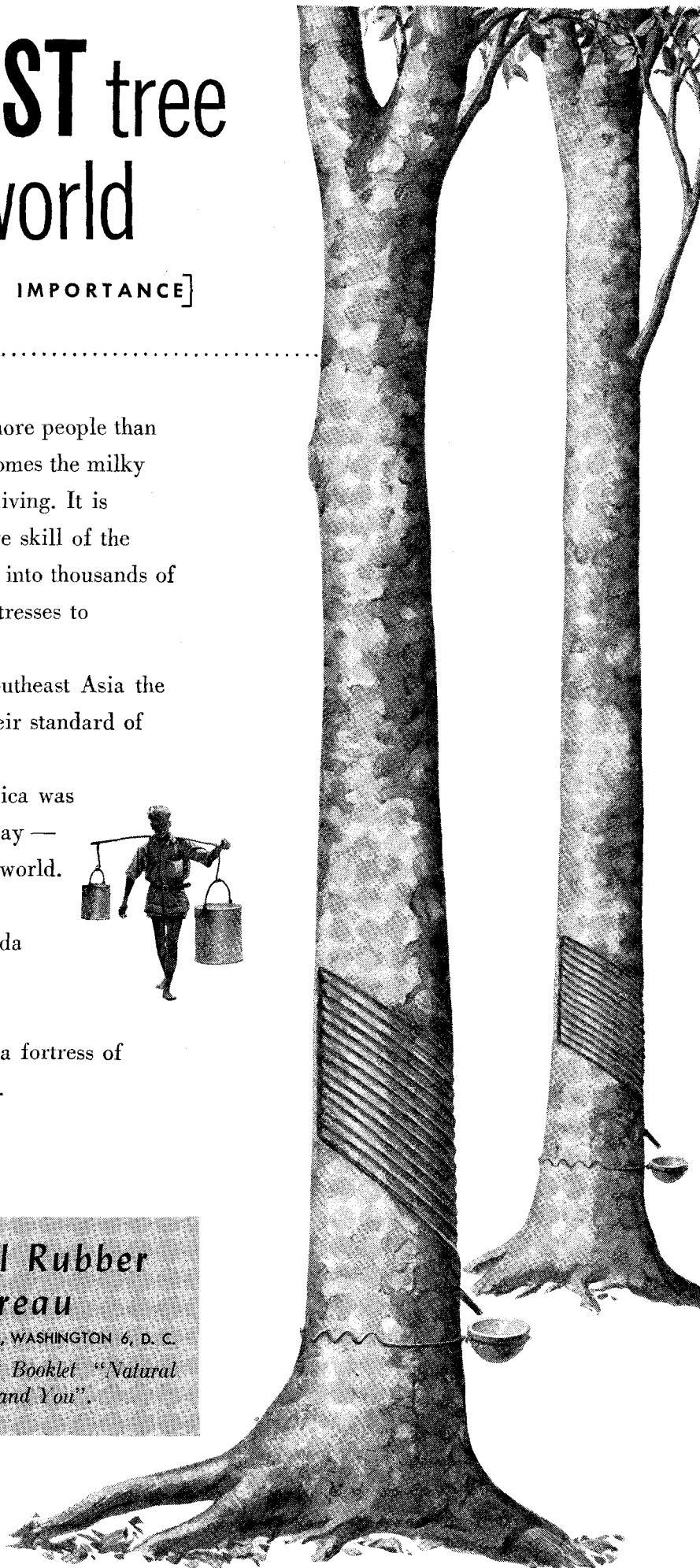
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Washington

THE first session of the Eighty-second Congress will go down as the most expensive peacetime session in Congressional history, and also the most investigation-minded. Substantial legislative accomplishments were relatively few. A universal military service bill was passed, though it conditioned the universal training provisions on a report by a civilian commission which was filed too late for consideration. Congress also passed a weak extension of the Defense Production Act.

But the initial months of the session were leaderless and listless, and by the time legislators buckled down to work in midsummer it was too late to do much beyond approving essential governmental appropriation bills, totaling 95 billion dollars, and the new consolidated foreign aid bill. This omnibus measure authorizes 7.3 billion dollars for military and economic aid and replaces ECA with a new Mutual Security Agency, which will be headed by W. Averell Harriman, who was the U.S. troubleshooter in Iran. Harriman has emerged as the Harry Hopkins of the Truman Administration, with probably more power than Hopkins ever had. Without question he is one of the most sensible men in the President's entourage.

One of the fairest and least sensational of the Congressional committees, the Senate Investigating Committee headed by Senator Clyde R. Hoey, has probed the charges that Democratic National Chairman William M. Boyle, Jr., used his influence with the RFC in behalf of the ubiquitous American Lithofold Corporation of St. Louis.

Mr. Boyle maintained, up until the time of his resignation for "reasons of health," that he had exercised no improper influence in Lithofold's

behalf, and President Truman defended him to the end. But a parade of witnesses testified that Mr. Boyle had taken fat legal fees from Lithofold while executive vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and that he was instrumental in the reversal of an RFC decision not to grant Lithofold a \$565,000 loan. There is considerable suspicion, despite the President's denial, that Mr. Boyle had become too hot a potato for the Democrats to handle.

The Lithofold name has come up in other connections. James P. Finnegan, the recently resigned Collector of Internal Revenue of St. Louis, now indicted for bribery, admitted that he had received \$45,000 from Lithofold while giving three or four hours a day to his \$10,000 job as Collector. An Alcohol Tax Unit supervisor in New York and a revenue agent in Newark also admitted doing work for Lithofold on the side.

Who collects the internal revenue?

In fact, the corruption in the Bureau of Internal Revenue is probably the biggest scandal to hit Washington this year. Collectors have resigned or been suspended in St. Louis, San Francisco, New York, and Boston, and there are indications that the scandal will spread to Detroit and Kansas City. Despite assurances by Revenue Commissioner John Dunlap that the Bureau has attended to its own dirty linen, some persons close to the Bureau believe that a general deterioration set in with the regime of Robert E. Hannegan in 1944.

The mystery figure in the Internal Revenue investigation is Senator John J. Williams of Delaware, who disclosed much of the information that the King subcommittee is using. It was he, for ex-

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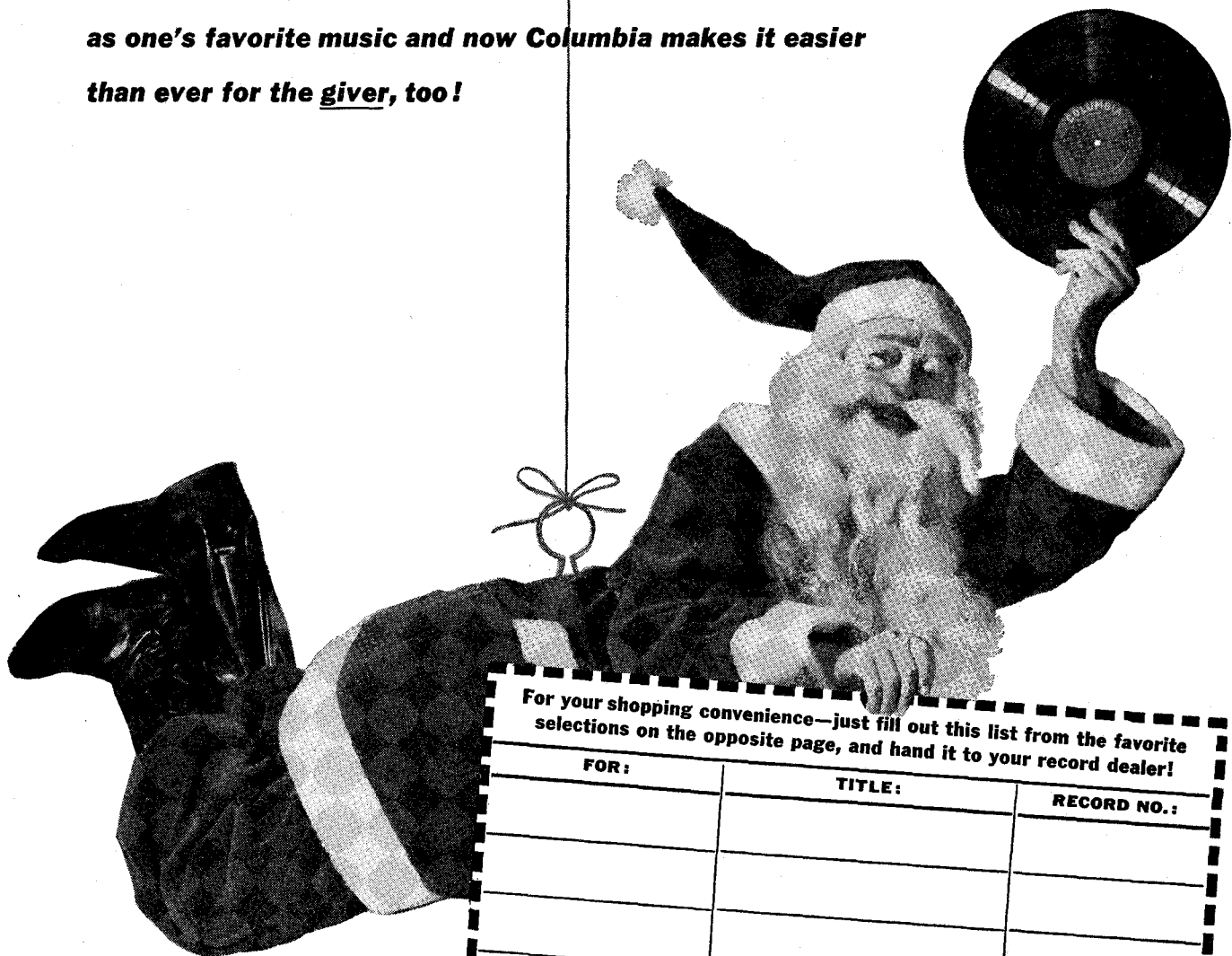
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



ample, who charged that the Treasury and Justice Departments had withheld evidence from the St. Louis grand jury investigating Mr. Finnegan. Mr. Williams has recently come to prominence on several other counts, notably his efforts to protect the taxpayer on airline and shipping subsidies.

Senator Williams, who looks the part of the small-town feed dealer that he is, comes from Millsboro, Delaware, and was elected as a Republican in 1946. His interest in the Bureau of Internal Revenue reportedly stemmed from the improper handling of his own income tax return several years ago.

Mr. Williams plays his cards close to his chest, and no one knows how he does his investigating. But he promises further disclosures about the Bureau, intended, he says, to root out the corruption and restore confidence. He seems a man singularly dedicated to his work, without apparent partisan motive. Evidence of this point was his demand that Republican Chairman Guy Gabrielson resign when the latter, too, appeared to be linked with an RFC loan.

"No information available"

The press in Washington has been concerned with the new executive order extending the military classification system on information to all agencies of government. The President and other Administration officials seem to have been surprised at the cry raised in the press and in Congress. They have maintained that the order merely formalizes something now in effect.

But the President did not help his case at a press conference in which he betrayed considerable misunderstanding of the issue. He criticized government departments such as Defense and the Atomic Energy Commission for information those agencies had released, and he charged that 95 per cent of the country's secret information has been revealed by the press. Secretary of Commerce Sawyer jumped into the confusion by condemning what he called a competition for leaks among government officials. What he did not do was ask why there is a competition for leaks.

The real danger of the President's order lies not in the effort to protect items of genuine military security importance, but in the misinterpretations that may be placed upon it by fearful underlings. The net effect can hardly be other than further to narrow the already constricted body of information upon which free citizens depend to judge their government. For there is unquestionably an at-

mosphere of cover-up in government, and the press agent is already supplanting the reporter who digs.

McCarran to Stassen to McCarthy

The most flamboyant of the recent investigations has been that conducted by the McCarran Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. One service performed by General MacArthur was to transform the discussion of the Far East from one of personalities to one of issues. Senator McCarran has succeeded in reverting to the hapless game of who thought what when. Indeed, it has now become difficult to distinguish between McCarran and McCarthy.

The subcommittee's largest catch was Ambassador Philip C. Jessup, a United States delegate to the United Nations. Without question, it was the work of the McCarran group which foreclosed a favorable vote on the Jessup nomination by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Dr. Jessup succeeded in demonstrating to the satisfaction of virtually everyone except Messrs. McCarran and McCarthy that he is not and has never been a Communist. But he did so by a sort of convoluted process by which he seemed to take pride in having been an America Firster before World War II. As a result he was tarred with a sort of guilt by dissociation.

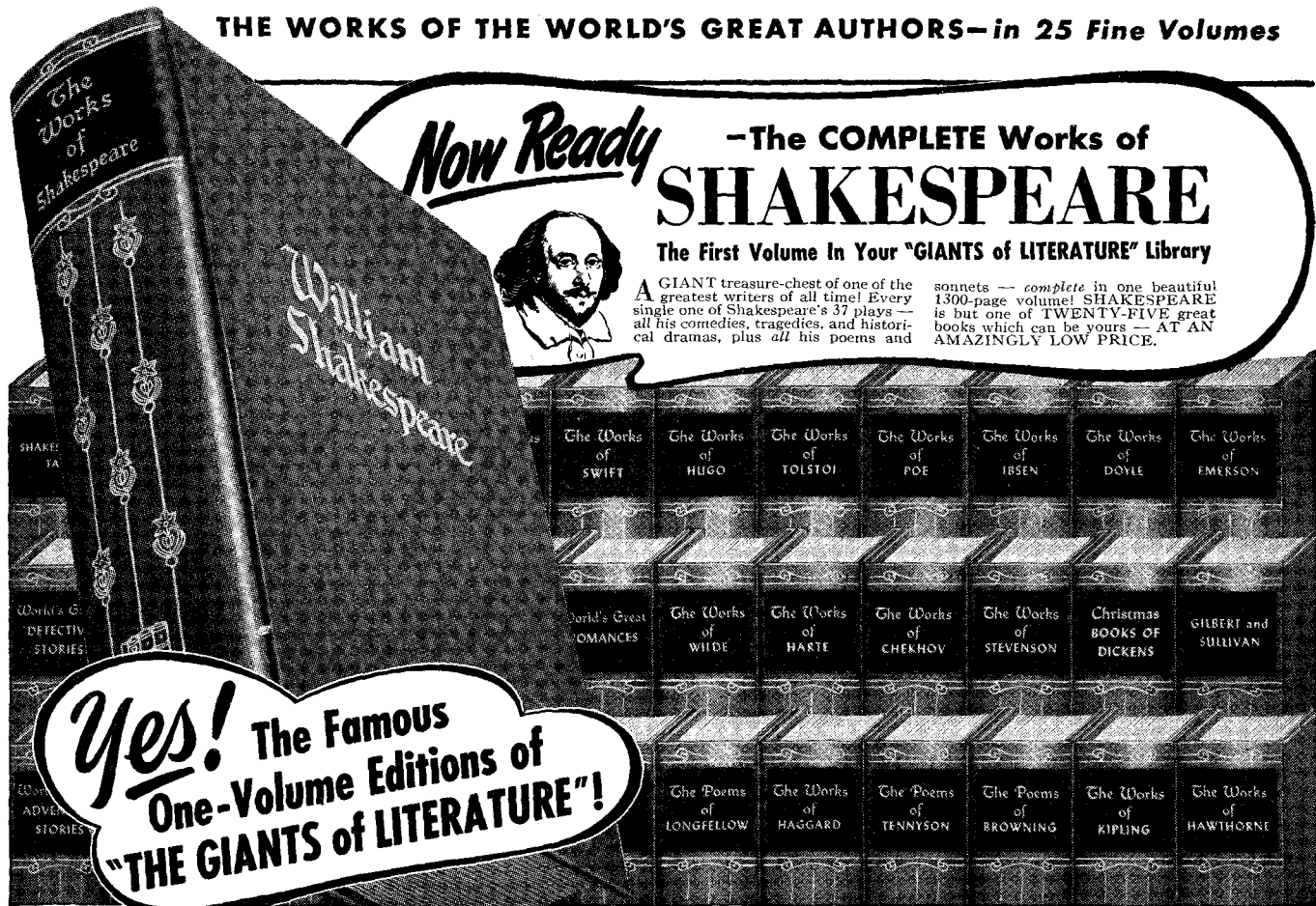
The turning point in the Jessup case was the charge made by Harold Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota and now president of the University of Pennsylvania, that Dr. Jessup had been present at a State Department policy conference in late 1949 or early 1950 at which Secretary Acheson recommended that military aid to Chiang Kai-shek be "dramatically stopped." Mr. Stassen quoted the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg to prove his point.

Promptly the State Department announced that a search of its files showed that no such conference had been held, and just as promptly it had to retract. A State Department round-table conference was held in October, 1949, with Secretary Acheson, Professor Owen Lattimore, Mr. Stassen, and a number of businessmen.

An entry in Senator Vandenberg's diary showed that Mr. Stassen was confused: Vandenberg was talking about a meeting which took place at the White House on February 5, 1949. This meeting was called by President Truman to discuss the suspension of arms shipments to China, and was

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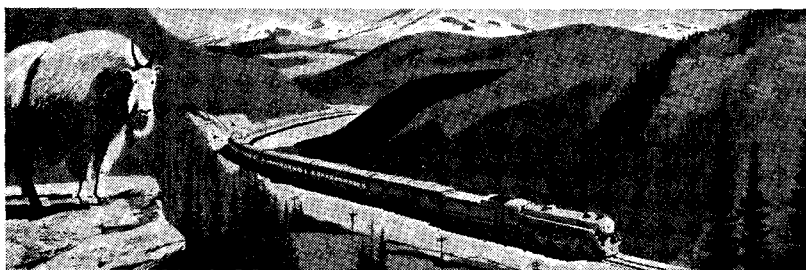
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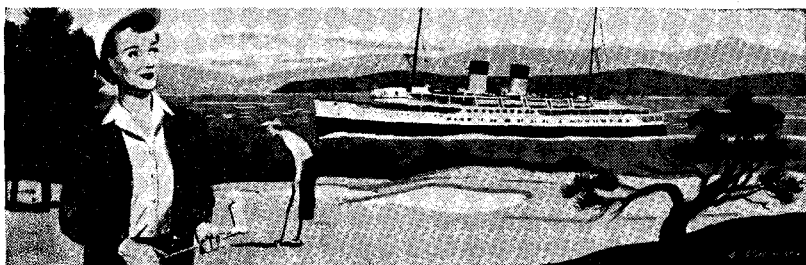
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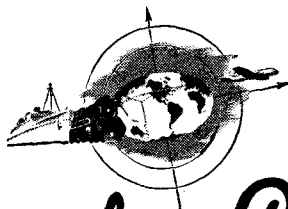


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attended by Vice President Barkley, Secretary of State Acheson, Senators Tom Connally and Vandenberg, and Congressmen Sol Bloom and Charles Eaton. Dr. Jessup was not present; he was in New York at the time.

Secretary Acheson subsequently released the transcript, which showed that his proposal followed the recommendation of Major General David S. Barr, then the chief United States military representative in China. Even Senator Vandenberg agreed that the Communist conquest of China was inevitable, but he did not want to give Chiang the final push.

But the release of the State Department transcript was inexcusably late, and the mischief was done so far as Dr. Jessup was concerned. Undoubtedly part of the trouble stemmed from Dr. Jessup's assertion that the United States had never "considered" the recognition of Communist China. Even though he explained his choice of words to Senators, it seemed to smack of what has come to be almost a policy with the State Department—the defensive and misleading answer rather than one which is forthright and indignant.

Certainly Mr. Stassen did not enhance his own stature in this process, and it is pretty clear that Dr. Jessup, a public servant of unusual ability, is the victim of the McCarran and right-wing Republican effort to find a scapegoat for the loss of China.

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is one of disillusionment over the continuing evidence of corruption and influence in high places. The feeling has not been helped by the realization that Washington itself sits on top of a multimillion-dollar numbers and book-making racket despite the protestations of police that the city is clean.

There seems to be a growing conviction that the only cure is to turn the rascals out—if this in turn would not invite merely another set of rascals. Senator Paul Douglas's subcommittee on ethics has just come up with a set of recommendations for the proper conduct of government employees. Probably the most salient of the subcommittee's observations is that for every bribe in government there must be a briber in the public at large.

Soviet Planning

IF Soviet experience is any guide, total centralization of the economy simply does not work. The Russians believed in it, tried it, and had to abandon it. It was the original idea of the Bolsheviks that under socialism the economy would be run by the State Planning Commission, a board of experts who would decide what was to be produced and how it was to be distributed and used. What has happened in fact, however, is that the State Planning Committee — as it is now called — has been subordinated to the Council of Ministers, which has grown to include some forty economic ministries, each in charge of a particular branch of the economy.

Each of these ministries — such as the Ministry of Automobiles, Ministry of Light Industry, Ministry of Railways, Ministry of Foreign Trade, Ministry of Finance, and so forth — has considerable independence. The State Planning Committee provides technical assistance — it integrates data — but it is the Council of Ministers and the individual ministries which issue the plans and which are responsible for their fulfillment.

Moreover, within each ministry the various so-called Chief Administrations and the individual factories and enterprises have been given a considerable degree of autonomy. Each state business enterprise operates on a profit-and-loss basis; it accounts for its own liabilities. Its profits provide large bonuses for managerial personnel and some benefits for workers. Important rights of possession, use, and disposition of state property are exercised by the individual managers entrusted with operational responsibilities.

On the whole the Soviets have moved in the past fifteen years toward greater decentralization of operations and toward increased personal incentives. Two illustrations of this movement may shed light on how a planned economy works.

Contract disputes

While certain important and scarce materials are directly allocated, for the most part goods are transferred from one Soviet enterprise to another by means of contracts specifying the price, quality, time of delivery, and so forth. The terms of the

contracts must be based upon plans and regulations; there is often considerable leeway for negotiation.

A very large number of contract disputes between state business enterprises are litigated in the Soviet tribunals every year, and although some of them turn on the interpretation of plans issued by higher authority, others are adjudicated on orthodox principles of commercial law. Indeed, even where there has been a definite deviation from the plans, the contract may in some cases be controlling. Thus where a cartographical factory had ordered 17 million pieces of tin stamp from a producers' trust but then refused to pay the price, on the ground that its planned task had only called for 8 million pieces, the court held that the contract be performed as agreed.

Soviet cases differ little from American commercial cases. The parties are government corporations, but their disputes rage over offer and acceptance, bills of lading, the insurer's claim to reimbursement from the carrier, the liability of agents acting beyond the scope of their authority, and many of the other matters that vex American businessmen and lawyers.

Why has contract, once condemned by Soviet leaders as a "bourgeois" institution destined to "wither away" under a planned economy, been restored as an essential part of the system? The answer which the Soviet writers now give is illuminating: because, they say, "excessive regimentation" (and that is their own term) freezes the flow of commodities; and because (again in their own words) "the State seeks to create among the managers and workers of its establishments a direct interest in the results of their efforts."

Wage incentives

A second illustration of the compromises which the Soviet economic system has made with the original conception of socialism may be found in the system of wages. The Soviet rulers are no longer the least bit interested in equality of remuneration; indeed, "equality-mongering," as Stalin has called it, is denounced as a "left deviation." "To each according to his work" is the

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slogan of Soviet socialism; and in fact inequalities of income are probably as great in Russia as in the United States.

Now, if everyone is not to be paid equally, the problem of central control of wages becomes very difficult. The central authorities can, of course, and do enact certain rates, certain norms. They can and do provide for wide variations, in different localities and industries. But suppose two workers operate drill presses in the same plant, and one machine is old and decrepit while the other is new and efficient. On a piece-rate system, one worker will be very unhappy unless some allowance is made for the condition of the machines.

The Soviets allow for adjustments to be made by the individual managements of enterprises on the basis of special conditions. These adjustments are authorized in so-called "notes" to the norms. For example, in ditchdigging the norm for filling a ditch is about 12 cubic meters in eight hours. But by use of the notes relating to whether the soil is sandy, stony, rocky, whether it is level or on a slope, and the like, the norm can be reduced to about 3 cubic meters. Because labor is scarce, there is a strong tendency to apply the notes liberally, and it appears that in many types of work the notes have in fact replaced the norms.

As a result, enterprises consistently overexpend the wage fund assigned to them. In 1931, for example, the *planned* average annual wage per worker was 941 rubles; the *actual* wage was 1127 rubles — a discrepancy of some 20 per cent for the whole country. In the First Five-Year Plan of 1928, it was *planned* that the average annual wage in 1932 would be around 900 rubles; actually in 1932 the average annual wage was 1427 rubles. This phenomenon has recurred regularly although productivity plans have in general been underfulfilled. It is not hard to imagine the enormous inflationary effect it has had on prices, taxes, and costs, and the difficulties it has created for the planners.

Centralized planning is in itself no solution to basic economic problems. The planners must face the same fundamental economic realities that exist in a nonsocialist society.

Indeed the complexities are overwhelming. In Soviet Russia the bottlenecks have caused a re-emphasis of managerial responsibility and initiative, strong personal incentives both of reward and punishment, "business accountability," decentralization of operations. With this the old ghosts return.

Crimes against the economy

Soviet planning has produced a vast increase in criminal offenses. Certain standards of economic behavior are required by law. Not merely the contract between the parties, but the law itself, is violated by the manufacture or sale of goods of poor quality, by waste of money or property, by malicious refusal to comply with the terms of a contract, by "abuse of authority" by a manager or other economic official. The dockets of the regular Soviet courts are crowded with cases of these economic and official crimes, including absenteeism by workers, which is punishable by fine.

This extension of criminal law has been accompanied by a greatly increased emphasis on the subjective factor of intent. Departing from their original theory that a criminal intent is not a prerequisite for guilt, and that the courts should simply examine the social danger of the act committed and of the actor, the Soviet courts now stress (except in certain types of cases) "the subjective side" — the actor's state of mind when he committed the act, his desire or foresight of the consequences, and in many cases his purpose or even motivation.

For example, the official in the tin stamp case mentioned above, who contracted to purchase more than the plans for his enterprise authorized, would be guilty of "abuse of authority" only if he knew or should have known (and in imputing such knowledge a subjective standard would be applied: not whether any "reasonable man" but whether the particular accused man personally should have known) that the act was illegal. Under Soviet Supreme Court decisions he would be guilty of malicious breach of contract only if he directly intended to cause harm to the state.

The accent on knowledge and intent would seem to be related to the economic system. The plans and

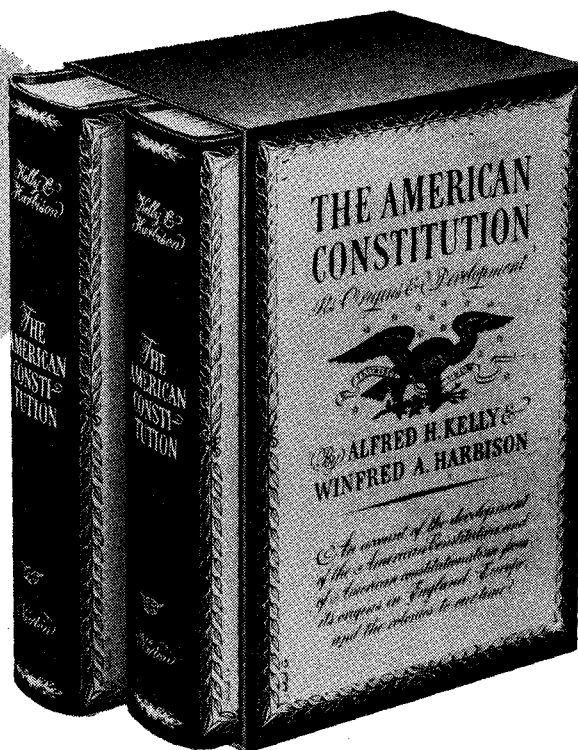
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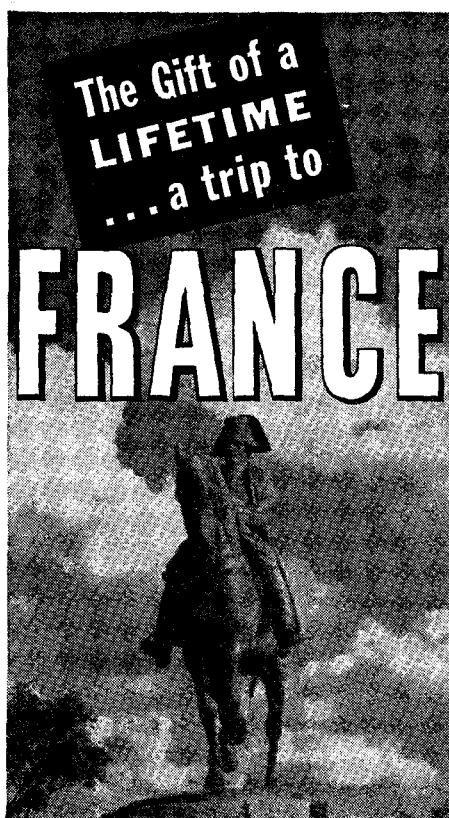
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regulations require legal sanctions; on the other hand, they tend to reflect economic objectives, goals which probably cannot be met 100 per cent. If all deviations were punished indiscriminately there would be chaos. It is the "grossly negligent" or "malicious" deviator who is considered dangerous to the system.

To prove or disprove the grossness or wrongful purpose of an act of mismanagement is in general very difficult. In many cases it comes down to the question of the accused's character or his loyalty; personalities and politics may replace strict standards of legality. Central control of the economy thus tends to endanger the objectivity of law.

Even more serious, perhaps, is the pressure which the system exerts upon managers and other officials to commit these economic and official crimes. Since plans are rarely 100 per cent effective, since there are bound to be weak links in the chain of production and distribution, the manager is apt to find himself in a position where he cannot fulfill his planned tasks without going outside the authorized channels of procurement or supply, or without in some other way violating the law.

Initiative may be dangerous

A former Soviet lawyer, who was general counsel of the Odessa Bread Trust from 1931 to 1941 and who is now in this country, tells the following story: The Odessa State Confectionery Plant lacked nails to fasten together the crates in which it shipped confectioneries to all parts of the U.S.S.R. Generally the plant manufactured its own nails from wire, but on this occasion it could not procure the wire. As a result the plant's warehouses were full of unpacked products and the overflow had to be stored outdoors.

The manager had no right to stop production, since that would have meant nonfulfillment of plan. The plant worked twenty-four hours a day, in three shifts, but the time came when even tarpaulins were lacking to cover the perishable goods lying under the open sky.

The manager therefore sent his procurement agent to Moscow to see if he could obtain wire. The agent succeeded in procuring 80,000 ru-

bles' worth from the Academy of Sciences. Permission was obtained from the Ukrainian branch of the State Bank to transfer the necessary funds from the Confectionery Plant's account. The wire was bought and shipped to Odessa; nails were made from it; the crates were fastened; and the perishable goods were saved from spoilage and delivered to the customers of the Confectionery Plant under its various contracts.

Three months later it was learned that the wire, unbeknownst to the procurement agent, had been previously stolen from the Moscow Subway, then under construction. In tracking down the theft, the police uncovered the crime of the illegal procurement of the wire (a so-called "funded" product which may be transferred only with authorization of superior administrative organs).

A criminal prosecution was brought against the manager and the procurement agent for "abuse of authority" and against the plant's chief bookkeeper for "neglect of official duties." The manager was sentenced to three years' deprivation of freedom in an agricultural colony, and the procurement agent to ten years in a corrective labor camp. The bookkeeper was fined 25 per cent of his pay each month for a year.

In spite of severe penalties illegal economic activities are highly organized in Soviet Russia. So-called "pushers" represent managers in supply depots to see that materials are expedited. Swapping and borrowing are common. Bribery and black-market operations are carried on very widely—not only by inveterate lawbreakers but by respectable managers who seek thereby to fulfill their planned tasks.

It is the reaction against social anarchy, the urge to unity, which makes dictatorships possible. The Soviet system offers its people discipline, service, sacrifice, authority, and unity. But by a strange paradox, a dictatorship tends to destroy the very unity on which it is founded. By terrorism, secret police activities, denunciations, the totalitarian regime splits society asunder, scares men back into their private corners, atomizes them. Thus specialization returns to undermine a unity which is artificial because it is unfree.

Norway and Denmark

COMMUNISM has suffered one of its most clear-cut and least publicized reverses in Norway and Denmark. After the war, the Russians enjoyed considerable good will in Norway, having helped to liberate the country from the Nazis. This was reflected in the 1945 election, which gave the Communists 11 seats (out of 150) in the Norwegian Storting, the highest number they had ever held. Today the Communists do not have a single deputy in the Storting. In Denmark's first post-war election, the Communists emerged with roughly 10 per cent of the popular vote and 18 seats in the Lower House of the Rigsdag; in 1950, they obtained only 7 seats, having by this time lost two thirds of their popular vote.

In both countries Communist strength in the trade unions has sharply declined. The C.P. can find little grist for its mill in the domestic affairs of Norway and Denmark, pioneers of the welfare state. But in the international field, Norway and Denmark might readily have been drawn into a policy of neutrality. When the cold war shaped up into an irreconcilable conflict and the Atlantic Pact was in the making, Sweden sponsored the idea of a Scandinavian Pact which would proclaim the three countries' aloofness from the East-West struggle.

It was Norway which gave the lead that brought Denmark into the Atlantic Pact, and it took a good deal of courage. Even before the war had ended, the Russians gave the Norwegians a taste of their idea of good-neighborly relations by demanding that Norway join with Russia in building military installations on Spitsbergen, allotted to Norway in 1920 and *demilitarized* by international treaty. Later the Soviets resorted to their familiar tactics to keep Norway out of the Marshall Plan.

But the Norwegians, as the Nazis discovered, are a remarkably stubborn people whom it is a mistake to try to bully. Russian bluster helped to crystallize the Norwegian government's decision to stake its future on unreserved coöperation with the Western powers. This policy has the backing of every party in the Storting. Beginning with ratification of the Atlantic Pact, every major bill relating to defense and foreign policy has been carried unanimously.

In Denmark, there is not such complete unanimity. The Radical Liberal Party, though vigorously anti-Communist, has a strong pacifist, isolationist tradition, and it is opposed to a full military alliance with any foreign power. But the major political parties — the Social Democrats, Agrarian Liberals, and Conservatives — and at least half of the Danes stand for all-out military coöperation with the West. U.S. officials in Copenhagen are confident that, in the event of a showdown, the Danes would fight to the utmost of their capacity.

Minutemen for defense

Neither Norway nor Denmark, with their small populations (roughly 3 and 4 millions, respectively) and their slender resources, can hope to maintain a professional army of any size; their defense plans hinge on lightning mobilization. In Norway, compulsory military service has been raised from nine to twelve months, and last year's draftees were not returned to civilian life when their year had expired. Great stress is laid on the Home Guard or Minuteman type of defense in both countries. Last summer, boys in their late teens and men over the draft age could be seen training voluntarily on weekends all over Norway.

Norway's military expenditures doubled in the twelve-month period following the Korean war, and next year they will account for 26 per cent or more of the budget. The target for 1952 is to be able to mobilize 270,000 trained troops. The air force will be doubled to 11 squadrons, and all the fighters will be jets.

Denmark's rearmament program has been slightly less intensive than Norway's, but it represents a considerable effort for a country whose economy is so predominantly agricultural. While both Norway's and Denmark's direct military contribution to NATO will be of necessity small, their adherence to the Atlantic Pact has been a significant setback for the Soviets. It fortifies the West with Norway's large merchant marine, which includes the world's third largest tanker fleet; it has given the Allies a strategic foothold on the northwestern approaches to Russia; and it has appreciably strengthened the feeling among the Swedes — who have a useful army

and the third largest air force in Europe — that their country should declare itself more openly on the side of the West.

Norway jacks up production

Norway emerged from the war with its northern province, Finnmark, utterly devastated by the Nazis; its principal pre-war customer, Germany, out of business; and half of its merchant marine at the bottom of the sea. The government decided on a five-year program of stringent austerity and intensive investment in heavy industry, which would jack up the nation's productive capacity to above its pre-war level.

With the beginning of Marshall Plan aid, the Norwegian government raised the sights of its reconstruction program, but it did not raise rations. The Norwegians even went short of cheese, a staple item on their breakfast table, while cheese was exported to help pay for essential imports (in relation to its population, Norway has a larger import trade than any other country in the world except New Zealand). Capital, labor, and raw materials were channeled into re-

building the fleet and expanding the electrochemical and electrometallurgical industries, a source of great potential wealth, since they produce fertilizers, aluminum, and other metals with the cheapest hydroelectric power in the world.

All this was an exceedingly tough deal for the Norwegian consumer — but it has, incontestably, paid off. Full employment has been maintained. The export of aluminum, ferroalloys, iron ore, chemical products, and other items vital to Western rearmament has been steadily increasing. The merchant marine is a million tons larger than in 1939. And now — despite the diversion of so large a percentage of Norway's production and resources to long-term investment — the over-all standard of living is slightly above the pre-war level.

Rearmament has forced Norway to cut back its ambitious development program and to continue curbs on consumption. Coffee, sugar, clothing and other textiles are still rationed — the people in Oslo look distinctly shabby compared with the well-dressed Swedes. Imports are strictly

licensed (as they also are in Denmark) to ensure that foreign exchange will be spent only on necessities — it is just about impossible, for instance, for a Norwegian or a Dane to purchase an automobile.

Norway's is one of the most tightly controlled economies in the world — even profits and dividends are regulated by the state — but there has been relatively little nationalization since the war. Private and governmental enterprise are thoroughly intermixed in the Norwegian system. For instance, the state and private interests are joint partners in the ownership and management of the big new aluminum plant north of Bergen; shipping is entirely in private hands, whereas the liquor trade is run by the state. The system works with an efficacy which should confound economic dogmatists of whatever stripe. Despite rigid planning and pervasive controls, the old-fashioned spirit of thrift, hard work, and individual initiative is still very much in evidence.

The biggest domestic issue in Norway, as elsewhere, is price stabilization. Up until 1949, the government's anti-inflation program, which hinged on subsidies and rigorous freezing of profits, had been amazingly successful. The lid was blown off it by devaluation of the krone, rearmament expenditure, and the rise in world prices caused by the Korean war. The cost of living, which had risen only 2½ per cent between 1945 and 1949, climbed 15 per cent in the next two years and is on its way upward. The government is fighting inflation with still more drastic taxation — there is even a tax on ice cream cones.

Denmark's comeback

The Danes, whose country took less of a beating in the war than Norway, are better clothed, better fed, and better housed than their neighbors to the north. They, too, have made an impressive post-war comeback. Through plant modernization with ECA financing and technical help, Denmark has expanded its industrial output to 75 per cent above 1935; and its livestock products last year were slightly above the 1935-39 average. But because of the peculiar structure of its economy, Denmark, which until recently earned 80 per cent of its foreign exchange through agricultural exports, is up against a threatening economic situation.

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Seventy-five per cent of Denmark's butter exports and 90 per cent of its bacon exports have been going to Britain under a long-term agreement whereby prices are renegotiated once a year, and may be raised or lowered up to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In 1950, the Danes obtained slightly less than the maximum increase (and a 30 per cent increase in the price of eggs). But they complain that their good friends, the British, are buying from them cheap and selling to them dear — and, what is more, are not selling them enough of such desperately needed items as coke and coal.

The British answer is that they are actually paying slightly better prices than Denmark can get for its products in bulk elsewhere, the proof being that the Danes are voluntarily selling to Britain more than they are required to by the trade agreement. As for the coal, Britain just hasn't enough to go round. The bedrock fact is that the world's distempered economy is making things specially tough for Denmark.

American tariffs hurt

While they are immensely grateful for Marshall Plan aid, and conspicuously pro-American, the Danes sometimes complain, politely, that the United States is pursuing a decidedly inconsistent policy in the matter of free trade. ECA has been pressing Denmark to relax its import controls and to seek to balance its foreign trade by finding new markets, preferably in hard currency countries, for Danish exports.

The United States, however, will not grant import licenses for Danish butter; and recently the U.S. dairy



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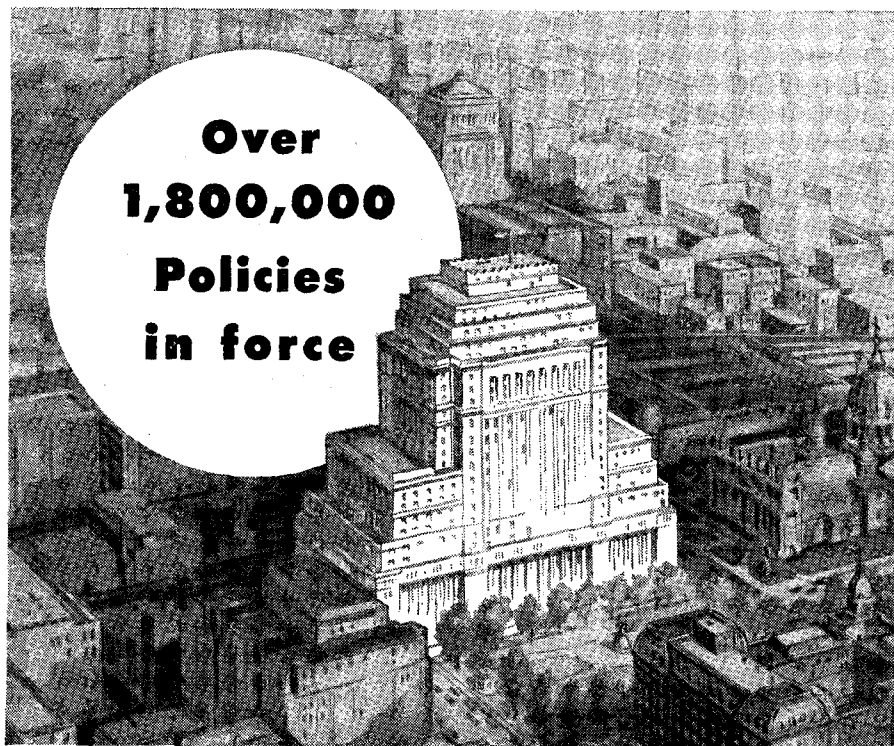
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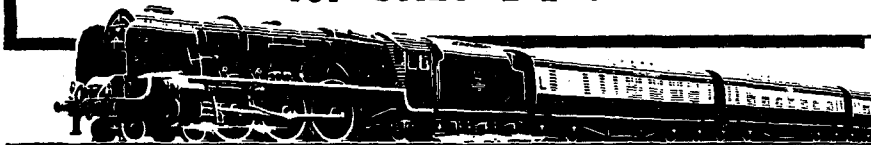


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interests succeeded in getting a rider attached to the Defense Production Act (by Representative Andresen, Republican, Minnesota), which reduces the quota for cheese imports, and has cut back Denmark's sales of cheese to this country by two thirds. The Andresen Amendment hurts the American consumer, undercuts the basic principles of the Marshall Plan, and has been protested by seven countries as being the diametric opposite of what the United States is preaching to the Europeans.

Meanwhile, Denmark has increased its sales of hams and cheeses to this country, and it is struggling to enlarge its small dollar earnings from such luxury items as silver, porcelain, mink, and modern furniture. On the import side, the ECA Mission in Copenhagen is fairly confident that the Danes, who are among the world's best farmers, can so readjust their crop and feeding pattern over the next two years that they will be able to dispense with most of the feed they now have to purchase from the dollar or hard currency area.

The winter Olympics

The average Dane or Norwegian, while wide awake to the danger of war, seems to do less worrying about the Russian menace than most Europeans or, for that matter, most Americans. His chief preoccupations revolve around the happy moment when, after the day's or week's work is done, he collects his skis or his fishing tackle, or puts on his hiking boots, or climbs onto his bicycle, or gets into his boat — and heads for the great outdoors.

In winter, most of the able-bodied inhabitants of Oslo, after leaving their offices at four and eating a quick dinner, pile into a railway which starts from the city's main square and which they proudly refer to as "the subway," and in twenty minutes (four of them spent underground) they are at the starting point of the Holmenkollen ski-run, 1600 feet above sea level, whence a superb, electrically lit course brings them back, on skis, right into town.

The Holmenkollen course, with its awesome ski-jump, will be the seat of the winter Olympics next February. It will be the first time in history that the winter Olympics will have been held within the precincts of a city.



Business Is The Public's Interest

The *Atlantic* believes that there is a need for an entirely new kind of advertising, designed to transmit those compelling and often complex facts about American business which are in the public interest — and too little understood.

A generation ago a few leading companies began talking about themselves, their development, and their policies instead of simply stressing their product in their advertisements. This kind of advertising grew. It became distinct enough to need a label and someone thought of that five-dollar phrase "Institutional Advertising."

During the 1920s there wasn't much to cheer about — nor much to criticize — in institutional advertising. Mostly it was a kind of complacent asset-statement about companies that held the respect of the public. Seems wonderfully serene as you read it today.

Then the Depression hit home. Business came under a heavy barrage and business leaders went on the defensive. Bankers were investigated. New regulations were enforced. Labor relations became a major, sometimes a bitter, issue. The severity of the new taxes bore down on every balance sheet. The social concepts of business were undergoing a violent change and the businessman, fighting to regain his own and the public's confidence, was uncertain whether private initiative, bureaucracy, or socialism would emerge with the upper hand. Being in doubt, he kept silent. When, rarely, he spoke out, the surveys showed that his efforts to edify the public were resented and by many disbelieved.

The war helped to break down this prejudice. It did so by renewing the faith of the people in the power of this country to produce. Remember the astronomical number of planes and tanks which the President called for after Pearl Harbor. And remember how those quotas were exceeded in record time. An American diplomat conferring with Stalin in that moment in 1942 when the siege of Stalingrad and the fate of Russia seemed to hang in the balance concluded the interview by asking, "Sir, what do you think will decide the struggle?" "It will be decided," said the Marshal grimly, "by the same thing that decided the First World War — American production."

Our war production not only defeated Hitler; it cleaned out the poison of the Depression by restoring fresh confidence in ourselves. Remember the shock when you first heard the number of jobs — sixty million of them — which C.E.D. said had to be available at the war's end if we were to avoid unemployment? Well, they were filled, and as they were filled the feeling grew that the business psychology of this country was still on the offensive as it had been during the war years.

American business today has undertaken a huge new burden in its determination to maintain freedom in the

Western world. In the struggle against inflation and in the ceaseless adjustments of prices and wages we believe that a new responsibility has devolved upon the spokesmen for Management, Labor, and Stockholders — the responsibility of taking the public into their confidence. This means plain speaking, free of rhetoric, emotion, and unsupported claims. It means deep conviction. As a leading business executive has recently said, "No man can explain the American business system unless he understands the present impact of world affairs on American business and holds precise ideas about it."

This calls for a new technique in advertising. For generations, *product advertisements* have been based upon the constant repetition of a theme, expressed in a slogan, a picture, a piece of short copy, or a jingle. Such skillful simplification will remain the most effective way to *advertise products*. But business cannot compress its problems and aspirations into slogans or singing commercials. It cannot depend upon a reflex action; it must appeal to the reader's intelligence and let him draw his own conclusions.

The need creates the opportunity, the opportunity for a new and explicit kind of advertising. Watch the magazines and the newspapers and you will see the pioneers are already reaching out for the *intelligence* of readers. These advertisers are beginning to realize that the success of these new advertisements depends upon *trading information for the reader's time*.

But even the best of the advertisements are limited in the amount of information they can convey, because they are limited in space. To provide the facility for advertising to convey information, the *Atlantic* has developed a new form for the expression of business ideas. We call them *Advertorials*. They will be paid advertisements, of course, and we are confident that our readers will respond to them as they do to any section of the magazine. They involve the thoughtful participation of the reader; they are intended to give him pause — and in the pause, compelling facts about the way American business works. They are predicated upon the belief that the free competition of ideas has made this country great.

The first example of this new kind of advertising appears in the next five pages of this issue. The publisher will insure that integrity in the presentation of the advertorial which the magazine has insured editorially for many years. We expect the *Atlantic* audience to take a lively interest in the evolution of this new technique for maintaining confidence between business leaders and thinking people.

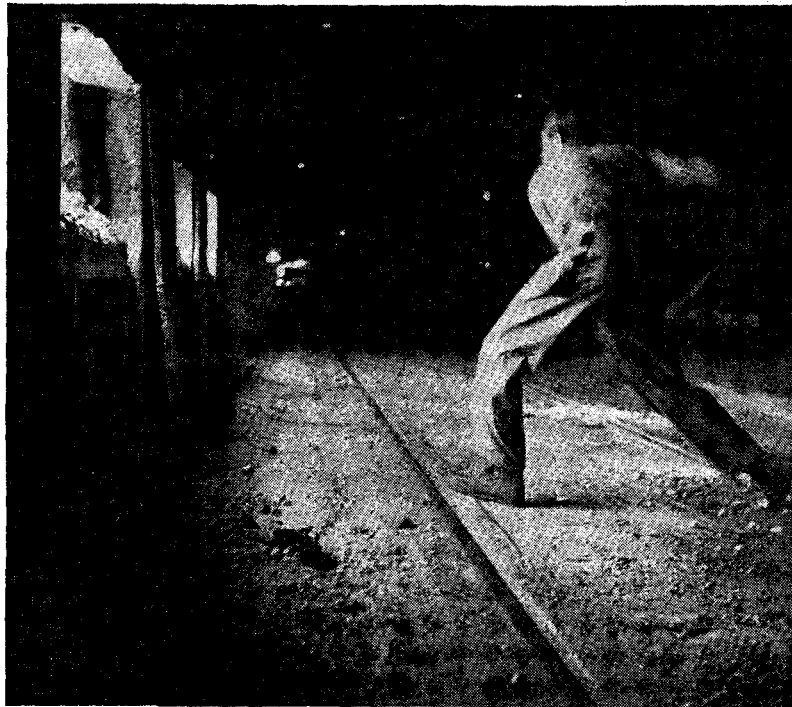
Ronald B. Sneider

Publisher
The Atlantic Monthly

HOW MUCH STEEL IS ENOUGH?

Something new is happening in the world . . . Our country is producing products for everyday life at near-record rates, while at the same time a re-armament program costing many billions of dollars is under way. How much of our steel would you guess is needed for defense? How much is left for civilian use?

Read the surprising facts:

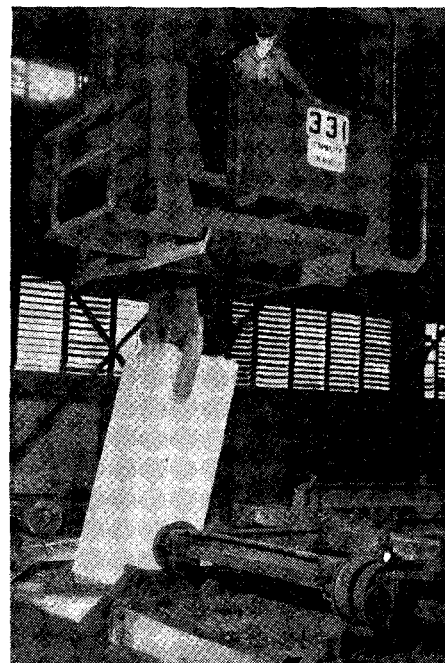


MORE! MORE! MORE! Picture shows expert steel worker "shaping up" the slag in open hearth by adding fluorspar. More than 600,000 workers and 250 steel companies are in a hurry.



39 DAYS: This is the "bell" which caps a blast furnace. One steel company tore down an old blast furnace and replaced it with new one in one month and nine days.

FACTUAL INFORMATION on the problems of ore and fuel supply, transportation, construction, process improvement, financing, consumption of steel and other questions inherent in the expansion of the steel industry are interesting to all inquiring minds. We issue background studies on these subjects. For basic information on our steel capacity, just write American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York, and ask for booklet: "HOW MUCH STEEL IS ENOUGH?"



GUNS AND BUTTER WITHIN: This year American steel companies will make about 106 million tons of steel. By 1953, they will be able to make about 120 million tons. The re-armament program, as it now stands, calls for less than 11% of 1953 capacity. This means more than 100 million tons will be available for civilian products in 1953. That is more than we have ever used in any year.

*This advertisement is the subject of
the advertorial on the opposite page.*



An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

The advertisement on the opposite page has appeared 11 million times in recent magazine issues. It has 253 words, can be read in 55 seconds, but it cannot answer its own question completely. For readers who would like to have more information about steel production in the United States and its meaning in present-day defense and civilian requirements, the following factual report is presented by the American Iron and Steel Institute.

HOW MUCH STEEL IS ENOUGH?

An Advertorial by

AMERICAN IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE

All over the world, a desperate struggle to increase steel production is going on. Because the steel mill is the foundation of production for modern life, the facts on how we stand are imperative. Most people know that as much steel is made in the United States as in all the steel mills of the rest of the world. But still the questions persist: Is that enough? Are we increasing our capacity fast enough?

Our country relies upon the competitive hustle of individual steel companies to produce the necessary growth. It is natural to ask, How well does our method work? Can we meet the growing rearmament needs? If we get into World War III, what chance do we have of being ready with overwhelming production?

The figures which are necessary for answering these questions are literally the facts of life.

The first figure in any estimate of our progress in increasing steelmaking capacity is the probable military demand for steel. Rearmament comes first. It is growing constantly, but so is steel capacity. The problem is to predict the percentage of steel production which will be needed for rearmament in any given year.

While the tonnages shift as the Defense Department changes its plans, it is now possible to foresee a pattern of military demand as well as a pattern of increase in capacity for making steel. After carefully checking Washington forecasts of demand and the steel companies' forecasts of production growth, it becomes evident that the direct military use of steel will run about 10 per cent of total U.S. capacity.

This does not mean that the tonnage required in 1951 or 1953 will be 10 per cent of 1951 capacity. It means that the growth of all the steel mills will make the figure of approximately 10 per cent a reasonable prediction. As this is written, there is talk of bigger military production and restricted steel mill construction, but these uncertainties are a part of our life. When the facts are determined, the figure of approximately 10 per cent for direct military needs will probably hold.

All These Guns and Butter Too?

If 90 per cent of our steel capacity, left after filling military orders, is available for civilian and indirect military uses . . . is *that* enough?

It is easy to estimate the number of tons that will be available for civilian use. It is almost impossible to predict whether that will be more, or less, steel than civilians want to buy.

The industry expects to have a capacity of about 120 million tons of ingots in 1953. Take away 12 million tons for military production that year and the remaining supply would be 108 million tons.

Is this enough? Only two measuring sticks are available: (1) Past civilian needs in peak years. (2) Future needs as expressed in firm orders to steel companies from customers.

Looking back to 1949, military orders were at a minimum. In the summer of 1949 there was an actual excess of capacity. At the end of that year there was a demand above supply, but capacity had just about overtaken orders again in May, 1950. Allocation of so much of the civilian steel also complicates the problem.



An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

If military orders hit a peak of 12 million tons in 1953, it looks as though civilian users could have available about 9 million tons more steel in 1953 than the total capacity of the industry at the end of peak civilian year 1949.

"Okay," the reader may say, "that's a lot of steel, but it still might not be enough. Is the steel industry as vigorous and competitive as the rest of American industry? Does it expand as fast as it can find new customers, or does it lag behind demand?"

If you measure growth in tons, the steel industry has some impressive figures. In the decade since 1940, capacity increased 22.6 million tons. And this ten-year growth will be nearly equaled in the three-year spurt through which the industry is now passing.

The steel business does expand as fast as it can find customers. Competition among the many companies that make up the industry causes steel to be plentiful and cheap. The average price per pound is around 5 or 6 cents at the mills.

When people say steel companies lag behind the production parade, they are forgetting that steel capacity makes all other productive capacity possible. In this country, over-all steel capacity grows because the order book is the driving force of American industry.

The Order Book Works Overtime

The power of the order book is demonstrated by the 1950 performance of the industry. Twenty companies promised the government at the start of the Korean war that capacity would be increased to 103 million tons by the end of 1950 and to 107 million tons by the end of 1951, then to 110 million tons by the end of 1952.

Competition and the power of the salesman's order book upset these figures. The industry exceeded the twenty-company promise by 1.2 million tons in 1950; and when totals for 1951 are in, capacity may well have passed the 110-million-ton goal a year ahead of time . . . and remember the figure we gave you for 1953 capacity . . . probably 120 million tons.

How to Multiply an Ingot

Anyone who has ever been through a steel mill knows that there is more to the steel business than counting ingots. Every increase in ingot capacity calls for corresponding increases in ore supply.

More ore means that new ships and railroad cars must be provided. Enormous washing plants to clean more coal must be built. Coke oven capacity must grow as fast as steel capacity grows. Pig iron capacity must increase in million-ton leaps. Scrap dealers must comb the country for more and more scrap. Investors and stock owners must provide a great deal of money, and that means profits must be satisfactory and stable.

Probably you have read of the new sources of ore being developed. To supplement the remaining reserves of high-grade iron ore of the famous Mesabi Range in Minnesota, several companies are coöperating in developing new processes for increasing the usability of the low-grade ores known as taconite. Many millions of tons of taconite rock underlie the Mesabi ore. The new process will make them available in commercial volume.

Some steel companies are developing ore fields in Liberia, Venezuela, Labrador, and Quebec. The Canadian fields are still in the development stage, but shiploads of ore are now arriving from Africa and South America. This faraway ore is all being mined by private industry.

Pig + Scrap + Coke

Pig iron and ferroalloy capacity increased nearly a million tons in 1950 to a total of 72,471,780 tons. Additional capacity of nearly 8 million tons is due to be ready by the end of 1952.

Scrap committees have been formed in cities and towns throughout the country. About as much scrap as pig is used in making a ton of steel. Annual supplies must be increased by about 7 million tons per year.

There's no "pause that refreshes" in the coke department either. To make steel, the coke supply must keep up with pig iron supply. Last year's 66,260,640-ton coking capacity is being hustled upward by 6 million tons in the 1951-52 programs.

Perhaps the biggest job of all is the transportation expansion that must parallel steel expansion. The raw materials for expected 1953 capacity will weigh about 390 million tons. That means whole fleets of new ore boats and complete new railroads in faraway places.

Rolling mills, strip mills, rod mills are going up in proportion to demand. Actual figures for 1951 will be reported in these pages later.



An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

Are Bobby Pins Deadly?

Perhaps you have seen that fancy phrase, "defense-supporting" steel. It wasn't fancy when it started out. It referred to the steel needed to build the machines needed to produce military orders. Now the term has been stretched to mean anything from a lady riveter's compact to a new roof for a fishing shack. All civilian life is "defense-supporting" these days.

No matter how you name it, the outlook seems to be that about 90 per cent of a growing steel capacity will remain available for civilian use. Remember the figure? Here it is again: if business and government orders hold firm, a peak capacity of about 108 million tons of ingots in 1953 for civilian and indirect military uses.

The Silent Partners of Steel

Tin, cobalt, nickel, tungsten, molybdenum, and manganese are a few of the silent partners of steel. These materials are important components of commonly used products like containers, television sets, kitchenware, or lamp bulbs. But in the production of military equipment they are indispensable. Nickel, for example, is vital to jet engine production. Cobalt, tungsten, and tin are essential in the production of still other defense materials. Manganese is needed in making all grades of steel. With shortages threatening, the government has already cut back substantially on the use of these metals (manganese excepted) for manufacture of civilian goods.

Most people do know that most of these raw materials must come from other countries. Here are the figures on the amount we produce and the amount we have to get from others, based on data for 1948, which, like 1950, was a peak production year. (These figures are from statistics provided by the U.S. Bureau of Mines and the Department of Commerce.)

<i>Metal</i>	<i>U.S. Production in net tons</i>	<i>U.S. Consumption in net tons</i>
Tin	Negligible	99,870
Cobalt	290	2,525
Nickel	880	93,558
Tungsten	2,000	4,430
Manganese ore	120,000	1,256,600

Of course there are stockpiles of these alloying metals, but they are not large enough to supply civilian needs. To meet the pinch, the steel industry is doing a great deal of research on other methods of modifying the characteristics of steel. Some

of the results are secret, but the progress on the use of plentiful boron in alloying steel will be covered in a later report.

Own Any Steel Stocks?

Whether you own steel stocks directly or not, you probably have contributed to the figures that follow if you own an insurance policy or a savings account. The money needs of the steel industry are so great that nearly everybody owns a part of some steel company either directly or indirectly. The stock in the more than 250 companies that make up the industry is owned by a great many people, probably more than 650,000 of them.

The ante of these shareholders and other private sources of financing the steel expansion will come to about 1.7 billion dollars for 1950-51. That's on top of 2.4 billion spent in the previous four years. Big expenditures are scheduled for '52 and '53, so the industry share owners will have more than doubled the amount invested in less than five years.

Ingots and the High Standard of Living

Plentiful, cheap steel is a basic of American economy. Let's take a look at what ingot production means in terms of civilian products.

Since 1946, rising steel production has made it possible to build more than 25 million new trucks and automobiles, 19 million new refrigerators, 4 million new homes, 54,000 miles of pipe lines, and countless other items in record-making volume. Most of the record steel output of 1950 was used to boost the ownership of homes, automobiles, household appliances, and other items to the highest volume ever attained.

Output of certain types of steel, however, was still below abnormally high demands. In part, these resulted from so-called "scare buying" and from heavy orders during the steel and coal strikes of 1949, orders the industry could not quite catch up on before the country began mobilizing.

American Steel vs. Russian Steel

Another way of answering the elusive question, "How much steel is enough?" is to compare what we make with other countries. Here is a résumé of production: —

In 1950, steel companies in the U.S.A. produced approximately the same amount of steel as all other countries of the world. Global output in 1950 was estimated by the *Iron Age* at 194,154,000



An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

tons, with the United States accounting for 49.8 per cent of this total.

Russia, retaining its position for the fourth consecutive year as second largest steel-producing country in the world, turned out an estimated 26.5 million tons. This was 13 per cent of global production. Its output of 26.5 million tons in 1950 was approximately on schedule with the five-year goals leading to 60 million tons by 1960 (established in 1945) as a long-range mark for the Russian steel industry to aim for.

Combined production for the Soviet satellite countries of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary was estimated at 7.5 million tons in 1950. This tonnage, added to Russian output, brought to approximately 34 million tons the 1950 steel production for the Communist-dominated countries of the world.

On this basis, U.S. steel output in 1950 exceeded Russian production by nearly four to one and the combined output of Russia and her satellite countries by almost three to one.

Great Britain retained her position as third ranking steel producer of the world with an output of about 18 million tons or 9 per cent of the global total. This was an increase of almost 1 million tons over 1949 output and almost 4 million tons over 1946 output.

By producing more than 13 million tons of steel in 1950, Western Germany (that is, the French, British, and U.S. zones) showed the largest annual percentage gain of any country. Germany's increase over 1949 output was 30 per cent as compared with 25 per cent gain by steel companies in the United States.

Summary of the Steel Situation

1. **SUPPLY IS GROWING** — New mills under way, or definitely planned, will boost capacity close to 120 million tons, probably by early 1953.

2. **STEEL SUPPLY GROWS ON DEMAND** — The figures prove that America's competitive enterprise system produces steel capacity in proportion to firm orders for steel products. A "planned" expansion would be neater, but it wouldn't work as well, if other countries are an example.

3. **MILITARY ORDERS ARE A SMALL PROPORTION OF STEEL DEMAND** — Short of actual war, the steel-producing industry tends to grow as fast as

steel-consuming plants can be planned and built. This promises to provide more steel for civilian use than ever before *after* filling military orders.

4. **STEEL SHORTAGES ARE EXAGGERATED** — Except in the case of special steels, panic buying, and strike delays, it is almost impossible for the capacity to use steel to exceed the steel supply for any considerable period of time. Steel companies are eager to grow. Prospective orders produce the necessary growth and shortages melt away.

5. **MILITARY ORDERS MAY GROW WHILE MATERIALS FOR EXPANSION ARE CUT OFF** — There will be great excitement from time to time about bigger defense demands and smaller supplies for new steel mills. Short of war, these problems will be met. Steel supplies for expansion of steel mills may be slowed up, but after a while it will be evident that a larger problem has been met in the same way that all other orders for steel have been met: by the hustle of many steel companies adjusting themselves to bigger demand.

6. **RAW MATERIALS PRESENT TWO DIFFERENT PROBLEMS** — (a) Alloying metals are certainly not in abundant supply. The steel industry has an enormous task in combing the entire free world for alloying ores. This work is being pushed everywhere. In addition, a great research program is being carried forward to develop new alloys and to conserve available supplies. (b) Raw materials are bulky. The sheer bulk of ore, coal, limestone, coke, and other ingredients of steel produces a collateral problem of expansion of transportation facilities.

The pressure of the "order book" makes the decisions of industry swift and accurate. A free, competitive industry makes what it can sell. It's so simple you'd think the rest of the world would catch on!

7. **WE MAY HAVE "ENOUGH STEEL" SOON** — "Enough steel" means steel so plentiful and cheap that civilian living standards can improve while we are producing all the steel needed for military strength. American competitive enterprise methods have always produced such a result, allowing time for necessary adjustments in demand and supply.

The above is the first of a series of reports on the basic facts of the steel industry. If you want reprints of this article, write to American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

A Time for Giving

SIR:

The Korean day was clear and bitter cold. The explosion which wrenched and tore at my left leg was totally unexpected, and came with a brutally impersonal suddenness. In one awful instant I was changed from a normal being to a creeping thing, filled with shock and nausea. I remember watching the sole and toe of my combat boot lift slowly through the air and strike the embankment above me. What had been my ankle was now a gaping hole, and what had been my left foot dangled bare and mangled at a ridiculous angle behind me. A crimson color gushed out over the frozen earth.

Once in the hospital, I knew I was safe. Under the competent hands of the doctors, the pain left me. I was given a transfusion. That night they operated and gave me more blood. Two days later I was in Japan — again speedy medical attention and another transfusion. Eighteen days from the date of wounding, I arrived at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. At Walter Reed another operation, and another transfusion. Then the healing and recovery process started. At the end of six months I was well. Equipped with a new artificial left leg, I was discharged from the hospital and reported for duty.

Christmas is a time of giving. The supply of human blood plasma for the use of the Armed Forces is gravely depleted. Perhaps those who read this letter will be encouraged to give of their blood in order that other wounded soldiers may live.

It's certainly true, as General Ridgway puts it, that "every Ameri-

can who has given blood can and should feel that he personally has contributed directly to the saving of the life of an American boy."

KENNETH E. BELIEU, Lt. Col., GSC
Washington, D.C.

"Too Much Football"

SIR:

As an alumnus of the University of Michigan I read Allen Jackson's revealing article, "Too Much Football" (October *Atlantic*), with mixed emotions, feeling surprise at seeing an article by someone I knew, shock at the soundness of his words, pain at criticism of my alma mater, and a twinge of guilt — for I am one of the "rabid fans" who in my own small way have contributed to the present football situation. No student enjoyed more than I the color and fanfare of the big games, and no alumnus bragged more loudly and unthinkingly than I of Michigan football prowess.

I see no exaggerations or unfair statements in this astonishing article. Readers may wonder that a big-time football player could originate it. Let me say that I knew Al at school and talked with him and worked with him in the fraternity where we both washed dishes and waited on table to help earn our way through school. And because I heard him voice doubts and opinions (but not about football) and saw him study while others relaxed, I know that he writes with sincerity and deep conviction.

Let budding halfbacks think twice about their prospective education and let the old alumni examine their collective conscience that we may better emphasize the amateur spirit and the

really good and profitable things to be found in the fine sport of football.

R. R. ROGERS, Ens. USN
USS Coral Sea
% FPO, New York

SIR:

I am going to save Allen Jackson's article for my two small boys to digest before they make their choice of some university of higher learning. I hope the article will persuade them to choose a school similar to the University of Chicago, where the coaches were booted out a few years ago and the professors reinstated. My thanks to Allen Jackson for his courageous and much needed article, and to the *Atlantic* for its discriminating sense of values.

REV. W. A. HAUPT
First Methodist Church
Sylvania, Ohio

SIR:

The ardent article by Allen Jackson concerning football at the University of Michigan leaves me a bit cold.

After pointing out in some detail what he thinks is wrong with football at the University of Michigan, he makes no constructive suggestions for improving what he regards as existing evils. In any event, he did not have to play.

DONALD J. STERLING
Managing Editor and Vice President
The Oregon Journal
Portland, Ore.

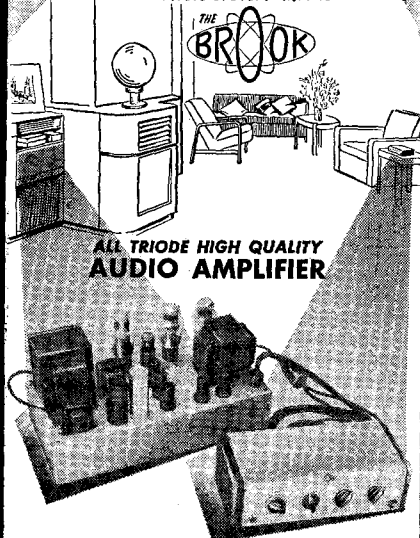
SIR:

I wish to congratulate the author (and the *Atlantic*) on "Too Much Football." There is one further point which should, I think, be made, though it is implicit in Allen Jackson's article. The moral code which foot-

A Message TO THE Musically SENSITIVE LISTENER

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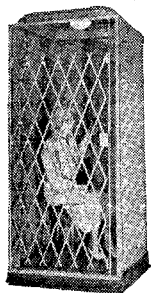
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ball is supposed to implant — emphasis on victory, physical courage, and the complete subordination of the individual to the group and to its symbols — is appropriate to war but has little relation to the pursuits of peace.

Big-time football creates a confusion of values. It leads to taking seriously things that should be taken lightly, and is likely to result in taking lightly the things that should be taken seriously. Football is a good preparation for physical conflict, but it does not prepare men for art, science, professional achievement, domestic happiness, or citizenship.

It is a mistake to suppose that character is transferable from one context to another. The kind of character required for normal life can be acquired by the enduring of illness or disappointment, or by patient perseverance, or by coöperative achievement of some constructive goal. The kind of character that young men are going to need in later life is more likely to be achieved in the classroom or laboratory than on the gridiron.

The University of Michigan has produced "great" football teams, and has also produced Allen Jackson, and others like him. Having recently been a visiting professor at Michigan, I may say that I am not surprised by either product.

RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

Allow me to congratulate you on "Too Much Football." It is high time some leading magazine began to work on this, and you are doubly fortunate to have found an articulate man who has been through the mill and knows what he is talking about. I shall refrain from commenting on the article in detail — it is all good; but I cannot let pass the misguided lad who turned down a fellowship to study in Europe so that he *might* have a chance to be on the team the next fall. How fortunate that the donor of the fellowship escaped having to give it to anyone of that caliber. One can only imagine that such a skull must have been full of Grade-A lard in the first place and wonder how he ever qualified for a fellowship.

There is only one justification for football on the scale on which it is now organized in our colleges, and that is that it makes enough money to finance the lesser sports on an intra-

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of September 1951.

[SEAL] Erwin Carl Thiessen, Notary Public
(My commission expires February 1, 1957)

mural and class level, where they are really fun.

Although I never played football, I write as one who once captained a major sports team in intercollegiate competition and trained fall, winter, and spring to win for dear old Yale. What a lot of rubbish! This program left me with only one lasting thing: the wish that I had never had any part in it; that if I had to exercise, I had worked out at golf and tennis so that I could have a respectable competence in a sport I could enjoy the rest of my life.

The whole intercollegiate sports program is the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on American youth (and I omit altogether the gambling and subsidization aspects of it). The blame lies with an overwhelming mass of alumni who never advanced intellectually beyond the fall term of freshman year; and these, needless to say, are aided and abetted by that muscle-bound fraternity, the coaches who gain their bread and butter (and may it form indissoluble lumps in their stomachs) by misrepresenting the facts of life to the youth of the nation in a way that even the Kremlin should envy.

JOHN A. POPE, Assistant Director
Freer Gallery of Art
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

Allen Jackson's masterly and truthful debunking of college amateur (?) football ought to prove a crusading impetus to return college sports to their rightful status, secondary to the scholastic objectives of all American institutions of higher learning.

WHIT SAWYER
Belmont, Mass.

SIR:

The article "Too Much Football" should be held under the nose of every coach and college president in the land. Let's hope enough steam can be generated to get something done about it.

J. W. SMALL
Arlington, Va.

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Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

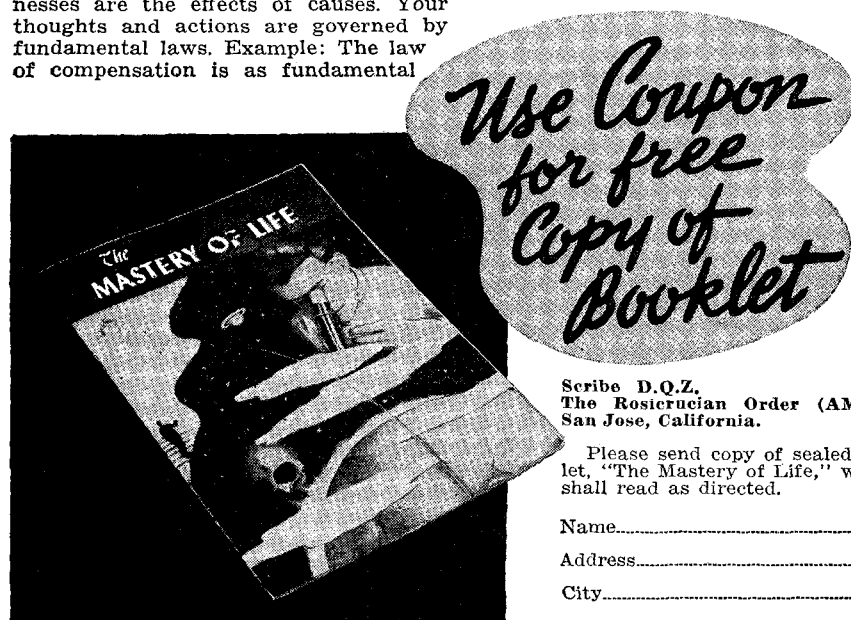
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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In the winter of 1942, Allied Intelligence became increasingly troubled about the reports of the German secret weapons. Now, in the aftermath, we have uncovered the fantastic development of the German V-bombs, which might have won a German victory. JOSEPH WARNER ANGELL served as a historical officer with the Army Air Forces during the war; he was on the proving ground during the CROSSBOW experiments; and after the war he personally interviewed the German experts who had been in charge of the rockets. His article, which will appear in two issues, is based on material drawn from Volume III of The Army Air Forces in World War II, published by the University of Chicago Press. This history, officially approved by the USAF, is a collaborative undertaking directed by Colonel W. J. Paul of the Research Studies Institute, Air University.

GUIDED MISSILES COULD HAVE WON

by JOSEPH WARNER ANGELL

LATE in 1942 British Intelligence received with disquieting frequency reports of German long-range "secret weapons" designed to bombard England from Continental areas. Shortly before dawn on June 13, 1944, seven days after the Allied invasion of Normandy, a German pilotless aircraft designated the V-1 flamed across the dark sky from the Pas-de-Calais and exploded on a railroad bridge in the center of London. A new era in warfare had begun.

After the V-1, which was essentially an aerial torpedo with wings, came the V-2, a 12-ton rocket missile that reached a speed of nearly 4000 miles per hour and, in contrast to the blatantly noisy V-1, descended on its target without even so much as a warning sound. The first V-2 fired in combat exploded violently in a suburb of Paris on September 8, 1944; the second struck London a few hours later. By the time of Germany's collapse in the spring of 1945 more than 30,000 V-weapons (approximately 16,000 V-1s and 14,000 V-2s) had been fired against England or against Continental targets in areas held by the advancing land armies of the Allied forces.

Two months after the outbreak of war in 1939 the British government had received from Oslo, Norway, an anonymous though reliable and rela-

tively full report indicating that the development of large rockets and pilotless aircraft was under way at a massive German experimental station on a secluded island on the Baltic coast. As intelligence reports throughout the winter of 1942-43 brought increasing evidence of mysterious activity at Peenemünde, it became increasingly clear that German intentions, however fantastic they appeared to be, demanded evaluation. In April, 1943, accordingly, Duncan Sandys of the British War Cabinet undertook to determine the significance of reports flooding in from the underground. After four weeks of "enthraling speculation" Mr. Sandys advised his government that a threat from German "secret weapons" should be taken seriously. The RAF promptly inaugurated an aerial reconnaissance of Continental areas that became with time the most comprehensive such operation undertaken during the entire war.

Within a month, Flight Officer Constance Babington-Smith, a WAAF member of the Allied central photographic interpretation unit in London, provided the initial clue to the meaning of Peenemünde. Closely examining with special magnifying instruments one of the detailed aerial photographs of the Peenemünde Experimental Station, the WAAF officer had interpreted a small, curving black

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shadow as an elevated launching ramp and the tiny T-shaped blot above the ramp as an airplane without a cockpit. The V-1 had been seen and recognized by Allied eyes for the first time.

Almost simultaneously, at Watten on the Channel coast of France, Allied Intelligence observed with profound curiosity the construction of a large and unorthodox military installation of inexplicable purpose. As throughout the summer other such installations were identified, their purpose became clear enough to cause an increasing weight of British and American air power to be thrown into the effort, often blind, to prevent the Germans from employing a new, mysterious, and nightmarish weapon.

To this effort was given in December, 1943, the code word CROSSBOW — chosen, it has been reported, by Winston Churchill as one suggesting “an obsolete, clumsy, and inaccurate weapon.” The code CROSSBOW was thereafter used to designate Anglo-American operations against all phases of the German long-range weapons program — operations against German research, experimentation, manufacture, construction of launching sites, and the transportation and firing of finished missiles, and also operations against missiles in flight, once they had been fired. Allied CROSSBOW operations, begun informally in the late spring of 1943 and officially in December of that year, did not end until the last V-weapon was fired by the Germans shortly before their surrender in May, 1945.

Of CROSSBOW, General Eisenhower said, in *Crusade in Europe*: “It seemed likely that if the German had succeeded in perfecting and using these new weapons six months earlier than he did, our invasion of Europe would have proved exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible. I feel sure that if he had succeeded in using these weapons over a six-month period . . . OVERLORD [the main cross-Channel assault against Europe] might well have been written off.”

From the historical evidence now at hand, and here for the first time revealed in some pattern and detail, the story of how the Allies gained — and the Germans lost — the time element of which General Eisenhower speaks emerges as perhaps the most bizarre episode of the war in Europe and as one of the most formidable “what-might-have-been’s” of recent times.

For the Allies, CROSSBOW was the conquest, partly by sheer luck, largely by superior teamwork and determination, of the “secret weapons” with which Germany might well have succeeded, at a significantly late hour, in turning the course of the war. For the Germans, CROSSBOW — though one of a series of self-imposed defeats — was a unique and an apparently needless defeat, the capstone in an impressive structure of gross miscalculations and fanatically sustained misjudgments

on the part of Adolf Hitler. Nevertheless, what the Germans accomplished technically and militarily with their new weapons — notably the giant supersonic rocket, the V-2 — stands as a somber object lesson to contemporary governments and their strategists and opens, for all mankind, what the German general and the German scientist primarily responsible for the existence of the V-2 have described as “the pathway to the planets and the road to the stars.”

2

FLIGHT into outer space by some form of vehicle is an age-old dream of man. And since the introduction of artillery into warfare, military strategists have envisioned the “ideal” missile — one that can reach beyond the range of conventional guns and, with the advent of the airplane, one that would prove less costly to manufacture and less complex to operate than bomber aircraft. The V-2 is the first true prototype of the ideal long-range missile and of the space-vehicle.

Ironically, it was a clause in the Versailles Treaty, forbidding the Germans to possess or develop conventional military aircraft, that impelled certain farsighted German militarists to consider the creation of long-range missiles powered by jet or rocket propulsion. The Allies, unhampered by any such restriction, seem to have given little official thought after 1918 to the potentialities of long-range missiles. As a further irony, it was the theoretical work of an American, *A Method of Reaching Extreme Altitudes*, a slim paper-bound treatise published in 1919 by the rocket pioneer, Robert H. Goddard, that inaugurated the modern era of rocket research, in which, after 1930 and until their defeat in 1945, the Germans were unrivaled.

German rocket experimentation began, as pure theory, in the early 1920s and, like so many things German, in time developed into a welter of mystery and metaphysics, fanatical idealism and gross stupidities, stunning achievements and self-induced failures — all destined to culminate, it would seem, in a dramatic and spellbinding downfall. In 1923 a Rumanian high school teacher, Hermann Oberth, found a German publisher for his theoretical work, *The Rocket into Interplanetary Space*. Paying some tribute to Goddard’s work, and addressed primarily to professional scientists, astronomers, and mathematicians, Oberth’s book failed — except for a few damning reviews — to gain the only audience that could properly estimate and use his theories and formulae.

The title of Oberth’s work and his prophecies about space-travel and the building of space-platforms within or outside the earth’s orbit attracted, however, immediate and enthusiastic response from the kind of amateurs and visionaries who have always inhabited the borderlands of science, and in

Germany they soon rallied to the cause of the Rumanian high school mathematician.

In 1927, in the back room of a Breslau tavern, a handful of mechanics, tinkers, and attendant disciples, who called Oberth "The Master," founded the *Verein für Raumschiffahrt* — The Spaceship Travel Club. For a time the Club's most successful activity was publication of a monthly magazine, *The Rocket*, though the more mechanically minded members experimented with primitive types of powder and liquid fuel rockets, in so far as their meager resources permitted. Eventually, a copy of the Club's magazine reached the German War Ministry. Mindful of the Versailles Treaty restrictions, and casting a long eye on Germany's military future, Major General Dr. Becker, Chief of Army Ordnance, consulted late in 1930 with trusted members of his staff. The talents and activities of the Spaceship Travel Club, it was agreed in solemn conference, should be taken over by Army Ordnance and placed on the *Geheim* or "secret" list. While the resources of the German Army were, comparatively speaking, little greater than those of the Club, there were certain things, General Becker reasoned, which the Army could do to assist the rocket experiments.

For one, the Club needed better facilities than the pitifully small testing ground, financed by ticket sales to the general public and by pocket money provided by Club members not entirely impoverished. For another, the more active researchers needed a firm and steady hand that could hold down the nonsense and wasted efforts and yet, by virtue of technical and military knowledge, give the Club's best talents the freedom and scope necessary to produce revolutionary long-range missiles. Both advantages were, upon Becker's recommendation, provided early in 1931 by the German Army — enlarged and secret testing facilities in an abandoned ammunition dump at Kummersdorf, on the outskirts of Berlin, and a relatively steady hand in the person of Captain Walter Dornberger, a young artillery officer with a more than uncommon scientific and technical background.

A physically small but compellingly intense and energetic man, now living and working in the United States,¹ Dornberger was born into the family of a provincial druggist in 1895. Having completed a brilliant high school career, he volunteered for service in a German Foot Artillery Regiment two days after the outbreak of the First World War. Commissioned as an officer within a few months after enlistment, he was on active combat service until captured by the Allies in October, 1918. After the Armistice, Dornberger remained in the small professional army permitted the Ger-

mans, and proceeded from one engineering and technical school to another, earning "with distinction" a variety of advanced degrees. In 1931, at the age of thirty-five, he was earmarked by General Becker as the officer most likely to guide the Spaceship Travel Club enthusiasts to the creation of long-range missiles for use in the "next" war that had never been out of the minds of the defeated, but unconquered, German General Staff.

When Dornberger assumed command of the German Army's new experimental station at Kummersdorf, early in 1931, he was instructed by General Becker to offer three alternatives to key members of the Spaceship Travel Club. They could turn over rocket patents and cease work; they could be jailed; if good enough, they could be absorbed into the Army's rocket program. Among the Club's active members who were qualified for — and accepted — the third alternative was a devastatingly handsome boy of nineteen, Wernher von Braun, son of the Prussian Minister of Agriculture, heir to an ancient Junker title, and the very exemplar of the pure Nordic type adored by Hitler and his propagandists in the National Socialist Party, at that time just two years away from full power in Germany. Von Braun was, moreover, a disturbingly precocious mathematical and technical genius, devoted with both metaphysical and practical passion to creation of the space-platforms and interplanetary rockets he had discovered in the writings of Oberth.

The hardheaded captain and the blue-eyed wonder-boy became, with the help of capable and loyal assistants, not only the true progenitors of the ideal long-range weapon but, in all likelihood, the actual forerunners of "the journey into space." Their work on the V-2 will stand for all time as one of the twentieth century's greatest technical and scientific contributions.

3

THERE is some substance in the charge later brought by antagonists in the Army and the SS, that both Dornberger and von Braun were guilty of having used huge sums of military funds as a means of fostering their planetary and interstellar goals. In his later writings, Dornberger admits that "from the beginning we wanted to go into space; wanted to go infinite distance; wanted unimaginable speeds." And from this same post-war perspective he does not hesitate to say of the work he directed before 1939: "It was the teamwork of fanatically inspired and inseparable comrades . . . linked together for life and death and devoted to one single idea . . . the goal set our generation, the trip in space and to the stars."

Those of the German Army who were in on the secret work at Kummersdorf had, however, somewhat different ideas. General Becker had hoped

¹ Through Dr. Dornberger's kindness I have been permitted to incorporate into this account a number of statements from the manuscript of his forthcoming book, *V-2: The Story of a Great Weapon*.

that Dornberger's staff would first produce successful flak-barrage rockets, then turn to the development of long-range precision ground rockets that could supplement, if not supplant, shorter-range heavy artillery. By 1932 an "A" series (the German series designation for long-range military rockets, of which the V-2 was actually the fourth type) was under way at Kummersdorf.

Shortly after coming to power early in 1933, Hitler, upon the advice of the Ordnance Department, visited Kummersdorf. But as his party toured the meager facilities at the run-down ammunition dump, the new Chancellor grew restive. Most of the equipment, it was explained, was inadequate or out of order. All but a few of the experimental items that were supposedly ready failed to go off properly. The rest of the specially prepared exhibition was merely charts, blueprints, and mock-up prototype models — on a small scale — of the long-range rocket that had been described in glowing terms by members of the War Ministry. Worse yet, Hitler was highly disturbed when he saw the wild, prophetic gleam in the bright blue eyes of the boy, von Braun, and heard from the lips of the soldier, Dornberger, mad words intimating "the way to the planets," "a one-hour postal service between Berlin and New York," "the journey into space." Hitler remained totally unimpressed by what he saw and heard at Kummersdorf, and regarded continuation of the experiments as a dubious enterprise. Guns and tanks, airplanes and submarines — these, and vast armies of foot soldiers, were, in the Chancellor's unshakable opinion, the best means of conquering the world, when the time for that should come.

Notwithstanding Hitler's low opinion of the activities at Kummersdorf, Dornberger and von Braun continued to receive effective support from key generals in the German Army. Chief of Staff Field Marshal von Fritsch, for example, witnessed in 1934 a trial launching of the second experimental military rocket, the A-2, and from that moment lent much of his considerable influence to support of Dornberger's project. Even greater support came from von Fritsch's successor as Chief of Staff, Field Marshal von Brauchitsch, who became in time the most ardent and influential supporter of the rocket program, and staked his command, his reputation, and his life on the validity of "Dornberger's weapon."

By 1936, experimentation was far enough along to justify the laying down of military specifications for the V-2. As conceived in 1936, the V-2 did not reflect any deeply considered strategic plan for the bombardment of Germany's future enemies. Militarily, it was presented by Dornberger as a super-long-range "gun," an extension in performance of the famous gun with a range of 125 kilometers and explosive load of about 40 pounds with which the Germans had bombarded Paris in 1918. "I

wanted," Dornberger has said, "to develop a rocket that would have 2000 pounds of explosive and a range double that of the Paris gun."

This explains the size of the V-2's war head, which in 1944, to a world accustomed to the multi-ton loads carried by heavy bombers, seemed surprisingly small. In 1936 the war head proposed by Dornberger was impressive enough, and of course the speed and ranges he suggested were revolutionary. The 1936 specifications for the V-2 were also, it appears, used by Dornberger and von Braun, and their military supporters, to extract from the German Army greatly enlarged funds and facilities for rocket experimentation.

The proposals presented by Dornberger and von Braun for a huge new experimental station and a vastly expanded technical staff were so staggering, however, that the Ordnance Department had to call upon Göring's more opulent Luftwaffe for the required financial assistance. When it was indicated that help from the German Air Force would be forthcoming, von Braun recalled that his East Prussian father had often gone duck-hunting in the isolated marshes of Peenemünde. Ordnance and Air Force authorities agreed that this site would provide the necessary seclusion and that the Baltic coast would provide the hundreds of miles of firing ranges required for testing the long-range weapon. Construction of the experimental station — designated, for security, as *Heimat Artillerie Park 11* — was begun in 1937; activities were quickly transferred from Kummersdorf; and by 1939 more than one third of Germany's entire aerodynamic and technological research was devoted to the hope of creating missiles capable, as specifications increased in size to the A-9 and the A-10, of bombarding New York City from German soil. Peenemünde, which represented an investment of 300 million gold reichsmarks, had more than 12,000 full-time personnel engaged in rocket research. All this could be done, it seems, without Hitler's knowledge.

4

WHEN, within a month after the outbreak of war in 1939, the Führer learned what was going on in the way of rocket research and heard that von Brauchitsch had given Peenemünde a first military priority, he ordered Dornberger's activities to be dropped to the lowest priority, if continued at all. There was no time, effort, or matériel, Hitler declared, to be wasted on nonexistent weapons. Besides, he argued, the war he was carrying on with conventional weapons would be over long before the new missiles could be ready. The cancellation of priority, entailing the loss of personnel, funds, and matériel, was a blow from which Peenemünde could not quickly recover. Nevertheless, von Brauchitsch and others who believed in Dornberger's weapon succeeded — in the face of much

opposition from the German High Command — in getting enough support for Peenemünde so that the experimental work could continue, though obviously on a markedly reduced scale.

After the loss of the Battle of Britain in 1940 von Brauchitsch and Dornberger suggested to the High Command, and thereby to Hitler, that the granting of a first priority for work on the V-2 was clearly justified. Hitler, however, was now preparing the attack on Russia, and the thought of relying on the new weapon as retaliation for the defeat of the Luftwaffe over Britain was distasteful. Greater quantities of conventional weapons, he decided, must be produced at the expense of a missile that remained in the experimental stage. Hitler's third refusal to support the long-range weapons program was exceptionally painful to Dornberger and von Braun, as well as to their continually loyal supporter, von Brauchitsch; for, reduced priority notwithstanding, work on the V-2 was advancing rapidly — something that could not be said about German ground forces after they had attacked the outskirts of Stalingrad in July, 1942.

When it became apparent to von Brauchitsch that at Stalingrad the Russians were in fact holding back further German advance and might in time begin to reverse the tide of battle, he made a formidable personal decision. On his own authority, and at the risk of his life — he was then a commander on the Eastern Front — he removed two battalions of technicians and soldiers from combat and sent them to Dornberger. Von Brauchitsch's daring support could not have been more timely, for work at Peenemünde was reaching the initial stage of final success.

The first full-sized V-2 had been launched in June, 1942. When the fourth firing, on the 3rd of October, achieved a fall on target at a range of 190 kilometers, there was high jubilation at Peenemünde. The year's long calculations had been proved correct; the basic technical difficulties were at last overcome, though many "bugs" remained to be worked out before the rocket could become completely operational for combat. Dornberger's picture of the great day suggests, however, that the military aspects of the triumph were by no means paramount in his and von Braun's minds.

Amid the tears and shouts, the handshakings and dancing — to be duplicated less than three years later by another band of researchers, in New Mexico — the general and the scientist did not forget that, in truth, the day belonged to the Rumanian high school mathematician — Hermann Oberth. Dornberger relates the proposing of a toast to "this modest, unworldly scientist . . . this restless mind, concealing a superabundance of ideas, [with] his fanatic faith in a coming era of rockets and space-travel." And then, directly to Oberth: "Accept, senior master and father of so many ideas, my heartiest congratulations!" Oberth,

Dornberger records, replied with genuine simplicity: "Colonel, only the Germans could do a thing like that. I never could have done it myself."

As the famous night wore on, the long-time comrades permitted themselves to survey the implications of their achievement. There was talk of the forthcoming era of space-stations, of giant space-mirrors that would harness the sun's rays for the benefit of man, or become a truly lethal weapon in a future war.

By January, 1942, Hitler was reconsidering his decisions regarding the V-2. And by that time the Luftwaffe had under way another type of V-weapon. The Luftwaffe, whose prestige was still suffering from the Battle of Britain, was unwilling that Germany should be saved entirely by efforts of the Army, through its Ordnance Department. An already overloaded experimental and production organization was therefore called upon to create a "retaliation weapon" that would outshine, if possible, the massive, complex, and costly V-2. The V-1, or flying bomb, was conceived with much haste and uncommon efficiency. It was in full production less than two years after initial experimentation began. For its particular purposes in the war the V-1 proved to be a more efficient weapon than the V-2, though that need not have been the case, and certainly it was a less spectacular mechanism, bearing few of the V-2's ultimate implications. Both weapons competed for Hitler's favor and their production interfered, in varying degrees, with the production of conventional matériel and weapons. The German war machine, already overburdened with factional conflict and lacking adequate centralization, suffered severely from the ensuing struggle between advocates of the two new weapons, and it is not impossible that Germany's final defeat was contained in Hitler's subsequent vacillations.

Six months before the triumph of October 3, 1942, Dornberger and von Braun had been ordered to report in person at Hitler's Field Headquarters on the Eastern Front. Certain of the technical success of the new weapon, Dornberger had laid before Hitler matériel and operational requirements for firing 5000 V-2s a year from the French coast. With characteristic fanaticism, Hitler asked Dornberger if he could not launch 5000 V-2s simultaneously in a single mass attack against England. Admitting that such an operation was technically impossible, Dornberger did, however, promise to inaugurate a spectacular bombardment of London in the summer of 1943.

5

HITLER reluctantly accepted Dornberger's proposal, gave the rocket program a high priority, issued orders for the building of gigantic launching sites on the French coast, and then apparently

dismissed the V-2 from his mind. But in March, 1943, when production and firing-site plans were well under way and final technical difficulties were rapidly being overcome, Hitler dreamed that the V-2 would "never land on England."

At this time Hitler's decision was absolute. There would be no rocket program whatever. "I can depend upon my inspirations," Hitler said after waking from his dream. "Therefore, there is no use to give any more support to this program." Reporting the melancholy news to von Braun, Dornberger observed: "All is vain. I knew we had to fight against bugs, but I did not know we would have to fight against visions — against a dream."

Within a few weeks, however, Albert Speer, Hitler's personal architect who had become Reich-minister of Armaments and could afford to act independently, sent an agent to Peenemünde to determine what could be salvaged from the V-2 program. Speer's emissary returned from Peenemünde bursting with enthusiasm for the project. Because he had some confidence in the weapon (earlier, on his own initiative, Speer issued orders for construction of the first rocket launching sites in France) and because he could afford the risk, Speer exercised his most consummate skill in re-directing the mind of Hitler to a revival of the V-2 program. In May, 1943, Dornberger and von Braun were again ordered to report to Hitler.

During the introductions Dornberger had the impression that the Führer was "completely absent-minded." And there were cold stares from Keitel, Jodl, Buhl — members of the High Command, who from the beginning had opposed the V-2. Only Speer listened with any evident interest to the remarks preliminary to the showing of motion pictures of V-2 take-offs and target demolitions at ranges of 175 miles. After the films had been run, "there was," Dornberger relates, "a dead silence all around." Hitler was "deeply stirred with emotion. Leaning backward, he stared thoughtfully into space." When at last Dornberger started to speak, Hitler "suddenly aroused from his brooding and listened intently . . . visibly interested and [seemed to be] reading my lips, before my words were spoken. At certain considerations he shook his head, at others he nodded vividly."

The essence of Dornberger's "considerations" was that, if given a first priority, V-2 operations against London could begin on January 15, 1944 — the date also fixed by the Luftwaffe for the initiation of flying bomb attacks — with a firing rate of 108 rockets per day. This rate would be stepped up as production increased. The combined firing rates of V-1 and V-2 missiles, together with other long-range weapons in preparation (but never used), would enable the Germans to throw 94,000 tons of high explosive against England in a single

month. Within a year after the beginning of operations, it would be possible to bombard England at an approximate annual rate of one million tons of explosive — roughly, though Dornberger could not know this, the tonnage dropped on a much larger geographical area by the Anglo-American bomber offensive in its most successful year.

When Dornberger had finished, Hitler stormed to his feet and, dashing about the room, shouted a torrent of words. Following the interview, Hitler ordered that the V-2 be given the highest priority of the entire armament program in Germany. Colonel Dornberger, moreover, was given complete authority for the entire V-weapon program and promoted to the rank of major general. Hitler also ordered — against the advice of Dornberger, who favored small, easily camouflaged mobile sites — that the building of the huge rocket sites in France should be tripled in number and scale. Though he had for years been skeptical of the V-2, he had always had a passion for gigantic building projects, and the rocket firing sites appealed to him as something that would dazzle — and perhaps shake — the world.

But even after the dramatic meeting with Dornberger in May, 1943, Hitler failed to resolve the conflicts arising from rivalries within the V-weapons program itself, to the detriment of plans for both the V-1 and the V-2. His promises to Dornberger notwithstanding, he was unable, apparently, to bring himself to giving either weapon the all-out support required.

Göring, too, had failed to grasp the full significance of the V-2, though, as Chief of the Luftwaffe, he favored the V-1 until control of it was given by Hitler to Dornberger. In the old days at Kummersdorf, a few weeks after Hitler's visit in 1933, Göring had been present at a similar demonstration. But when it was explained to him that the projected weapon would be a supersonic missile, "he gave up," Dornberger relates. Göring had not "learned to think beyond sonic speed and beyond the atmosphere of the earth." Not until 1944 did the second most powerful man in the Nazi hierarchy witness an actual V-2 firing. What did he say after he had stood with Dornberger at close quarters and had seen the bursting flames, heard the grinding roar of the great rocket hurtling itself 4000 miles an hour into space? Göring flung his massive arms around the little German general and bellowed: "This is colossal! We must fire one at the first Nuremberg post-war Party Rally!"

Thus did the Germans, under a party dictatorship, suffer a most curious "interior" defeat, one of many of its kind. They had an entirely new and revolutionary weapon, but those who had the say did not know what to make of it until it was altogether too late.

Next month Mr. Angell will describe the detection by the Allies of the German secret weapons, and the counterattack which resulted in Operation CROSSBOW.



The problem of Yuletide, says STEPHEN POTTER, is how to outgive the other fellow without spending either too much time or too much money on a present. In his book Gamesmanship or, The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating, Mr. Potter scored one of the most laughable triumphs in dead-pan writing. The Editor of the Atlantic was one of the many who urged the author on to further research, and as a result Mr. Potter came up with his second best-seller, Lifemanship or, How To Get Away With It Without Being An Absolute Plonk.

CHRISTMAS-SHIP

or, The Art of Giving and Receiving

by STEPHEN POTTER

ALL of us think of Christmas as a time when the spirit of friendliness, of being unusually nice to children especially, should prevail. Yet the alert lifeman, even at this time of the year apparently so unfavorable to basic gambiting, knows that the situation can be turned to his advantage, so that he can be nicer than anyone else, really, and yet never lose the unassailable one-upness of the expert. He can even make the recipient of his niceness feel unpleasant, if slightly.

It was Gattling-Fenn, good lifeman and a great Christmas expert, who first taught me something of his theory of the present. Gattling, I knew, always did well by being the most popular "Uncle" present at the Christmas party, annoying genuine uncles who knew that at no other time of the year did Gattling take any notice of children whatever. It was Gattling who first described the "Remember Mrs. Wilson" gambit (see the special edition of *Lifemanship* printed for the Yale Foundation). Mrs. Wilson is a mythical invalid supposed to be suffering from nerves. Gattling, by exploding comic sausages, would rouse children to a pitch of frenzy and then suddenly tell them not to make too much noise because of Mrs. Wilson. Remember Mrs. Wilson.

It was only last year, however, that I realized the delicacy of Gattling's technique with the actual giving of presents. If I may summarize Gattling-Fenn, the object of Christmas Giftmanship is: —

1. To make it seem to everybody present that the receiver is getting something better than he has given you.
2. To make the receiver feel that you have got away with a present that looks all right but which he knows isn't really.
3. To make the receiver feel there is some implied criticism about the present you have chosen.

To take the last section first because it is the simplest and the easiest to explain, a rather dowdy-looking and badly made-up woman who prides herself on "not always dabbing herself with a powder puff" can in certain tones of voice effectively be given the present of a beauty box. Conversely, a woman who is insidiously ostentatious about the flowerlike and impersonal quality of her beauty can be given a hot-water bottle, a small Shetland shawl to wear in bed, or a tin of patent food which announces clearly on the front label that it has been specially treated to be made more easily digestible. Add a shopping bag (a group of friends may arrange together to give this lot as a set) and the effect is almost bound to be annoying over a long period and especially in retrospect. Particularly if, thrown in with the rest, somebody can give her one cheap lipstick smelling of lard.

Under this same head come special presents to men who fancy themselves remarkably young for their age. A spectacle case, for instance, for the man unwilling to disclose the fact that he wears glasses; or best of all, a small "You and me" sound amplifier "which anybody over the age of twenty-five is bound to find useful when listening to conversation in a noisy crowded room."

For the going-one-better ploy, one must act quickly and buy the present for the giver immediately one has received the gift. If a man gives you (if you are a woman) a handbag, you should give him a cigarette case with initials on it, to hint that you have taken more care and he must do better next time. If somebody gives you one of those nice new de luxe editions of Jane Austen in a stand-up cardboard case, you can immediately buy any old nineteenth-century copy of a George Eliot novel and make the Jane Austen giver feel a fool by telling

him you have hunted for four years for this example of the Bristol Edition (you can call it a "Bristol First"), and that when you found it six months ago you knew he would be the person to appreciate it.

In more advanced work, poor relations may be maddened by giving them useful presents, like scissors or bradawls. Eminent art critics can be given *The World's Best Twenty Masterpieces in Oil*, done in rather poor color reproduction, with the dirty pinks nearly brown and the browns merely dirty. A jolly little poker-work doggie which pops in and out of a kennel shaped like a shoe is a splendid present to give to either

- (a) a zoologist;
- (b) a collector of Staffordshire ware; or
- (c) a breeder of pedigree poodles.

To one's wife, of course, one gives the present one wants oneself — a book on astronomy, for instance, or even one on golf. A keen gardener, who really knows something about gardening, can be enormously irritated by being given a poetry anthology on the theme of garden flowers referring to flowers in the vaguest possible terms and quite often describing spring flowers and autumn flowers coming out at the same time, and vice versa. Golfers who pride themselves on the manly professionalism of their equipment can be given golf mittens embroidered with knitted nose-gays.

It is rather a good thing to give expensive presents

- (a) to people who think they are helping you financially; or better still,
- (b) to those to whom you owe money.

Any man who prides himself on the period accuracy of his room decoration can be given a crinoline lady to fit over a telephone. If a hired servant, give your employer something better than he has given you. If you receive an obviously dud present such as a cheap china sweet tray, when the giver next comes to the house to dine, place his present very ostentatiously in the middle, with your own sweet trays (silver, and of obviously better design) grouped round it. If the boss, it is a good thing to give to your employees a calendar consisting of an owl with little numbers under it that have to be moved every day. They will have to be moved every day. Wonders can be done with a genuinely old painted tray, one handle of which, however, has been broken off so many times that it consists entirely of glue and falls to the ground after half an hour by its own weight.

But Gattling, as always, was at his Christmas-ship best when he came to the treatment of children. His basic gambit was to give them presents a couple of years below their age group. If the child is continuously burying itself in a corner with *War and Peace*, give it a book about a wild wolf dog which saves a baby from an eagle. If the boy is in the space-travel, space-ship phase, give him any book in which animals talk and hedgehogs wear collars and ties. Or to any child over seven, Gattling would say, with that genial twinkle, give a book on indestructible paper, with special "Childprufe" binding, about Duckie the Cock and His Adventures in Woolie-Woola Land.



ANASTASIA ISLAND

by HAROLD PRIEST, JR.

THE beginning of all man is fish;
 Deep among the shadows of the sea,
 Where silence and the sea ferns
 Wave in timeless afternoon.
 High above, from mountain's peak to peak
 And island's shore to island's shore,
 Fishes flit and soar in fair weather,
 And in fowl like swallows skim
 The ponds of darkness on the ocean's floor.
 Distant faces that appear in dreams are there,
 Faces yet unborn, and those who foundered
 On the shoals or cast themselves
 Upon the rocks of their despair
 And thus return to the
 Original wish.



"We must recognize," writes BARBARA WARD, "that during the epoch of the Marshall Plan, the Communists in Europe were at a loss for a moral weapon. Now, in the period of rearmament, it is the moral issue which they are making the center of their campaign." Miss Ward, formerly the Foreign Editor of the London Economist, has been living for the past year in Australia. She will soon set out on a trip round all the states of the Commonwealth, taking with her the half-completed manuscript of her new book, the theme of which, she tells us, is that "freedom and moral choice have never been the soft option."

THE MORAL CHALLENGE OF COMMUNISM

by BARBARA WARD

1

RELUCTANTLY yet wholeheartedly, the Western world has accepted the challenge of Soviet military power. The hammering of plowshares into swords echoes round the Atlantic. In the Far East the weapons have been tested in battle. Rearmament has the first claim on national resources, the perfecting of defensive alliances upon diplomacy.

Yet the Western world must avoid the mistake of answering this decade's problem with the answer that would possibly have been adequate in the thirties. A show of strength might have checked the rise of Nazism. Hitler had not twenty years of established power behind him. He was not the prophet of a world-wide creed. A few groups of quislings were ready, when his victory looked certain, to open the gates to him, but he had no fanatical mass support within the ranks of Europe's workers, no blind devotees in foreign schools and universities, no organized followers among the youth of other nations. The challenge from Nazism and the challenge from Communism have only this in common — that they have both used force and have therefore required the readiness to use force against them. But the challenge from Communism is far graver and far more various. One need look no further than the last twelve months to realize the extent to which in Communism moral weapons are as formidable as those of military power.

General elections were held last summer in France and Italy, both recipients of Marshall Aid, both signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty. In Italy, the Communist-controlled vote was actually higher than in the decisive election of 1948. In France, the decline in support for Communism was negligible. Once again the Party received the mandate of more than a quarter of the voters. Nobody has made any secret about the reasons for this dis-

couraging result. The benefits that flowed from American assistance had largely failed to reach the consciousness of the mass of the working class. General de Gaulle might jeer at their Communist leaders as "separatists," but the workers, unhappily, did feel deeply separated from the successes and interests of the rest of the nation. The Marshall Plan as a moral venture had passed them by.

If one moves to the other end of the globe, there is the same evidence that Communism has consciously gained or maintained strength through the supposed moral failings of the Western side. Wherever Communist guerrillas are active in the Far East — in Malaya, in the Philippines, in Indo-China — they fight with the same slogans — an end to imperialism and exploitation, the achievement of national independence and peace, the division of the land, the raising of the workers. Nor is it altogether untrue to suggest that this double talk — for who cares less than the Communist about the peasant and his independence? — has been most effective where local grievances and abuses have been most gross.

Or take the propaganda war back to Europe — to last summer's Berlin Youth Festival. Not all the two million young people who marched and shouted had come there under compulsion. Faith and vision — honest in many of those young minds — led them to reserve for the Soviet delegates their loudest cheers and to accept uncritically the Communist slogans of "fighting for peace." And all the time one must remember that the Festival was only a small part of the world-wide Soviet "peace" campaign which has to a certain extent been made easier by the Western powers' belated acceptance of the Soviet's military challenge.

The Marshall Plan may not have penetrated as it should to every group and class, but as a gesture

and an achievement it was beyond Soviet criticism. The Communist endeavored — rather feebly — to dismiss it as an American attempt to secure European markets; in other words, as an interested and not as a moral gesture. But the effort was a failure. It is in the last year when the need for rearmament has been frankly accepted in the West that the Soviets have put all their energy into the war of propaganda, to convict the West of warmongering, to denounce it as imperialist and aggressive, to exploit in millions of simple minds the desire for peace and revulsion from war which are among the deepest moral instincts of contemporary society. We must recognize that during the epoch of the Marshall Plan, the Communists in Europe were at a loss for a moral weapon. Now, in the period of rearmament, it is the moral issue which they are making the center of their campaign.

It is of no use to dismiss all this concern for peace and order and “morality” as a contemptible façade for naked power and naked aggression. So it is — yet a quarter of the voters in France and Italy still vote for Stalin; millions of young people still march; scientists, artists, writers are still deceived. It is right that we should recognize the hypocrisy and deceit of the whole business. Strictly speaking, Marxism excludes morality since it excludes free will. The Soviet leaders are perfectly aware of this. Their morality campaigns are simply probing attacks upon known weaknesses in their opponents. Nowhere is derision for “morality” more complete than in the Kremlin. Anyone who has read *The God That Failed* must have been impressed by the fact that the final issue upon which the ex-Communists broke with the Party was in each case moral. Ignazio Silone relates how at a Comintern meeting in Moscow an English delegate protested against some directive, saying, “But that would be a lie.” The torrent of laughter which burst through the whole city at such innocence was the force that drove Silone from the Party.

But to understand an evil is not to be complacent about it. The Communists know very well what they are doing when they fight with moral weapons. They believe — not without foundation — that it has helped to score them the most significant victory since 1945, their victory in China. In Europe they have relied upon group selfishness and national irresponsibility to undermine the effects of the Marshall Plan. Now they seek to exploit the passion and longing for peace in the period of rearmament. And even if we discount the importance which Moscow attaches to moral weapons — though it is always unwise to underestimate the key maneuvers in an enemy’s campaign — can we answer with any complacency the opposite question? Have the Western powers scored so clear a moral victory that the issue on this front is settled once and for all? This is certainly not the Communists’ view. Can we afford to think so ourselves?

Part of the answer has been given already — in the massive Communist vote in Europe, in the marching, singing crowds in Berlin, in the divided minds and counsels of Asia. We may also look for an answer in a recent book whose central theme is the moral struggle between East and West. In Arthur Koestler’s *Age of Longing*, the Americans in Europe are either imbecile or sex-ridden or else, like Colonel Anderson, supremely conscious of their own ineffectiveness. An imaginative artist, looking at Europe after three years of the Marshall Plan and two years of the Atlantic alliance, projects a picture of moral defeat. The Russian faith is a horrible faith, an immoral and denaturing faith. But faith will defeat no-faith. Such is the warning. Can we afford to neglect it?

2

IN the light of Western history and Western experience, there is something profoundly incongruous and disturbing in the thought that the moral challenge of Communism is being less urgently considered than its military pressure. The thought becomes not simply incongruous but completely bewildering when one reflects that the Communist challenge is being offered in terms most antipathetic to the moral tradition of the West. The essence of the Communist attack upon the Western powers today is its fatality. Western society is capitalistic; therefore it *must* exploit its workers, enslave colonial peoples, struggle for markets, and engage in imperialist war. America is necessarily a war-monger because its system is one of bourgeois free enterprise. Europe must of necessity leave workers to starve on the dole because monopoly finance-capitalism by inherent dialectical logic ruins the masses in enriching itself. Above all, the fatalities of history decree the collapse of the West and the triumph of the Soviets. Since there is nothing the individual can do against the fatalities, he had better see to it that he is on the winning side. There can be no determinism greater than Marx’s. “What individuals are,” he wrote, “coincides with what they produce and . . . with how they produce.” Productive forces are thus the sole arbiters of human development, yet “men are not free to choose their productive forces.” A mindless, conscienceless mechanistic world closes round the individual, a universe imprisoning and predetermined as a concentration camp. Is it conceivable that this concept should be the “moral” weapon Communism hurls against the West? The weakness of the Western response becomes still more bewildering.

Yet there is an explanation that makes sense of both enigmas — the failure of the West to accept a moral challenge and its weakness in face of the onslaught of Communist determinism. It is quite simply that, in the last century, Western society has lost much of its confidence in freedom and

morality and has accepted a muddleheaded measure of determinism in its place. To give all the reasons for this change would be to write the cultural history of the entire industrial epoch, but one or two of the principal trends can be singled out.

For a time, industry developed under the banner of fatalism. To subordinate the whole process to the so-called iron laws of economics and to fight reform on the grounds that it might interfere with nature was to run perilously close to Marxism. It is no coincidence that Marx's entire view of history was formed at a time when those champions of liberalism, Cobden and Bright, were quite as much economic determinists as he was himself. In the last decades, we have seen a break from this fatality. Greater insight into the forces which influence supply and demand and the tremendous experience of expansion achieved in the testing conditions of war have started a trend which regards the economic order as a means to an end — the prosperity of the whole community — and not as a law unto itself. Yet there are still powerful groups, particularly in Europe, who have not learned the lesson, who still attack reform in the name of unfettered enterprise and proclaim that to preserve the "free market" is a more vital interest than to look to the well-being of the people as a whole. Significantly, such opinion is most vocal and influential in countries such as France and Italy where the effects of Marshall Aid have failed, as we have seen, to reach the mass of the workers.

3

FATALISM has entered the West by the other great revolutionary force of the modern world — the force of science. It is typical of Marx, the determinist, that he claimed that his socialism alone was "scientific" while all others, benevolent or reformist or utopian, were illusory. His reason for the claim was that in explaining everything in terms of a material factor — the productive process — he believed he had found a materialist and therefore "scientific" explanation of reality as a whole. Today when the solid materialist atoms of Victorian thought have become such complicated patterns and relationships of energy that only the most acute and disciplined mind can conceive them at all, the identification of the material — in other words, the sensibly observable — with the scientific has not the obviousness it had for Marx. But can we deny that it has had immense influence upon our thinking in general? We have become besotted with what Plato dismissed as "appearances." The ideal, the moral, the visionary, the insights available to faith and will, the prophet's utterance, the poet's word — in short, the traditional levers of Western action and progress — have become suspect because they could not be hurried into the laboratory and confirmed by scientific measurement.

The effect of this shift of emphasis and interest is particularly apparent in education. Gone are the ideals of the great classical writers and the vision of the Christian life. The humanities have been driven into second and third place by purely technical studies. Yet such studies must inevitably be concerned more with what is than with what should be. Western education, however, has never before put the "real" before the ideal.

This is not to denigrate or underestimate the work either of science or of critical investigation. Western society, like any other society, has had to deal with material forces. The raw subject matter of human nature and human society has never been fully subordinated to the moral aims of Western faith. There have been hypocrisy and pretension in Western life, a gulf between principles and practice; and criticism and scientific appraisal have cleansed away much complacency and blindness and obscurantism. The scientists and critics have reminded the sculptors of Western society not only that they work in stone but how tragically often their work has been botched. Thus it is not criticism itself that is in question. The danger has come because so many have followed Marx in declaring that the stone determines the statue. "The phantasmagorias in the human brain are enforced supplements of man's vital process." Yes, but there comes the day when we can make no more statues. The vision has faded, the sculptor has laid down his tools. We are left with the stone — the bleak, hard, formless stone of totalitarian society.

Will anyone deny that in the twenties and thirties a light died out of the Western world? Its old dream of automatic economic progress received a deathblow in 1929. Its faith in the franchise was shaken by the workers' hostility to the liberal state. Its universal education wasted itself in comics and the yellow press and produced intellectuals and scientists to denounce the West as a bourgeois sham. In foreign policy, it was the age of appeasement; in domestic affairs, of insoluble unemployment. The future — the wave of the failure — appeared to be issuing in a new order of society which, whatever else it was, was not free.

Yet even if one admits that in the first decades of this century the vision faded in Western society and it lost a force crucial to survival — the force of moral purpose — its weakening still does not explain the uncanny strength of totalitarianism and, above all, of its Communist version. Admittedly the Western nations had lost their purpose and their faith. Their sense of wholeness and moral unity gave place to fragmented knowledge and to an array of uncoordinated determinisms — in economics, in science, in social studies, in anthropology and psychology. Even so, what had Marxism to offer other than determinism and loss of moral purpose? To tell man that he is a puppet of his

environment, that choice and freedom are illusory — can this have been a challenge? Can this have filled the vacuum of moral purpose in Western minds?

The answer is, of course, that Marxism is the supreme proof that men are moved not by facts, environment, and material causes, but by visions and dreams. Every development of Marxism has disproved its main contention — that ideas are projections of material fact. On the contrary, ideas make environment, and men are moved by prophecy and poetry. It is not Marx's ludicrous economic theory or his labored dialectical versions of history that have caught the imagination of the young, have built up great parties in Europe and now infiltrate the masses of Asia. It is the vision of total truth, total explanation, the restoration of wholeness. It is the promise of the Kingdom on earth, the apocalyptic vision of a society in which all moral evil ceases and men live as brothers and the lion lies down with the lamb. In a word, Marxism, the creed of the determinists, is proving to us every day that faith, poetry, and vision are levers of power. The greatest double talk of all is Communism's claim to be "scientific." It is a vast, compelling, infernal, yet sublime "phantasmagoria." As such, it must be met not merely by force but by a faith and a sense of sublimity which surpass its own.

4

THE possibility that we face not a violent explosion of war but the long-drawn-out struggle of will and pressure we call Containment makes this question of the West's moral purposes if anything more crucial. It is Stalin's belief that he has greater staying power than the West and that history in the long run is on his side. Are we, in our tremendous effort to build adequate forces now, thinking equally carefully about the "long run"? Have we a picture of our policies once the necessary measure of rearmament is achieved? Even at a practical level, the problem raises formidable difficulties. How, for instance, is the vastly extended industrial equipment of the Western allies, particularly of the United States, to be kept occupied and an ominous decline in economic activity avoided? Even if this is not a problem for today, it is one for the day after tomorrow. Are we really over our Micawberism? Are we, while Stalin and his men are sustained by their long vision of history, simply waiting for something to turn up?

There should surely be no misunderstanding on this point. Moral policies, farsighted and imaginative plans for joint action, will not produce themselves any more than guns will produce themselves. We shall have no more vision than we set out to acquire and no more moral appeal than we seek with all our power to achieve. It is not the purpose

of this article to suggest blueprints for a Western revival of its old vision and moral energy. But it is the whole reason and purpose of these pages to plead for a recognition of the primacy of the problem and for the attempt to give Western man's deeper needs and capabilities the same recognition as his immediate necessity of military security. Free men, working together, have a very promising hope of securing their ends — even the intangible end of moral revival. But they cannot hope to succeed if they fail to recognize the problem and to devote to it a sufficient part of their thought and energy. At present, the longer vision and purpose of the West may perhaps be point fifty-six on the Allied agenda — if it appears at all. The Kremlin does not make that mistake. The irony of it is that only a moment's reflection will show how much has already been done in the West to sketch in the framework of a new and inspiring picture of free society. What is apparently lacking is the determination and sustained purpose to carry the sketch on to the completed masterpiece.

Acceptance of the idea of the economic system as an instrument, not a master, of the community has gained ground. The maintenance of steady employment is — in the English-speaking countries — an accepted goal. The essentially moral belief that the more prosperous members of the world community should be prepared to give a part of their wealth to raise living standards elsewhere is edging out the old imperialism and could, incidentally, play its part in maintaining high Western employment once the pressure of rearmament is over. If the principle were accepted as a normal, not an exceptional, measure in Western life, it would make possible a far more sustained and effective attack on the problems of structural maladjustment which exist in some economies. To give only one example, a concentrated effort over twenty or thirty years could create balance in the Italian economy by increased investment, expanded land reclamation and reform, and an international emigration policy. The Marshall Plan has been the prototype of such possibilities. The Colombo Plan is the outline of another. What is lacking is the general acceptance in the West of the procedure as a normal part of economic practice.

Another promising field which is full of growing points but still lacks general recognition and definition is the drawing of the worker into the community of the business enterprise. That there is here a deep desire for human responsibility — incidentally flouted completely in the Soviet managerial system — can be proved by the strength of syndicalism, by such moves as the demand of the Ruhr workers for joint representation in heavy industry, or the anxiety of British workers for closer participation in the management of nationalized industries. The United States has here, as in many other fields, quietly taken the lead and proved that

productivity and industrial peace are immensely enhanced by creating in the worker a sense of joint responsibility. It is, for instance, in America, not Europe, that profit sharing is advancing as a method. What is lacking is the projection of this new trend into the consciousness of Western life and its general acceptance as a mark of responsible economic citizenship. The ECA has started a revolutionary move in Europe by making a condition of its loans to private industry that better attention be given by local management to productivity, profit sharing, and worker participation — a procedure desperately needed in France, where the workers' share in the national income has actually fallen since the war. Land reform was part of General MacArthur's work in Japan and similar moves have been made in Korea. These could be the beginnings of an efficient and humane program which counters Communism at the most vulnerable point — the workbench and the peasant holding.

Behind the ECA program is a sense of missionary activity. One could enormously extend the field. If the West is to accept for decades to come an economic responsibility for the rest of the free world, it needs to match that economic aid by active help and example in the administrative and political field. It is here that the moral impact of the West in terms of complete integrity, keen sympathy, and wise judgment could be repeated again and again with each expert sent out, each administrator on loan, each official and businessman whose affairs take him to other lands.

American businessmen could in particular realize that many of their so-called colleagues in Asia — and even, alas, in Europe — are still very near the Marxist caricature of the amoral capitalist uniquely concerned with gain. The revolution in American managerial outlook — which is in many ways a moral revolution — is one of which businessmen themselves can be the most effective advocates. The importance of this advocacy, particularly in powerful industrial communities such as Germany and Japan, need hardly be underlined. Both these nations will, incidentally, be seeking private capital. It is a vital interest of the West to see that conditions are laid down to regulate not only its economic but its social use as well.

Yet any missionary effort of this sort on the part of Western nations depends in fact upon the quality of their own national life. When the Bell Report was published on the result of American economic aid to the Philippines and waste and corruption were singled out for censure, an angry Philippine editor retorted that his countrymen had learned graft from the Americans, only they were not yet quite as adept. Coming on the eve of the Kefauver investigations, such an outburst throws light upon an aspect of local corruption and immorality which is often overlooked — that a Frank

Costello in America or a Sydney Stanley in Britain plays his part in the world-wide battle of faiths. The inquiries made front-page news in Europe, not least in the Communist press.

In short, behind the plans and the projects which, in the interests of a sustained and successful resistance to Communism, have yet to be made in the West lies the question of the moral strength of the people to uphold them. It is the question of the aims which the community as a whole sets itself — *arete*, the Greek ideal of excellence; sainthood, the crown of Christian virtue; or the good time, the television set, the full barns, and "tomorrow we die." It was in a time such as ours, when ordered society was threatened with defeat by dark external forces, that St. Augustine wrote his tremendous vision of man's earthly destiny, the building of the city of God. There he laid down that "a nation is an association of reasonable beings united in a peaceful sharing of the things they cherish; therefore to determine the quality of a nation, you must consider what those things are." How would the West today survive such a scrutiny?

The answer lies with ourselves. Each citizen can in his different sphere reaffirm the ideal of freedom and moral responsibility that underlies Western civilization. The official can guard his integrity, the legislator his wisdom and generosity, the businessman his sense of responsibility and community with those who work with him. The artist can, in the words of Lionel Trilling, give himself to "the great work of our time," which is "the restoration and reconstitution of the will" — in other words, of the sense of freedom. The statesman can transcend national boundaries and give to the world such high examples of selfless humility as that of a General Marshall. The citizen can work for good and responsible government. Parents can demand that the great ideals of the West's humane and Christian society should mold the minds of their children, and that the trend towards purely technical training be reversed. Everyone can preserve in his heart a deposit of hope and faith which no nameless totalitarian horrors can waste away.

To believe that such a moral revival is possible is not to flout history or experience. Solon rescued Greece from a confusion of rancor and division. Christian faith carried mankind onward from the wreck of Rome. The Reformation challenged the Church to universal reform. Wesley and the Evangelicals transformed the England of the Whig families and Hogarth's Gin Lane into the great age of Victorian piety. Today we have been allowed to see in Soviet Russia the society that must emerge once morality and freedom are sloughed off. We have been led to the brink of the precipice. But we still have the chance to draw back. This is the real test of survival. Shall we return to the springs of our deepest strength in time?



THE RENOVATED TEMPLE

MA'AM, you should see your house!
Remember where the pillars stood, the douse
Of sea-surge smashing clean across the porches,
Everything open, the wet windy torch,
The blind man shouting things of gods and girls
Above the wave sound in the smoky swirling —
Things about Troy, the horse-trick and those troubles?

The place, Ma'am, is a private club —
Never a shout in the house or a girl either:
Only those pimply boys who breathe
Sour as cooky dough. Where once the surge,
Curtains: mirrors where the windows were.
It's a neat place, Ma'am. They've stuffed the hawk
And hung the oars up varnished and they talk:
God, how they talk! — about the members and their stations,
About the house rules and the regulations,
About their battles with the mice and spiders —
They talk of anything but what's outside.
The coal-fire tinkles and the tea-cup lulls.

It's not like Dante's time with all those skulls
And shrieks and pitch-pots and old putrid years
Dug up from Hell to dress the chandeliers,
Or Villon's, dragging dead men in to hang,
Or Baudelaire's when all the roof cats wrangled —
Shakespeare's of the Fierce Dispute —
It's not like that. It's neat, Ma'am, and they know their duty:
Neat as a catechism.

Still, they thumb
Their eyes and wonder why you never come.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH



A Southerner and a graduate of Yale, DAVID L. COHN scored a solid success in the retail trade of New Orleans before he became a free-lance writer. His books include Picking America's Pockets, a volume about our tariff policy; Where I Was Born and Raised, a study of race relations; a war diary covering some 40,000 miles with American troops; and two volumes of a lighter nature, The Good Old Days and Love in America.

JUNIOR, DROP THAT JAPANESE TOY!

by DAVID L. COHN

I

I HEAR distant alarms. They emanate from drums beaten by the Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., Inc. Even before we had signed the Japanese peace treaty they began to sound their fears that Japan may compete with them abroad, or even have the nerve — especially galling in a late enemy — to invade our domestic market, the world's richest and most compact market. Upon any effort to do so, says the *New York Times*, the Toy Guidance Council "probably will revive their campaign of American toys for American homes if Japan proves a serious threat to the American market."

The Council underrates the patriotism of our children. No American child would play with a foreign toy; certainly not a Japanese toy. No patriotic parent would permit it. We did not win the war in the Pacific only to lose it under the Christmas tree.

Yet there are other considerations that might affect parents and children. The Council's tune is an old one. "Slave labor," tariff-grabbers have been telling us for decades, will ruin us if we permit the import of foreign merchandise. We alone are free men. We alone live decently or want to live decently. The British, as we know, have long subsisted on roast acorns and mist air of the fens. The French learned to cure Roquefort cheese in caves because they live in caves; no doubt they were animated by the malicious desire to flood us with cheap goods. Scandinavians, like circus seals, are content if you throw them a fish. Italians, of course, rank with Orientals. They exist on leftovers from yesterday's fried seaweed.

Thus it was that President Hoover, founder of the *non sequitur* school of economics, said we could not compete with the products of Italian labor. At the same moment Mussolini, quite accurately, said that Italy could not compete with the products of our machines. Both countries thereupon barred

each other's goods through high tariffs. These statesmen, whatever their defects, could turn out as pretty a cul-de-sac as a man might want.

The specter of Japanese competition has long given some of our patriots the shakes. During the depression of the thirties, Congressman Stefan of Nebraska passed through Nagoya, Japan, after a junket to the Philippines. There on the docks he saw cases of goods consigned to us. This alert observer told Congress that Japanese merchandise was causing our unemployment. The unemployed, he said, having little money, buy it because it is low-priced. Since they do so they are unemployed. Actually, however, the goods are high, because their quality is low. Hence consumers cheat themselves out of their jobs and their money at once. It is up to Congress to save the people from the consequences of their folly. Enact high tariffs to keep out Japanese goods. Everybody will then buy American goods, and no one will be able to cut his own throat by purchasing the products of slave labor.

This is a pretty piece. What if its reasoning does sound like a parody of the title of a Fielding play: *Rape upon Rape, or, Justice Caught in His Own Trap?*

If Mr. Stefan had walked down the street to the Tariff Commission, it would have told him the facts of life. When he spoke, one third of Japan's imports came from us. We were her largest supplier. *We exported to her twice as much as we imported from her.* Japan therefore had to earn dollars all over the world to pay for the huge balance of trade in our favor. One of our greatest customers, she was especially important to our cotton growers. In 1934, 4.5 million acres were needed to supply the cotton we shipped her. This required the services of thousands of men in the fields, gins, warehouses. It required the services of other thousands working for railroads, trucking companies, steamship companies; of men in steel mills that produced the

bands that hold the bales, and jute workers of India who produced the wrappings. They in turn became potential customers for other American goods.

The greater part of our Japanese imports consisted of raw materials necessary or indispensable to American industry and the American standard of living. Half of these imports were raw silk, not a pound of which is produced here. Other important items were tea, furs, bristles, and insect flowers for making insecticides. These were the proportions and this the nature of the trade that was about to ruin the United States in 1934!

2

WHEN it comes to Japanese trade, some of our businessmen are not without a sense of fantasy, and since we are apparently on the eve of its recurrence, I should like to point out not merely the trade aspects of their objections but also their social implications in at least one case.

In 1934 a vice-president of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company wrote to Representative Treadway of Massachusetts. He said that in 1933 approximately 50 million toothbrushes were sold here. Of these, approximately 13 million were imported brushes, 95 per cent of which were made in Japan. Of the American brushes, three fourths of them, said the writer, were made by his company and the remainder by the Du Pont Viscoloid Company. Japanese brushes with bamboo handles, landed here at 1½ cents each, sold retail at three for a dime. "There ought to be a law," concluded the Company's man.

Let us look at this. The condition was that 130 million people bought 50 million brushes. Many individuals, however, bought six or more brushes annually. If, however, only 50 million were sold to the whole population, it follows that millions of Americans did not own a toothbrush. It was then estimated that 60 to 70 per cent of the people did not brush their teeth.

Many people did not brush their teeth because they could not afford 50-cent American brushes, or 35-cent brushes. Others gratefully turned to the three-for-a-dime Japanese article.

If, then, the majority of Americans did not brush their teeth, if brushing teeth is hygienically useful, and more people would do so if they could afford brushes, it follows that the *public interest* — if not the interest of American brushmakers — is served whether cheap brushes come from Japan or Greenland. But according to high-tariff advocates, we must use high-priced American brushes or go without.

Additionally we may note that, according to the Company's man, two firms made 75 per cent of our brushes. While 75 per cent of a market represents a substantial monopoly, it does not have the symmetrical beauty of a complete monopoly, and one

therefore can hardly blame the Company for aspiring to a higher beauty.

What of Japanese competition with us in *foreign* markets before the Second World War? Here let the Tariff Commission speak (as of 1934): —

"For the most part," it said, "our export commodities are different from those of Japan, and our principal foreign markets are not important markets for Japan. . . . The expansion of Japan's export trade has not been a major factor affecting . . . the total trade of the United States in third countries."

From 60 to 65 per cent of our total exports at that time went to Canada and Europe. "It is in these two great markets," wrote the Tariff Commission, "that much the larger part of the total loss in American export trade has been sustained, and Japanese exports to these areas have had little to do with this loss."

In 1935 I wrote: "The facts do not reveal that Japan is an economic menace to the United States in competition with either our domestic or foreign markets. Whatever difficulties may arise between the two countries in the future will be based upon Japan's aspirations in the Pacific, her possible attempts to exclude us from Chinese and other Asiatic markets, and her ambitions to assume hegemony over most of Asia. These are primarily politico-economic questions. They cannot be settled satisfactorily by putting higher tariffs on Japanese toothbrushes or tinned fish. They await more statesmanlike efforts."

The "new" Japan is a stupendous and necessarily dubious experiment. How she goes may decisively affect the future of all Asia and therefore our future. Yet, this being so, while we arm against the possibility of penultimate disaster, and Japan is a great American military base under the terms of our treaty with her, we are strongly tempted to repeat our pre-war mistakes. Let us note some of the facts of Japanese life.

In 1945, when the war ended, there were 80 million Japanese. Now there are 83 million. They live 3000 persons to the square mile of arable land, the total of which is about equal to the arable land of New York State. Allied occupation health techniques lowered Japan's death rate from 29 to 11 a thousand — a decline of three fifths. It took us twenty years to halve the death rate in Puerto Rico. But Japan's birth rate is 34 a thousand. Every day she has 5000 new mouths to feed, and if nothing stops her population progression she will have over 100 million people twenty years hence.

Stripped of her overseas possessions, she has neither raw materials for her industry nor food for her people. Cut off American food today, and tomorrow millions of Japanese would begin to starve. Yet we have told Japan we do not intend to keep her on a dole indefinitely. At best it will be enormously difficult for her to develop enough foreign

trade to keep herself going. But if we should shut her out of our markets to which she must turn for food and indispensable raw materials such as cotton, how will she live at all? And if she finds that she cannot live, will she quietly die to please American toymakers and canners of tuna fish? Or will she turn to the vast next-door markets of Red China, make common cause with Red elements in Asia, become their supplier of goods and weapons in return for food and materials? Or shall we, to please some of our businessmen, subsidize Japan indefinitely at a cost of a billion dollars, or more, annually; if, that is, this able, ambitious, dynamic, population-explosive country should be willing to remain our ward upon these terms? Japan, I take it, is pro-Japanese. She, as any other country, will consult her own interests. Whether she will then become pro-American or pro-Russian must depend in large degree upon whether or not we attempt to choke her as she tries to earn a living.

3

LET us turn now to another sphere and see how the "honest, noble, independent farmer," as they called him in the 1820s, is behaving just as stupidly and just as greedily as some of our businessmen. Once the businessman made a fool of him by making him pay excessively for the high costs of industrialization through high tariffs. Today, somewhat of a city slicker himself and support of the powerful dairy lobby, the farmer is out for a share of the tariff swag and means to get it by methods once used against him.

Dairy interests recently put an enactment through Congress that will reduce our importation of foreign cheese by 40 per cent. Dollar earnings, important to the countries involved, will be lost to these friends and allies of ours: Canada, Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Switzerland, France. The enactment hurts our consumers. Blue cheese, for example, will go up 7 to 11 cents a pound. It does great harm to our pretensions of world leadership, and benefits no one but the dairy interests.

Exporters of cheese are to be deprived of a large part of their dollar earnings here even though imports of cheese amount only to 5 per cent of our consumption. For this piddling business we destroy the confidence of the free world in our big words that the world must have a revival of trade; we cast doubts even upon our own sanity, make a mockery of the Marshall Plan, violate our commitments in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Nor is this all. Hell-bent upon keeping Western Europe from trading here, we are not slow to berate her for trading with Eastern Europe.

Dairy interests, as you know, are opposed to domestic trade as well as foreign trade. For fifty years they saw to it that oleomargarine was fed-

erally taxed at 10 cents a pound. It did not matter that this hurt consumers everywhere and producers of vegetable oils in the South and elsewhere. In 1936 the Wisconsin Commissioner of Agriculture told Congress that rats fed on butter grow fat. But rats fed on margarine die. Margarine, therefore, is rat poison, not man's food.

Signs multiply that in a desperate, dollar-hungry world, we yearn again to go economically isolationist. For more than a hundred and fifty years the United States tariff — a law affecting the national interest — has been written and applied on nearly every basis except the national interest. It has been the plaything of politics, the instrument of privilege, the weapon of monopoly. Its misuse is a prime exemplar of the insane nationalism that plagues the world. Irrationally, greedily used by us now, it may undo our huge labors in organizing the free world for freedom, and bring us to the brink of destruction. Our trade position in the world is so commanding that the free world must trade with us, be subsidized by us, die, or trade with the Communist world.

The case becomes the more urgent when it is seen how every day science makes us more and more self-sufficient so that, as our needs to buy abroad decrease, other countries have fewer dollars with which to buy here. Thus, synthetic fabrics have all but destroyed Japan's once great silk trade. Synthetic quinine makes us less dependent upon quinine-exporting Indonesia. Synthetic rubber makes inroads upon our imports of raw rubber from southeast Asia. And only recently the Reynolds Metals Company announced the "tinless" tin can. Made of aluminum, coated with plastic and feather-light, it may be remelted after use and fashioned into a new can. This invention must eventually grievously affect tin-exporting Malaya, Siam, Bolivia. In agriculture, we are successfully growing Turkish-type tobacco in North Carolina, foreshadowing a decrease of tobacco imports from Turkey and Greece, while in Florida we have begun a large-scale experiment in growing kenaf. It is a plant substitute for jute that may in the future destroy India's important jute trade in our market.

Already possessing the world's greatest industrial and agricultural plants, and daily increasing our self-sufficiency through science, are we to deny a hungry world even a few crumbs from our table; crumbs such as 5 per cent of our total consumption of cheese? Is this harmonious with our leadership in the United Nations, the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization? Or is it merely a recrudescence of that greed which has so blighted our relations with foreigners in the past?

Shall we never understand, even poised as we are on a narrow ledge above the abyss of disaster, that it is impossible to be politically internationalist and economically isolationist; and that it is insane to attempt to be both at once?



"What is the idea of financing these baked buildings?" asks WILLIAM ZECKENDORF. "These buildings that look like everything that was ever built before. Why perpetuate such monstrosities?" Mr. Zeckendorf, who is the President of Webb & Knapp, one of the leading real-estate developers in the country, with headquarters in New York, raised these questions and then went on to give his provocative answer in a talk he made (without notes) before the faculty and students of the Harvard University School of Design. Thanks to a tape recording, the Atlantic is able to preserve a very shrewd piece of American philosophy.

BAKED BUILDINGS

by WILLIAM ZECKENDORF

I

I SHOULD like to explore the relation between real-estate economics and architecture. I hope the time is coming when we shall have a much closer harmony between the arts and the engineering on the one side and the economics of real estate on the other.

On the one hand, we have people who build buildings. The so-called builders are interested in three phases of their activity: first, to buy a piece of land as inexpensively as possible; second, to conceive and execute a building as cheaply as possible — and I do not mean that in the flattering sense of the word; and third, to borrow the maximum that they can borrow, and subsequently either retain or sell the property. If they retain it, they retain it until it falls in by its own failure, from economic pressure; or else they sell it to someone who thinks he can make it work out. And, on the other hand, we have the aesthetic people of the architectural and engineering life, who are capable of thinking in very broad terms and producing things of importance — real contributions to art — but who fail to understand the down-to-earth essentials of real-estate economics.

I think it is just as fundamental for an architect to have a working knowledge of economics as it is to have an understanding of the classical, the traditional, and the modern concepts of art and architecture. Whatever education in the field of engineering is given him, until he understands the economic function and the size of buildings, I say he is no architect, he's an academician. On the other hand, to permit builders to go on, with no consideration except price, to erect whatever their fancy dictates, without regard to what they do to the neighbor who lives next door, brings about a potential form of iconoclasm which is injurious to the entire neighborhood and seriously impairs the

general economic structure of the community in which they build.

It is a curious thing that in the great depression of the thirties, it was the buildings that were mortgaged for the greatest amount by the most speculatively minded builders, who were interested chiefly in borrowing the maximum and building for the least cost, and whose costs of operation were the highest, and whose vulnerability was the most pronounced — those buildings were the first to fall. As they fell into the hands of creditors, they undermined the sounder and more conservative investments, because when something goes through the bankruptcy court, there is no bottom. The receiver rents for what he can get; he rents at whatever price he has to take to fill his vacancies because he is not interested in any other way; and the more conservative man who borrowed a smaller amount and built more wisely finds himself in competition with a mortgage that has been wiped out. As a result, his equity is wiped out too because his rents are undermined when he has to compete with bankruptcy renting.

This is a hard-boiled approach, but it brings home the extent to which even the toughest investor who is not interested in the aesthetic side, who is not interested in anything relating to beauty or functionalism, but who thinks only in terms of the conservative — how very much concerned this investor is with the general subject of having buildings built by builders who *are* interested in something that is functional, beautiful, and soundly economic, and designed by architects who understand the investor's problem and who, therefore, do not design buildings that are art for art's sake or merely expedient.

That is why I should like to see architectural schools make as part of their "must" courses the

subject of basic real-estate economics and construction. If that is done, these schools will send out men who will develop this country on a basis that we will be proud of. We may well be entering upon a golden era of construction, when the merger of the real-estate builder-economist and the artist and designer can be so skillfully integrated that we shall bring forth residential, industrial, and commercial architecture which will stand the two important tests of time: economic soundness and beauty and functionalism. If we continue as we have been going, letting the devil take the hindmost — the builder builds for as little as he can and borrows as much as he can and runs, and the architect follows him — then the rebel who would design only things of great beauty can find no clients or only a few clients who are as crazy as he is because they do not understand. In that case, I say, we still have to wait for our golden era. But it is not necessary to wait. Not at all.

2

LET us analyze for a moment the reasons why all this confusion comes about — why it is that we do not have architecture that is both beautiful and functional, and why we do not have buildings that are economically sound in every sense of the word. I should pause here to make it very clear that there are exceptions to what I have said on this subject. There are many instances of buildings which combine beauty, functionalism, and economic soundness. But wherever you find them the percentage in proportion to the total number of buildings erected is infinitesimal. Therefore, I do not address myself to the few but to the many.

Let us talk first about the builder. You go to him, a speculative builder — speculative builders build about 90 to 95 per cent of all the things that are built in this country for rent — and you say, “Why do you dare to build that terrible-looking six-story apartment house that looks as though it came out of an oven, baked, according to a stenciled plan?”

He will say, “Well, maybe I like that and maybe I don’t. Maybe I would like to build something more beautiful and maybe I wouldn’t. But that’s not my business. My business is to build within the framework, concept, and spirit of the FHA.”

Well, I do not have to spell that out, but I shall do so for the record in a very simple way. It means designing as cheaply as possible, borrowing as much as possible, building as inexpensively as you can, and never mind the rest.

The builder says, “I’m not going to take a chance and build something more beautiful than that, something revolutionary. Maybe I do like a more modern design. But when I take that into a lending institution and they say to me, ‘What is this plan here? We’ve never seen that before. We’ll dis-

count that by 25 per cent in the amount of a loan you’ve asked for’ — well, that puts me out of business. I’m not that kind of a builder.” And he speaks for 95 per cent of the boys. “I have to borrow from the man who will lend me the maximum that is permissible, and that man is the fellow who will lend me on exactly what every predecessor building of the same character looked like and was all the way back. Don’t blame me. Blame the fellow I borrow from. Someday I’ll build something more beautiful. I’d like it perhaps. But I cannot borrow and I’m no contributor to the general welfare of the community. If I want to give charity, I’ll find my own way to give it. But not in my business.”

I am oversimplifying this, of course. But basically the fundamental philosophy of the speculative builder is exactly what I’ve said. You try to find out who this guy is who finances him, who limits his horizon, his vision, and his potential.

Who is he? He is the insurance companies, the big ones and the small ones; he is the savings banks, the building and loan companies — the impersonalized corporations that people visualize when they see a great tall building with a beacon on the top of it. But basically, those beacons are supported by a little group of self-perpetuating trustees, mainly of the same social strata, and you go talk to them. You say to a typical one, “What is the idea of financing these baked buildings that look like everything that was ever built before? What is the idea of perpetuating these monstrosities?”

The trustee will say, “Who are you?”

“Well, I’m just a fellow who wants to know what is going on; why you do it. You are in control of the purse strings. You’re the fellow who calls the tune and the other fellow dances because it is your money that makes these buildings go. And if you say X song, they will dance X dance, over and over again until they’re dizzy. How come? Why have you made so little contribution to the furtherance of thinking in design and execution?”

Now here is the answer you’ll get from the typical trustee. He will say to you, “I am a manufacturer; I’m a chemist; I’m a banker; I’m a retired industrialist; I’m a professor, or I’m something — something completely unrelated to the subject specifically involved, the subject of lending money. I’m a trustee of this institution or that institution.” He will say to you, “I’m interested in beauty. Come to my home and I’ll show you beauty. But when it comes to lending, I want to bake them.”

“Why do you want to bake them?”

“I want to bake them because I know that they’ve been baked for twenty-five years and they’ve never failed. The six-story flat is a good thing. You know I don’t work here. I come here without pay. I do not even get a director’s fee for attending a meeting. I’m only here because I think it’s my duty to run this institution.”

Of course he doesn't add that he enjoys being in association with a lot of other fellows like him who finally got up there, or that he is filling his father's seat in the chair that his father and his father before him filled. But he says, "I'm here and I am going to make sure that this institution doesn't go broke. I know there's one thing certain," he says; "I never can be criticized for doing what has been done before, I can't be criticized for doing something new, something that was never done before — it might succeed; but the Lord won't spare me if it doesn't — and I am not going to take that chance."

That is the attitude of perhaps 80 to 90 per cent of the trustees of the eleemosynary and mutual institutions that are financing the vast bulk of the construction in this country. Add to that the FHA and its own completely unimaginative and limited scope in thinking and design, which is understandable because they are trying to protect themselves by the most minute specifications against the chicanery of the builder who is only interested in borrowing the most and building for the least. There you have the double hazard, these two, the builder and the banker, on their high stools. And right between them our architecture and design fall flat.

There are exceptions. There are provocative thinkers among the boards of trustees, and every once in a while you will see a great new thing come out which finally brings us a notch forward and lifts us up because the power of emulation is something that is always with us. But it comes from such a minute number of those who are in control of the purse strings, and is given to that very small percentage of those who would build and who are interested in doing something more progressive and more important, that progress is painfully slow. We are now building new slums for old slums, anachronistic conditions following upon the horrors of years before, so that notwithstanding the billions of dollars that are at our disposal we are still building approximately the same thing that we have had in the years gone by.

3

THERE is a great and important lesson to be learned from this. And that is, to find out how we can change it. I'm an optimist, perhaps too much of an optimist. I have no doubt that we will pull out of this trough. I have no doubt that this country will take the lead, and I believe that our time will be looked back upon as the beginning of the greatest renaissance in design and construction that has ever been known. To crystallize your thinking and to try to dramatize how sluggishly, how slowly, how foolishly we are traveling down that path which has got all its ways greased and ready for a 50,000 miles a minute move if we can ever organize

ourselves to think straight, I draw your attention to the fact that this building industry and the real-estate business are the largest business, in terms of dollars employed, of any business in the world. You can talk about automobiles or chemicals or merchandising or anything you want. I say there is more money invested in real estate than in anything else.

You can tell the difference between a 1951 hand iron and a 1949. The difference between a 1951 automobile and a 1929 automobile makes you turn around and look at the one in 1929. You don't look at the 1951 one. Why? Why is that true of hand irons? Why is it true of automobiles? Why is it true of new products that were invented and never dreamed of before, whether they be radios or television sets or anything else? Every product you can name is the result of research and design, and research in the laboratory of the great companies of America. All the products of Johns Manville, Libby Owens, the metal companies, the air-conditioning concerns, are available to real estate and construction, but the building industry is the only one where the signs of progress are slight and the finished products are cheap in the least flattering sense, less functional yet more costly. Why is it we have not been able to bring housing down in cost? Today a Ford is more beautiful, faster, more functional, much more pleasant to ride in than a Simplex-Crane was in 1915 — the Simplex-Crane that was the most expensive car built at that time. The automobile industry gives us a better car today than the best car of 1915 and for much less money.

You cannot say that about our business. Our business costs more than ever, notwithstanding that it is the heir — and incidentally the heir without pay — of all of the products of the laboratory. Can we blame the architect? Can we blame the builders? Can we blame the financiers? I do not know. Perhaps they are all to blame. Perhaps none. All I can say is that we are reaching the point very rapidly where it is almost impossible to build a building which will pay at all without some form of subsidy. And the FHA is a form of subsidy. And the FHA has accounted for perhaps 80 per cent of the construction in the United States for the past twelve years.

What an indictment of an art, of an industry, and of a phase of finance! There is an answer because there must be. We at Webb & Knapp have tried to seek that answer by developing what we call the Department of Architectural Research. Headed by a brilliant young architect, I. M. Pei, this department works hand in hand with a very active economic-minded organization of real-estate people who are not subsidized by anybody.

Pei and I got together to discuss a program and develop some sort of order of priorities for the more important challenges that exist in the

real-estate industry and the architectural profession. It was obvious to me that the scope, however wide, pointed definitely to the multiple-dwelling housing as the first job to tackle. The reason for this was the obvious wastefulness resulting from shortsighted thinking on the part of planners and builders through the all too rapid obsolescence of apartment houses. I knew from firsthand experience that buildings twenty-five to thirty years of age were considered old while at the same time they were structurally sound and had a physical life of centuries — that the only serious deterioration that takes place in fireproof buildings is in mechanical equipment such as elevators and plumbing. With the small return available from this kind of construction, it was apparent that the income was rarely adequate to write off the structure by conventional depreciation methods and yet leave a satisfactory return on the investment.

Buildings seemed to wear out for two reasons, both cyclical in character. The first reason was economic and the other sociological. As to the former, the good flush times resulting from economic booms made it desirable to have large luxury-type suites. The undercycle known as depression required the antithesis. Thus in the thirties the owners of buildings found themselves unable to meet the new demand and the would-be tenants could not afford to take the large, luxurious apartments even at drastically reduced rents, for the simple reason of the high cost of maintenance. The other cycle, the sociological one, occurs in every city all over the country irrespective of economic conditions. It is the usual trend of American residences to move from class character to mass character as the "class" moves steadily farther and farther out, partly for snobbish reasons but partly for the sound reason that the encroachment of the commercial aspects of the city on high-grade residences takes place everywhere as cities grow.

This sociological cycle calls for a change in layout and type of building. But our planning is so rigid, so inflexible, that it cannot adjust itself. If you could change the walls around, have greater latitude in expanding or contracting space by adding acoustical wall panels — which are better than walls a foot thick — your building would keep abreast of the market. Families could take more space in good times, less in bad.

Another thing we have to consider is extracting the utmost from the construction dollar by bringing

together the thinking of the structural, mechanical, air-conditioning, construction engineers with the thinking of the architect before the design is fixed, before the building is baked.

Well, I talked it over with Pei and gave him a rough idea in the form of a sketch of a building with a core for utilities and arms reaching out with apartments on them. He embodied these concepts into a spiral building which we called the Helix.

The result briefly is this. He gets his construction savings through a central mechanical core in which all the utilities, air conditioning, all the pipes for water and heat and electricity, and the elevators are located. All kitchens and bathrooms back up on this core and tap into it.

Structurally speaking, the circle enables you to use radial reinforced concrete wall, structural walls, as against the forest of girders in the conventional system. You can standardize wall panels, kitchen and bathroom units. On the periphery of the circle you can provide private terraces, 8 x 35 feet, giving every apartment a taste of the outdoors. You get better living space for smaller capital investment and have a building which is more likely to stay 100 per cent occupied over a long term. That, I think, meets the problem.

Webb & Knapp believe that Mr. Pei's Helix, which is the first fruit of our laboratory, may be a forerunner of a complete change in philosophy toward design of multiple-dwelling construction. And for that reason, and without concerning ourselves with FHA construction thinking, or stuffed-shirt banking thinking, or conventional architectural thinking, or art for art's sake thinking, we are going to try this one out ourselves and take the risk that it is a good idea. Having looked the country over from one end to the other to find the most appropriate site for this new design, we have bought the top of Nob Hill and shall locate the Helix at the very apex of San Francisco. If we are fortunate, it will be a reality in 1953-1954.

We want to prove that research, an intelligent economic approach, and modern assembly methods can produce in the housing industry miracles of progress comparable to those in any other industry in the world. And we seek this development through reaching out for a relationship of the closest possible character between ourselves, who are real-estate men, builders, and real-estate economists, and you who are architects and designers. And we have no doubt that we are on the right road.

Elegance

We are indebted to Evelyn Waugh for this thumbnail sketch of NANCY MITFORD, whose latest novel, The Blessing, was the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for November. "She is the first of the long line of daughters of Lord Redesdale . . . all beautiful and wildly individual. . . . Nancy received no education at all except in horsemanship and French. Liverish critics may sometimes detect traces of this defect in her work. But she wrote and read continually and has in the end achieved a way of writing so light and personal that it can almost be called a 'style.'" With her husband, the Hon. Peter Rodd, the explorer, she now lives in the heart of Paris.

WHAT IS CHIC?

by NANCY MITFORD

I REALLY prefer the word elegance. "Chic" has lost value in its native country — "*Chic alors!*" cries the street urchin on finding 10 francs in the gutter — and it never had much prestige in England. Roget in his *Thesaurus* lumps it together with "style, swank, swagger and showing off"; indeed it represents everything that the English most dislike, a sort of bright up-to-date fashionableness they have never aspired to. For elegance in England is of such a different stuff from that in any other country that it is not easy to make foreigners believe in it at all. (As regards the women, that is. English men and small children are universally admitted to be the model of good dressing; our two Princesses set the fashion for the world until they were ten.) It is based upon a contempt of fashion and a limitless self-assurance.

When the Empress Eugénie paid a state visit to England she went with Queen Victoria to the opera. The English sighed a little as two queens stood together in the Royal Box during the playing of the National Anthem; the beauty in her Paris clothes quite eclipsed dumpy little red-faced Victoria. Then the time came for them to take their seats. The Empress with a graceful movement looked round at her chair, but Queen Victoria dumped straight down, thus proving unmistakably that she was of royal birth and upbringing. Had that chair not been in its place the skies would have fallen, and she knew it. The audience was proud of its Queen and never gave the *parvenue* Empress another thought — indeed nobody in England was at all surprised when shortly afterwards the Second Empire fell.

Nearer our own time, two English duchesses were turned away from Christian Dior for being too dowdy. In England, if you are a duchess you don't need to be well dressed — it would be considered quite eccentric. Actually I cannot imagine why the two ladies wanted to go at all. Perhaps their poor

feet were hurting, and they thought they would like to sit for a while, seeing in their minds' eyes the soothing empty salons of Monsieur Worth in the days when their mothers dressed there. (In the days of their grandmothers Monsieur Worth came to the house, like any other tradesman.) They had surely not envisaged the scented scramble at the top of the stairs, the enervating atmosphere of a salon where no window may ever be opened, the hideous trellis of crossed nylon legs round the room, and the all-in wrestling match for each and every chair. The duchesses went quietly, and if they did not quite realize what an escape they had had, they were probably rather happy to sit on a bench in the Avenue Montaigne and watch the motors go by.

At the beginning of this century, when the English upper classes were rich and lived for leisure, society women bought all their clothes in Paris. When the dresses were delivered they were put away for at least two years, since, in those days, nothing was considered so common as to be dressed in the height of fashion. Prostitutes and actresses could flaunt the current clothes, it was quite all right for them, and indeed a mark of their profession, but "one of us, dear child," never. Even the men would not think of wearing a new suit until it had spent one or two wet nights in the garden, making it look at least a year old.

Now this tradition continues in London. The big dressmakers there slavishly follow the Paris fashion of two years before, while the people in the streets lag another year, so that to anybody arriving from Paris the clothes have an odd and disproportioned look, skirts too long or short, waists too high or too low, and so on. Anyhow the word elegant cannot truthfully be applied to the English by day. Ladylike is the most that can be said. They really have no idea of what day clothes should be; and contrary to what is sometimes supposed, their sports and country clothes are deplorable. They are of

tweed thick and hard as a board, in various shades of porridge, and made to last forever. For town clothes English women have only one solution, a jacket and very tight skirt with what the fashion papers call "a cunning slit up the back," to enable them to walk, dividing rather horribly over their calves. On the shoulder hangs a fox which looks upon the world with a beady eye.

The women in London streets give a general appearance of tidy dreariness, but these same women seen at a ball are a surprise and a delight. For it is in the evening that English women excel. With their beautiful jewels glittering on their beautiful skins, with the consciousness of an immense superiority showing in every movement, put them in any old satin skirt and deep décolleté and they are unbeatable. There is no more dazzling sight in the world than a ball at Buckingham Palace.

French women, we are often told, are the best dressed in the world. But where are they? Foreigners visiting Paris for the first time are often disappointed because they never see anybody at all well dressed. The fact is that elegance in Paris is confined to a small group of women who are seldom seen in public and never in the streets. They get into their own motors inside their own courtyards, rarely eat in restaurants or appear at the big dress-makers (a selection of the clothes is sent for them to see at home), and in short it is an act of faith for the ordinary tourist to believe that they exist at all. They do however, and are absolutely powerful in the world of elegance, since it is their taste which, in the end, everybody follows.

French dress designers, hairdressers, and cooks are admitted to be the best in the world, but it is a commonplace that they lose their eye, their hand, and their taste after a few years in England or America. Why? Because they are no longer under the disciplinary control of *les femmes du monde* — that is to say, of a very few rich, ruthless, and savagely energetic women who know what they want and never spare anybody's feelings in their determination to get it. Back goes the dress, back goes the dish, back into the washtub goes the head, until the result is just exactly perfect — then and then only is heard the grudging "*Pas mal*." Their vigilance extends to the smallest details. I once bought a suit in an expensive English shop and gave it to my Paris dressmaker for some small alteration. She told me she had been obliged to take it home and do it herself since she could not risk letting the girls in her workroom see how badly it was finished off. "But how could you have accepted it?" she kept saying. I didn't like to tell her that since I had not turned it inside out, as any French woman would have done, I had no idea how the seams were sewn.

Anglo-Saxons do not quite understand French elegance and what it is. They have a vague romantic idea that any French woman can take any old

bit of stuff, give it a clever twist, and look chic in it. This may be true of Italian peasants, but not of Parisians. Dressing, in Paris, is not a craft; it is an art not to be come by easily or cheaply; Parisians are not peasants but citizens of the most civilized town in the world. When they cannot afford the time and money to be really well dressed, they abandon the idea of clothes and concentrate instead upon cooking and their children's education. Cheap dresses with a cheaply fashionable air do not appeal to French women. They are perfectionists and will either have the best or nothing at all.

In writing about Americans I find myself at a disadvantage so great that perhaps I really should not attempt it. For I have never been to America. I study it, of course. I look at *Life* and *Time* and the *New Yorker*; I hang about behind Americans at cocktail parties and listen to what they are saying to each other. I read their books, in many of which they seem to behave oddly, nipping off their own breasts with garden shears and so on, but no more oddly I suppose than the English of *Wuthering Heights*. America is to me some great star observed through a telescope, and I never feel quite sure that it exists, now, or whether its light is not coming to me across centuries of time (future time, of course).

If I may venture then to speak about American elegance, as observed through my telescope during many a long wakeful night. I should say it is the elegance of adolescence. The bobby-soxers, the teen-agers, who seem to what we call "come out" at such an incredibly early age, are quite beautifully dressed. Their neat little clothes have more than an echo of Paris, the skirts are the right length, the waists in the right place, and they are, very suitably for children, understated. I imagine it would not do to turn them inside out and examine the seams. These young Americans do not care to have one good dress and wear it a whole season; they would rather have a quantity of cheap dresses and throw them away after two or three wearings. As I look through my telescope I see a charming flock of radiant little girls, beautifully turned out, clean, shining, with regular teeth, wonderful figures, and china skins. I also see a crowd of gracious ladies in canasta gowns, impeccable, not one blue hair out of place. But what happens to the intermediate ages? At what point do old little girls turn into young old ladies? Where are the grown-up women in the prime of life dressed as adults?

I think that the elegance of these three countries can be summed up by saying that in England the women are elegant until they are ten years old and always perfect on grand occasions; in France a few women are entirely elegant always; in America most women are smart and impeccable but with too much of an accent on immaturity for real elegance. But the cosmopolitan American woman dressed in Paris is the very height of perfection.



The contemporary American writers have made an impact on Europe comparable to the one created by Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Chekhov, says PERRY MILLER. Professor of American Literature at Harvard, Mr. Miller writes from close observation of the academic world of Western Europe. He was visiting lecturer at the University of Leiden, and he spoke at many other institutions in Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy.

EUROPE'S FAITH IN AMERICAN FICTION

by PERRY MILLER

I

IT WAS a relief, I must confess, to get into a world where the people I dealt with took it for granted that literature is an index of civilization. In America I have to spend time and energy maintaining that thesis. I don't complain, but I often wonder, as do my colleagues, whether I might make more progress were I less obliged to prove that my calling is not frivolous. In Europe I did not need to explain my mission; I had come to expound American writing, especially of this century. Not only in university circles but in community after community, the response was overwhelming, and I soon found myself able to charm audiences merely with a magic incantation: Hemingway, Dos Passos, Steinbeck, Faulkner.

Sometimes, earlier names would also serve. In the autumn of 1949, as soon as I was ashore, I was invited to Leeuwarden, ancient capital of Friesland, a town of perhaps 80,000, in contrast with which Des Moines or Albany would seem metropolitan, to observe in public ceremonial the hundredth anniversary of the death of Edgar Allan Poe. Solid citizens — bankers, lawyers, the Queen's Commissioner, and the provincial government — suspended their affairs for an afternoon and gravely devoted four hours (with an intermission for tea) to hearing orations on Poe and readings of his poems. For the first time since I was thirteen, I recited "The Raven" aloud. Translated into Frisian by a poet who appeared to have stepped out of some primitive North Sea saga, it sounded beautiful!

During the intermission came the inevitable question: "What are they doing in America on October 7?" (I believe that a Baltimore newspaper did run a "story," and that one or two literary magazines commented — that was about all, wasn't it? What happened in Des Moines or Albany?) Was I to reply, "Yes, we do have a great literature, and I am delighted that you appreciate Poe; but

in America, you know, we don't shut up shop for an afternoon to pay him homage"? They are polite people, and their rejoinder would be more implied than baldly stated; still, it would be clear enough: shouldn't I go home and proselyte my own people rather than preach to those who needed not my ministrations?

In Europe there is today a tremendous vogue of American writers — mainly of the modern novelists, but including also the plays of O'Neill, Wilder, Williams, and Miller. In the intellectual history of Europe the impact of these writers during the last two decades is comparable to the domination of the *philosophes* in the eighteenth century, to the contagion of the German romantics in the early nineteenth, or to the later influence of Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Chekhov.

The evidence is voluminous. I stand in no danger of attributing a pro-American bias to Jean-Paul Sartre; yet he has said that the encounter of the French mind with Dos Passos, Hemingway, and Faulkner effected a revolution comparable to that of its meeting with Joyce. Even in Algiers, one of the first publications of the liberation in 1943 was *Écrivains et Poètes des États-Unis*, reissued at Paris in 1945. Because French opinion still guides the taste of Western Europe, essays of the last five years — of Pierre Brodin, Claude-Edmonde Magny, Jean Simon, and above all of Maurice Coindreau (who also has copiously translated Faulkner and Caldwell) — are extensively studied. The direct influence of the Americans upon the styles and techniques of French writers is already a matter of record: of Dos Passos upon Sartre, of Hemingway upon Camus. In Italy likewise: Vittorini, Berto, Pratolini acknowledge the debt.

But as I experienced it, influences on this more sophisticated level are the least part of the story. Hundreds of ordinary people have read the books; they came to my lectures not to learn about strange

names but to test their insights. The most striking evidence is the sale of the novels, either in paperbacked English texts or in translations. Again and again, some businessman, lawyer, or architect — in France, Holland, Switzerland, Italy — would shyly, half proudly and half hesitantly, show me his shelf or his case of American fiction. The shyness was in part deference to my professorial status, which of course is the European manner. But it was also something more touching, full of tact: it was a muted asking whether I, as an American, would resent his gathering impressions of America from these arresting but decidedly uncomplimentary portrayals of the national scene.

The problem thus imposed itself: what should I say was the real significance of this "school" of writers? What did they mean, not so much for Europeans as for Americans?

For there is a fact about these collections in so many European homes: they are almost entirely concentrated upon those writers whom, for shorthand purposes, I may call violent. The names are always Lewis, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Caldwell, Farrell. There are also copies of James M. Cain and of others whom Edmund Wilson dubbed "the boys in the backroom," but seldom any representation of those I would call our "realists" — Ellen Glasgow, Edith Wharton, Ruth Suckow, Willa Cather. Henry Miller was everywhere taken seriously, along with Dashiell Hammett. Often I found Sherwood Anderson comparatively unknown; after I talked about him, the local bookstore immediately sold what copies it stocked of *Winesburg, Ohio*. Occasionally Dreiser was no more than a name, but those who read him at my urging recognized that he also belonged to the literary image which they consider so distinctively American. And for my account of the recent "revival" of Henry James, attention usually was gracious but perfunctory.

Furthermore, I had difficulty explaining that in America there has been a concerted critical effort to sift the authentic from the imitation, and that not all of us suppose, every time the postman rings twice, he is delivering *Light in August*. In fact, another dimension was added to my problem by what seemed an appalling inability, often an unwillingness, even among those most friendly to the literature, to make a rudimentary effort at evaluation. As long as a book flaunted the stigmata of American violence, it was accepted uncritically as the real thing. There is always, of course, some such difficulty in the migration of a literature (remember how many second- or third-rate French and German writers have had vogues in America!), yet here the issue is slightly different: there exists so remarkable a receptivity to the genre that almost anything which pretends to be "tough" will be read. The difficulty is not in getting attention: it is in moderating, in the name of standards, a disposi-

tion to embrace everything that employs the clichés of this species of Americanism.

However, if this be a difficulty, it is not an obstacle to communication. After one has at least half-persuaded an audience that some of these books are "better" than others, he still has to face the insistent question: are the novels, particularly the best of them, reliable reports on civilization in America?

There are, fortunately, European interpreters to help in answering that question. André Gide's imaginary interviewer asks if one should not conclude from this fiction that American cities and countryside offer a foretaste of Hell; to which Gide says, do not believe a word of it, for each of these authors is achieving a consciousness of his own nature by reacting. Jean Simon pleads with us not to be too severe in blaming French taste if it grasps indiscriminately at every such American utterance, because this passionate curiosity proclaims how profoundly America symbolizes French hopes.

But the ordinary reader, the eager student, has not always had the benefit of such warnings. He has simply read the books, and is fascinated. He knows that America will largely determine the future of Europe. Hence my friends and students asked the question not idly but anxiously: these writings, they would say, are all vehement attacks on the American way of life; if we are not to take them as meaning that American civilization is a foretaste of Hell, how are we to take them? If *Main Street*, *The Great Gatsby*, *An American Tragedy*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *The Grapes of Wrath* are not factual reports on the workings of the economy, what are they? And if they are accurate, do they not portend what a Europe dominated by America must expect? If so, should not Europe dread that future, and resist?

2

THERE are certain qualities of the European mind that make such discussions difficult for Americans. Often I had to struggle with literary stereotypes much prized among cultivated Europeans, which stand in the way of their understanding American writing. As with Poe at Leeuwarden: like most of my generation, I have had a long struggle with him; if I have rejected the Poe over whom I swooned at thirteen, I have come painfully to appreciate him as a conscious craftsman, an editor who increased the circulation of his magazines, and above all as a critic of society. I presented this Poe in Friesland (and elsewhere), causing only bafflement; I found that the Poe honored throughout Europe is that construction of the French imagination who is quite another being from the historical person. I asked the poet who had rendered "The Raven" into a Frisian even more mellifluous than the original, what in Poe attracted him. He replied, in sepul-

chral tones that would have become the bird itself, "He is ominous."

In part I blame the academic instruction, wherein literature is often taught as a dead succession of schools, influences, and types, into which schematized conception the reader tries to fit Lewis and Hemingway. Furthermore, classification of writers not only into nationalities but into regionalities comes easy to the European. Hence Faulkner is ticketed as "Southern"; I had hard work contending that his use of Southern materials is incidental, that his work is not an official report on agricultural and racial conditions, and that he is not to be read as one reads Daudet or Giono on Provence.

Not unrelated to this habit of mind is a deeper one, which Guy Métraux put concisely when he said that education in Europe (especially in France) seeks always for "l'homme en général," so that the pragmatic, empirical, unsystematic temper of American writing is not fully grasped. When studying the American novel, European readers try to annotate the "universal" and "general" traits, rather than to accept a total and a singular experience.

Then, there is still a deeper worry. Europe is a tired and exhausted continent, living on the edge of despair. It has lost the sense of how an ebullient literature comes into being: it has forgotten what went into the making of a Rabelais, a Rousseau, or a Byron. Readers expect from their writers a documentation of political hopelessness, such as they find in Sartre or in Koestler. They suppose, therefore, that Dos Passos does no more than reproduce a panorama of horrors, or that in the Mississippi of Faulkner, rape, incest, and lynching are daily occurrences.

Let me say, parenthetically, that the novel is, on levels that really count, a more vital factor in Europe's image of America than the moving picture. Thousands do indeed queue up to gaze at our Westerns and our glamour girls; intellectuals like J. E. Morpurgo lament that the films present only a sybaritic regime. Yet the film-derived idea of America, supposing it widely accepted, is inert. But the fiction, I assure you, is pondered in those circles from which leadership must emerge. A culture that hails Poe as a citizen of the world accords a similar welcome to Faulkner and listens attentively to what he says in Oslo.

3

DESPITE the conceptions and misconceptions, despite the effort to read Americans within European rubrics, the books exert another sort of fascination. The European student wonders what and why. He has a sense which he cannot deny that in them there is still a quality deeper than sheer violence or sociological documentation. His question is redoubled: are the murders, the sexual obsessions,

the disintegration of Hurstwood, the banality of Main Street, the agonies of the Joads — are these the realities? Nor is the question always asked out of anti-American prejudice. Even where the violence or dullness is taken literally, until the image of America seems a chamber of horrors, there is always a recognition of vitality. Even when the American novel seems to say that all is frightful, it curiously and paradoxically intimates a hope. In some inexplicable fashion, it has a resurgent quality. My auditors wanted to ascertain just what this amounts to. They wanted desperately to know.

In the end, the problem came down to trying to explicate not vocabulary or techniques, but the experience out of which these works were written. The books have been exported. Could I, or anyone, carry across the Atlantic the vibrations that engendered them?

First, I discovered that I had the task of expounding simultaneously two Americas: of sharpening my own and my students' discrimination between them. The one that gave no trouble either to them or to me is the America which has derived its thought as well as its peoples from Europe. You can present a coherent, and seemingly complete, history of the intellect in these terms; an empty continent has been steadily furnished with waves of European ideas: Calvinism in the seventeenth century; Evangelicalism, Newtonian physics, and Locke's philosophy in the eighteenth; in the nineteenth, the romantic cult of nature and of the individual, Darwinian and Spencerian sociology, naturalism; and more recently Marxism, Keynesian policies, and Freudianism. In this view the American element consists of what the native wit makes out of imported materials, and it has generally taken the form of a simplification, or the accentuation of a particular aspect. Thus Jefferson's Americanism consists of his substitution, in Locke's triad of life, liberty, and property, of "pursuit of happiness" for the third item. Emerson's genius amounts to so rephrasing the romantic philosophy of nature that it should lead to the imperative of self-reliance. Edwards is the American form of Pietism; Cooper is the American Scott, and Dreiser is an echo of Zola. Dos Passos and Faulkner must fit in somewhere, just as Wilder's plays are adaptations of "expressionism." Everywhere in Europe there exists a great courtesy toward this America. If you insist that occasionally, as in Whitman, the reworking of imported concepts came close to originality, the praise is unstinted.

Americans who conceive their intellectual and artistic achievement solely in these terms are what Europeans call "nice Americans." They display a suitable sense of the cultural tradition, and a becoming modesty before its avatars, being themselves professed colonials and provincials. The learned world is interested; it approves of Emerson and Cooper; it also assumes that if a nice American

remains long enough in Europe, he will come to appreciate not only the vast accumulation of treasures but how much more complex all problems are than they seem in the bright light of the New World: that admirable as is Jefferson and Whitman's democracy, it is a hasty oversimplification of innocence.

But is Ernest Hemingway a nice American? Was Scott Fitzgerald? What has that notion of America to do with Sister Carrie, Isaac MacCaslin, or Eugene Gant?

4

IT IS possible to tell the story of American literature in another way, which pertains to a nation that has nothing whatsoever to do with an extension of Europe. Instead of derivation, there is reckless exaggeration and ridicule; a mythologizing, a cult of immensity. It appears in Franklin's suave agreement with the Englishman who declared the Great Lakes unnavigable because they are full of whales; yes, Franklin gravely asserted, this is true, for leviathan pursues the cod, and "the grand leap of the Whale in that Chase up the Fall of Niagara is esteemed by all who have seen it, as one of the finest Spectacles in nature." This America is Natty Bumppo wiping his nose on his sleeve; it is Sut Lovengood tearing down a steep point, in a kangaroo lope, holding his flask high above his head: "If I were jis' es smart es I am mean, an' ornary, I'd be President ove a Wild Cat Bank in less nor a week. Is sperrits plenty over wif yu?" It is Moby Dick, sliding along the sea "as if an isolated thing," invested with a gentle joyousness and a mighty mildness, "still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wrenched hideousness of his jaw." It is Davy Crockett grinning the coons off a tree; it is Huck Finn's river; it is the Great Bear of Arkansas, a creation bear, who in a fair fight would have licked Samson in the twinkling of a dicebox: "My private opinion is, that that bar was an unhuntable bar, and died when his time came." It is William Faulkner's bear: "It did not emerge, appear: it was just there, immobile, fixed in the green and windless noon's hot dappling, not as big as he had dreamed it but as big as he had expected, bigger, dimensionless against the dappled obscurity, looking at him." It is Henry Thoreau, who found all English literature tame and regarded Concord as a port of entry.

Define the quality of this America as you will, our novels abound in it. It is not naturalism or realism; it is the whale and the bear. Not alone because they are replete with sex and violence do they attract readers in Europe; the worst mistake you can fall into is to suppose they do no more than stimulate jaded palates. Nor is it merely that they are "vital." Indeed, by contrast with Euro-

pean works, they are just that: in Huxley, Proust, Gide shines a finer intelligence than any that gleams in Lewis or Hemingway, yet beside these they appear pallid, without force. Coindreau and others emphasize the "epic" character of *As I Lay Dying*; if Jean Simon demurs, he still finds in it "une bouffonnerie macabre." Yes, vitality is part of the appeal; yet that is not the bottom of it.

I found Thomas Wolfe not so generally perused as the others; but I could excite a strange, responsive look in every group I addressed — as though they were hearing distant yet joyful shouts — by quoting his famous sentence, "I believe that we are lost in America, but I believe we shall be found." At home I had never exactly heard trumpets blow when reading that passage; in Europe it became not destructive but assertive. It acquired a ring as it went on to say that the forms we have fashioned are self-destructive and must be destroyed, but that "I think these forms are dying, and must die, just as I know that America and the people in it are deathless, undiscovered, and immortal, and must live."

What makes such words inspiring in Europe is that on every side their writers are saying, as Malraux puts it, that a dying (or at least a menaced) society can no longer confront the future in terms of freedom, but solely in terms of destiny. In the American writer there is a reckless amateurism which bespeaks a fundamental freedom; it is manifested conspicuously in his refusal to take himself solemnly as a writer, his inability to pontificate about "Art," his determination to appear to the world as a playboy, a deep-sea fisherman, or a Mississippi farmer, who incidentally writes books. For a time, Europeans took the Americans at their own evaluation; but now the suspicion has dawned that there is a deep connection between this insouciance, this fecundity of invention which Continentals imitate, and the assertion with which Faulkner accepted the Nobel Prize, that man will not merely endure, but will prevail. Faulkner's "man" is definitely not the abstraction *en général*. "They are obsessed," Malraux has said, "with fundamental man."

The stuff of the novels is sordid, terrifying, hateful: village meanness, improbable binges, the brutal impersonality of New York, the passions of a mob. But the treatment is unfettered. In the night of *Nigger Jeff*, Dreiser saw the tragedy and the grief: "I'll get it all in!" he cried. "I'll get it all in!" My audiences often needed tutelage in the structure of *The Sound and the Fury* — in what Sartre has called Faulkner's "metaphysic of time" — so as to perceive that it was not just a narrative device, but an experiential sense of history; then they reached for it with avidity. To speak of Hemingway and of "that simplicity sure of itself" (the phrase is Jean Simon's) was to communicate a sense of joy. Bemused observers like John Lehmann, looking

at the prevalence among our novelists of a hatred for their own civilization, ask if the result should not be "cynicism and despair," yet own to the fantastic otherness. As a teacher, I never found work so ready to my hand, nor the rewards so rich.

5

THIS is not all my story; nor can I yet entirely answer that question addressed to me at Leeuwarden or at a hundred other places. As early as *The American Scholar* Emerson said that the spirit of the American freeman had become tame and insipid. Thoreau lashed out at the impositions of conformity, and called ours a desperate odd-fellow society. Cooper returned from lecturing Europe upon the virtues of democracy to find the democracy in the clutch of politicians he allegorically named Aristabulus Bragg and newspaper editors denominated Steadfast Dodge. Faulkner gives us the Snopses, and Lewis, of course, discovered Babbitt. If there is an America of the whale and the bear — which is no offspring of Europe — then the European asks about still a third America, which is painfully evident to him, which also seems to have no European lineage: an America that does not glide through the seas with a mighty mildness of repose.

What about this America of men in offices and women at bridge tables, which knows little about the first America; which is ignorant of, or suspicious of, the second; and upon which the second heaps its scorn and contempt? This is not so much the mechanical and enameled America of the films; rather it is one to which the whale and bear are symbols as alien as to Europe itself. It is orthodoxy and complacency; it manifests itself by imposing oaths of loyalty: it is timorous, and displays what Lionel Trilling calls "the political fear of the intellect."

The perceptive European will agree that Faulkner is a great writer, and will make the effort to comprehend him in American terms; then he asks about the sales, and I have to report how scanty was the circulation of his early and best work, as well as to confess how shockingly little Dos Passos has been recompensed. I have to note that Thornton Wilder suffered from a too early popularity — wherefore the depth of his *Ides of March* has simply not been gauged; while Hemingway's novels have become best-sellers only as his work deteriorates. I have conversed with Americans, since my return, who, upon learning that I lectured on the novelists in Europe, inform me that they have lived their lives in this country without seeing anything to justify those denunciations. Meanwhile the European learns that vast segments of our people are reading (when not gazing emptily at television) phony historical romances populated by lush-bosomed heroines, are studying how to win friends and influence people (wherefore they learn how to

alienate their friends in Europe), and devouring treatises on peace of mind, when everybody knows there is no peace. Europe extends an ample hospitality to Hemingway and Dos Passos: may this not, after all, be the story of Poe once more? Is that America which has been the target of the Americans' own attack the dominant one? Suppose that the novelists' representation is not always photographically or sociologically precise: is it not, in the deeper sense of art, true?

The enigma and threat of this third America is not its violence; rather its pusillanimity. There can be seen something splendid in a society that raises up gang wars or such conflicts as *In Dubious Battle* — as long as there are artists, concerned with fundamental man, to detect the grandeur of the struggle. But the dull uncomprehension of the tourist, the callousness of liberating troops who buy their women with chocolate bars and cigarettes, a strident shouting for democracy which has lost the meaning of democracy — what has this to do with the fanaticism of Sinclair Lewis or with Faulkner's hymn to the glory of man? If there be a preponderance of Americans who, even after they have been satirized, attacked, and insulted, do not so much as get angry, but at best dumbly contemplate their assailants and at worst stolidly ignore them, what wonder that those Europeans who have caught in our literature a glimmer of hope must thereupon demand whether that hope will be stifled in its own country. Will not the self-destructive forms, as Wolfe called them, destroy the promise?

I aspire to be an honest expositor, and I count myself a patriotic American. Had I to contend in Europe with only the old-fashioned ignorance or obtuseness — with only what Lowell called a certain condescension — my task would have been easy. Fenimore Cooper's hectoring of Europe was thoroughly in order in 1830; only ten years earlier, Sydney Smith had delivered his famous sneer: who, in the four quarters of the world, reads an American book or sees an American play? The wheel has come a very full circle. The important point is that we can, through the American novel and play, communicate with free men everywhere. Because this is a literature of criticism in the name of the fundamental man, it is a literature of freedom. Outright censorship, whether by commissar or priest or a board of trustees, can be fought; but Lionel Trilling has named a still more "ominous" opponent. Our literature has vitality, and more than vitality, because it is the record of a civil war — of a fight waged by the human spirit against its direst foes, against monotony and standardization and cold charity. The second of my Americas has, so far, withstood the third. For this reason it signifies hope. So long as it continues to carry the war into the enemy's camp, we shall not be lost at home, nor shall we fail to encourage those in Europe who urgently need such heartening.



An Atlantic Story



In the autumn of 1935 the Editor of the Atlantic dropped in at a literary agent's office on his way to the Grand Central. "I want something to read on the train to Boston," he said. "What have you got?" "Here is a short story from London," said the agent, "by a new writer with a most improbable name, but they say he is good." The story was "The Salvation of Pisco Gabar" by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD, one of the best he ever wrote, and on the strength of it the Atlantic bought every new story that came from him in the next twelve months. They still come and they still are good. A novelist who served in Intelligence in the Middle East, Mr. Household is the author of The Third Hour, Rogue Male, Arabesque, and A Time to Kill.

THE HUT

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

THERE was a matter which they did not at first discuss, those two; for it was not until repeated doses of gin had deadened sensitivity that they were able to look each other in the eyes without uneasiness. Meanwhile their store of common memories, past misadventures that were always good for a laugh whenever two ex-security officers met, was rich enough to support unthinking conversation. Their enigmatic trade had been far fuller of the comic than of inhumanity. It was their job to suspect, but they were thankful when — with perhaps one yearly grim exception — their suspicions were proved lamentably wrong.

"Fayze was a bastard," said the older man suddenly.

"He was. But I can't say he bothers me at this distance."

Virian meant to say "*it* bothers," but couldn't quite manage the word. The other, however, understood him.

"No. Nor me. But it did. Spoilt my sleep for a bit. I don't mind saying so now. How did you — well, get on afterwards?"

"Sat on it," answered Virian noncommittally.

He was obviously a man with a fine tradition of mental discipline behind him. His thin, dark face was mellow, and implied that he drew his strength from knowledge of human limitations and acceptance of human tragedy. He might have been twenty-five or so at the beginning of the war, that far-off period of which the two were talking, and a

promising officer — a shade indecisive, perhaps, but slow to blame and much beloved by his men.

Medlock, the older man, was of a more plebeian type, with no more molding about his face than the accidental contours of a chunk of rock. The hammer of fate could smash him into smaller pieces than Virian, and he knew it. He was contented, however, to be as he was, and hadn't much use for complications. He was convinced — or once had been — of his own essential decency.

"I didn't like it," he muttered. "Didn't like it at all. I'd been a regular sergeant-major and just got my commission, you see."

"That was why you didn't protest?" Virian asked.

"What about yourself?" Medlock retorted, catching the irony. "And why didn't *you*?"

"Oh, obedience," answered the other easily. "As an amateur soldier I felt I had to do what I was told. It's a bit hard to analyze. The enemy out-classed us in skill and material. Well, all that was left in which we could equal him was an obstinate Teutonic obedience. His not to reason why, his but to do and die. A good many of us felt like that. You, as an old soldier, were far too sensible to find romance in mere obedience any longer."

"Hell of a thing to do," grumbled the ex-sergeant-major. "Order us to go out and shoot a civilian!"

"They only asked us to see that he *was* shot," Virian corrected him.

"Wouldn't do you much good to tell that to the

judge! We were present at a murder. Accessories. You get hung just the same."

They began to go through the happenings of that day all over again, proper old soldiers (or old murderers) recalling every foot of the terrain, every hour of agony and disapproval since they had emerged from Colonel Fayze's secretive office with set faces and a feeling that their integrity, their little personal shares in Christendom and civilization, had been outraged.

The newly commissioned sergeant-major had been the more horrified of the two. He was accustomed to see his instructions in black and white before he paid serious attention to them. War had to be orderly, and not for nothing was his temple called the orderly room. He claimed now, ten years later, that he had been on the verge of refusal, that he hadn't seen any necessity for violence at all.

"You did. You saw it," Virian insisted. "Don't make things worse for your conscience than they need be. It had to be done. What was the name of that fat crook we bumped off?"

"God, you don't have to put it like that!"

"But what the devil *was* his name?"

"I don't remember," Medlock answered impatiently.

"Nor do I. Revealing, isn't it? Gallant memory, always in the breach, always protecting us from night starvation! Well, it was some very common French name, so let's call him M. Dupont.

"Dupont had betrayed — and don't you forget *that!* — a whole honeycomb of French Resistance cells. As a direct result, the Gestapo shot twenty-seven men and women and sent Dupont to Spain for his own safety. Fayze's organization kidnapped him there, and brought him to England in a submarine chaser. You knew that. And then they dressed him up in uniform and put him in a military prison as if he were an Allied soldier being held for suspected espionage.

"All very neat work! Secret service stuff right out of the books! But Fayze and the fool who did his dirty jobs in Spain hadn't worked out what was to happen next. They couldn't bring Dupont to trial because he hadn't committed any offense under English law. And they couldn't intern him because at that period in the war there wasn't any quiet spot where no questions at all were asked. So they had to get rid of him, and persuade the Free French to do the shooting. I don't wonder you forget why Dupont's death was necessary. He was a sacrifice to inefficiency. But inefficiency is a much more potent factor in war than logic."

"Do you remember that dam' tough with the blood on his boots whom they sent with us?" asked Medlock with a movement of the shoulders that had been turned from a shiver into a shrug.

The dam' tough had been the only man in the party who really looked as if he had been employed on this sort of mission before. A mysterious com-

mando lad. At least they supposed he was commando, or from someone's private army — though he wore a gunner's badges on his neat, new battle-dress. He never said a word about himself, and asked no questions. The uniform, which lacked the individuality given by daily use, made it difficult to guess what he had been in civil life. He had a simple, unimaginative face, knocked about a bit by boxing or some other violent exercise, and it was firmly set to the job in hand. Virian and Medlock had been glad that they were accompanied by an apparent professional to whom as much as possible might be left. They knew him only by the assumed name of Smith, and it was he who drove the car — a big, black saloon with two extra seats in the back.

2

THERE were five of them altogether in the car when they went to fetch M. Dupont: Virian, Medlock, Smith, and two Free French. One of the Frenchmen, who was the — well, it was understood that he had a personal score to settle with M. Dupont — was a small, sad, determined man in civilian clothes; the other, in uniform, was very much an officer of the French regular army. He was of their own sort, keyed up to the inevitable by a sense of duty, and with distaste clearly mapped upon his humane and honorable countenance.

They drove to the prison. Medlock and Virian signed for the body of M. Dupont, who was officially being held as a doubtful Free French soldier until his antecedents could be investigated. Dupont had gladly accepted and lived up to this fiction. He was clever enough to realize that the longer he was kept, the harder it would be to dispose of him.

When he was in the car, Dupont's nerve began to fail. He asked Virian hesitatingly what their intentions were. They had the answer ready for that. Dupont must be reassured. If he were to put his head out of the window and yell for help, the law of England would automatically be on his side, war or no war. Keep him quiet till the end — those were Virian's and Medlock's orders.

Virian told M. Dupont that he was being handed over to his compatriots: that they were driving to a rendezvous out in open country where a Free French detachment would take charge of him. This made Dupont less apprehensive. He could have little doubt what his own countrymen would do to him sooner or later, but he was also very well aware that, being good Frenchmen, they would have to invent a show of legality — which would be difficult when they were guests in a country with a tender conscience. A formal handing over meant, for a time, reprieve.

M. Dupont sat on the back seat between Virian and the French major. Facing them, on one of the extra seats, was the sad, determined personage, looking determinedly out of the window. In front

were Medlock and the uncommunicative Smith. Dupont and Virian kept up a polite and desultory conversation.

"Never been able to understand, I haven't," said Medlock, "how you could sit there chatting away. In French, too," he added, as if an assassin's proper language should be English.

"It was easier than sitting grim, and saying nothing," Virian explained. "And Dupont helped. He was a very civilized creature. He didn't like social embarrassment either. Good Lord, if I hadn't known his record, I should have put him down as just a bland, fat Frenchman! All for peace and decent living, he was. That was probably what made him take the Vichy side — that and money."

3

THEY drove away over the sweep of the Wiltshire downs in the direction of Bath. It was a golden day of late autumn, with just enough wind to ripple the massed spearheads of dying grass and to check the high hovering clouds from ever settling on the sun. M. Dupont, released from the discipline and scrubbing soap of a military prison, was enchanted, and lavished courteous praise upon the English countryside. It reminded him, he said, of Picardy.

Their destination was a disused mine shaft with a tumble-down building above it. Colonel Fayze had given them the map reference, assuring them that Smith had visited the spot already and that the building was unlocked. Two of the planks which covered and completely hid the mouth of the shaft had been loosened, said Fayze with an obscene wink, and could be lifted out. He had shown pride — a legitimate pride from the point of view of his office chair — in the excellence of his arrangements. The disposal of Dupont on paper had had his personal attention.

After an hour's run, Smith stopped the car below the mine shaft. Nothing was to be seen but an isolated hut of timber and corrugated iron, with a strong door from which the padlock had recently been wrenched loose; no derrick or abandoned machinery revealed the purpose of the building and the dark emptiness beneath the floor. Fayze had well chosen his theater for the operation. There was no need for any bumping through country lanes into a suspicious remoteness, or for scrambling on foot through dense woods with a reluctant victim. The hut was within fifty yards of a main road. A carful of men could stop on the verge for a short while without arousing uneasiness in Dupont or other curious but less essentially interested travelers.

The only disadvantage was the frequent passing of traffic on the road which ran, level and clear, for a hundred yards past the hut and a little below it. At one end of the straight was a blind hill, and at the other a corner. To ensure privacy, both those points would have to be watched.

Dupont was left in the car with Smith, while the four others got out for consultation at a decent distance.

"If Medlock stays at the corner," said Virian, "and I go to the top of the hill, we shall be able to signal to you when the road is empty."

The French major appeared suddenly forlorn, his face that of a man who had known all along that he was an unreasoning optimist.

"I thought that you . . ." he began.

"No," Virian answered firmly. "My instructions are just to keep the ring. It was definitely understood that you . . ."

"I could not myself . . . my honor as an officer . . ."

"Naturally, *mon commandant*," Virian replied, and looked questioningly at the other, so sad and wirily small and determined.

"I have had my orders," that second Frenchman murmured, "to accord to M. Dupont the justice he has so richly merited. I shall obey. I beg you to believe that I do not say it with pleasure. But" — he sought their eyes with a simple honesty that, in the circumstances, was monstrous — "he is a heavy man, and I shall need some help."

"This Smith," Medlock suggested. "The colonel said he was to make himself useful."

True, Fayze had airily assured them that the mysterious driver was ready to do whatever he was told; but Virian was unwilling to force such responsibility upon any human being till there was some evidence of a real lack of sensitivity.

"I'll get hold of him and see what he says, if you'll stand by the car, Medlock, and keep an eye on Dupont."

He took Smith a little apart, and asked him what exactly his orders were.

"To assist you in every possible way, sir," Smith answered.

Virian was uneasy. There was a light in the young eyes which looked uncommonly like hero worship. Yet Smith's expression was tough and set. The very smoothness of the skin hid emotion more absolutely than the mobile lines of an older face.

"You understand, of course, just exactly what the job is?"

"I did the reccy with the colonel," Smith assured him.

He produced the word "reccy" with a certain pride, which suggested to Virian that he had not been long in the army. Well, God knew what some of these young commando chaps, quickly, violently trained, must have seen and done already!

"Then will you go up with that gentleman and the prisoner to the mine shaft? He, of course, is going to — to take the necessary steps. And, look here, Smith, refuse if you want to! This is no part of your duty as a soldier."

"I understand that, sir."

There wasn't any shaking that firm professional.

His attitude was so matter-of-fact that Virian began to doubt the value of his own scruples. He gave full credit to Fayze for choosing a murderer's mate whose cold-blooded morale was an example to them all.

They took Dupont out of the car. The polite smile with which he had brightened his formal conversation was fixed at half its full extent. He looked at them, his eyes searching each face in turn with the uneasy instinct of an animal at the shambles gate.

The French major reassured him with deliberate ambiguity. "This is the rendezvous," he said. "It is here that you will shortly meet certain Free Frenchmen."

Dupont again anxiously reviewed the faces. What he saw relieved him — for their orders were to keep him quiet, and even their eyes were obedient. His smile returned to its natural mobility. Two big drops of sweat trickled down his fat cheeks, shaved to a piglike smoothness for the morning inspection of his person and his cell.

4

SMITH, Dupont, and the executioner walked up over the grass towards the hut. The French major remained by the car, torturing a cigarette between his fingers. Medlock went to the curve of the road; Virian to the top of the hill. So long as both held their hands in their pockets, the road was clear. When their hands were exposed, it was a sign that traffic was approaching. Smith stood by the door of the hut, relaying their gestures to the interior.

Virian could see quarter of a mile of empty road. He put his hands in his pockets, dismissing quickly a thought of Roman thumbs. On a distant slope was a small convoy moving down towards him, but the job would be over by the time it arrived.

Medlock, at his end, kept his hands very plainly in sight. A baker's van came round the corner, along the straight and up the hill past Virian — who now also revealed his hands, for the approaching convoy was too close. A motorcycle, a truck, and six heavy lorries bumped interminably past at regulation intervals and twenty miles an hour, adding to Dupont's store three more minutes of October noon.

Medlock put his hands in his pockets. Virian waited for a far-away car, and damned the wheels that flashed in the sunlight for not turning more slowly. They passed, and he found his hands playing noisily with the coins in one pocket and keys in the other. He waited for the shot. It didn't come. He was furiously angry. What were they doing inside the hut? After all this trouble! Why couldn't they get on?

Ten minutes went by with no movement on the road but the lumbering, swift shadow of a carrion

crow impatient to return to his perch. Then Medlock's hands came out with a gesture as if he were flinging at the hut the contents of his pockets. An oldish man, instantly recognizable as a retired colonel or general, deprived — and no doubt uncomplainingly — of petrol, drove round the corner in a dogcart with his two little granddaughters. He called in cheerful comradeship that it was a lovely day. Bitterly Virian put him down as a merciful and honorable man. He could afford those virtues in the simpler wars that he had known.

Again both ends of the road were clear for long minutes, and again there was no shot. Medlock came striding back from his corner, his face that of a sergeant-major who was about to tell his paraded and incompetent squad exactly what he thought of it. Virian, too, hastened back to the car in fear lest his companion should hurl some blunt protest or, worse still, some unfeeling denial of protest, into so delicate an occupation.

"Man doesn't know his job!" Medlock stormed.

"Would you expect him to?" retorted Virian.

The French major at the car turned on them, illogically angry as themselves. Some cutting irony at the expense of the English came beautifully shaped from his lips and died away as he became conscious of the brutal absurdity of any blame.

While they were staring at the hut, a melancholy procession came down the hill towards them — Dupont, Smith, and the Frenchman, more sad than ever. Even Dupont looked disappointed. Very likely, he was. The Free French detachment, the larger public among which he would, for a little while, be safe, had not turned up.

Dupont was again left with Fayze's tame tough, while the other four went aside.

"Couldn't Smith relay the signals to you?" Virian asked.

"Yes," the French civilian replied. "Yes."

"Well then? Well then, for God's sake?" the major demanded.

"The hut is too small. I cannot get behind him. Perhaps he will not let me get behind him. And to draw the pistol before his eyes — no, I cannot do it."

"Well, we daren't hang about here any longer," said Virian. "Someone may get inquisitive and start watching us. We had better drive off now and come back later."

The party packed into the car, still unexpectedly six. Dupont conversed with polite, tacit sympathy, identifying himself with the unknown derangement of plans which all had suffered. He behaved as if he were an embarrassing but useful prisoner — a double agent, for example, about to be sent off on some dangerous journey. He may even have persuaded himself that such a destiny was possible.

He addressed himself particularly to the French civilian, perhaps trying to allay his own suspicions. Dupont was a type to be successful, Virian decided,

as minor businessman or major traitor, for he had an insistent cunning. He talked and talked, closely watching with eyes that held a decent pretense of geniality the impact of his words. The failure in the hut was very understandable. Dupont was tiresome; Dupont's fat face was that of a crook; but it was impossible to treat him with anything but courtesy. To draw a gun before his face was a task as awkward as to get him out of the office without giving him a small order.

Smith had been pale and self-controlled when he returned from the hut. He now returned to his puzzling and casehardened temperament. He asked sharply where he was to go.

Well, where? Just a drive. Out for a drive. A pleasant occupation for a family on Sunday afternoon. Such aimlessness was intolerable. An order had to be given, some destination found.

"Oh, stop at the first pub when we're off the downs," Virian replied, his voice military and exasperated.

5

IT WAS a considerable place, more of a roadhouse than a pub, which had no doubt been gay enough before the war with thirsty and fast-driving youth. Now, however, the long lounge was vacant and frustrated of purpose. Fireplace and imitation beams had been excitably decorated with paper flags and regimental badges. All this dust-laden patriotism, exposed to sunlight, had the depressing unreality of a night club on the morning after. Smith, Dupont, and the Frenchman sat down at once and together, as if bound by a hard, common experience, in a corner of the room.

"I won't drink with him," Medlock whispered. "God damn it, there are limits!"

Virian carried three drinks to Dupont's table, and himself remained with Medlock and the French major at the bar. For once he found himself in wholehearted sympathy with Medlock. A curious atavism, to refuse to drink with a man you were about to kill. He couldn't remember that there was any such law of hospitality in the Christian religion; it was wholly pagan — a rule of Viking hovel or Arab tent. Where the devil, he wondered, had he inherited it? And why should Medlock observe it, too?

The French major seemed also unwilling to join Dupont, either from the same scruples or because he was busy disassociating himself from the whole affair and its mismanagement. The three of them drifted through the door to a bench on the clean stone flags outside. After a while the other Frenchman joined them, confidently leaving Smith alone with Dupont.

"I must offer my excuses," he said. "I did not anticipate —"

Here, away from the victim, his character no longer appeared of any extraordinary determina-

tion. He admitted nothing (and one could hardly put the direct question), but plainly for him as for them this was a first experience.

"Look here!" Virian exclaimed, suddenly as compassionate for the civilian as for Dupont. "I am prepared to go back and report that this can't be done."

"But, alas, it must be done."

"Why? We can keep the blighter in prison for you. If they can't find a way of holding him, it's their business to think of one. What do you say, sir?" he asked the French major.

"Me? I have not the right to interfere. It is your service which took Dupont, and your service which has requested us to get rid of him. Sooner or later our duty as Frenchmen must be done, but I admit I should prefer it to be by due process of law."

So, even to him, there was no point in immediate punishment. There was a more complex, far more insistent motive for Dupont's death than mere justice. Fayze and his precious colleague in Spain were terrified lest their too impulsive act should become known to the enemy, with whom they had a rogues' agreement that kidnapping and assassination were barred. Such unsporting practices would have interfered with the daily game of collecting information. The end of all fun and promotion — like placing a bomb on a football field. Fayze didn't at all want his agents kidnapped by way of retaliation; so Dupont could never be allowed to mix with other internees, to appear on any list, to write a letter or answer a question. He had to vanish for good.

It was the uncleanness of this necessity which revolted Virian. For this, for the sake of what in the end was nothing but inefficiency, he and Medlock and young Smith — it was the youth of Smith which appalled him, whether or not the man was callous — were to be turned into murderers.

"What about our orders?" Medlock asked.

"Damn our orders! If we report that the thing is too risky, they must accept our opinion. I'm not saying that Dupont doesn't deserve to be shot. I'm saying that we can't take the responsibility."

"That is between you and your superiors," the French major remarked unhelpfully.

"And mercy — doesn't that come in?"

"One can have too many scruples," added the other Frenchman, his voice bitter with longing for the simplicities of peace.

He, at least, had no doubt that Dupont's sentence was just. He had become more deeply obsessed than they by the demands of war and civil war, so that in his eyes this killing served a spiritual purpose which transcended its vileness. It was only the incapacity of his own hand which tormented him.

"Well, we've got them. So why not admit it? We hate this. We can't go on expecting you to do it, and looking the other way. We can't go on

testing Smith to breaking point by making him drink with Dupont just as if the man weren't a ghost come back from the grave. Why not admit that we do have scruples and take the brute back to prison?"

Virian let himself go. A limited and painful eloquence. It couldn't be for the defense, since his client — they all acknowledged it — was guilty; it couldn't even be for mitigation of sentence, since that sentence, though highly irregular, though the motives behind it stank to heaven, was just. No, it seemed to him in retrospect that he had preached the virtue of mercy in futile abstract, as any poet or parson.

"The defeated cannot afford mercy," cried that tortured executioner.

It was astonishing that a man could pronounce so neat and closed a phrase with such emotion. Evidently it was the profession of faith with which he comforted his soul — and unanswerable by citizens of a nation which did not for a moment believe itself to have been defeated.

Virian got up — it would do no harm to let the heaven of mercy work in his absence — and went into the lounge to look after Smith. His conscience was raw on every surface.

Smith was playing shove-ha'penny with Dupont, like an old, experienced warder in the condemned cell.

"All right?" Virian asked. "How are your glasses?"

"Don't mind if we do, sir."

Virian went over to the bar and ordered two stiff gins. He beckoned to Smith to join him.

"Would you like to go outside for a breath of air?" he asked.

"I'm all right, sir," Smith answered, with a strong, impatient accent on the "right."

With the impenetrable sternness of youth he carried the drinks away to his corner and resumed his game with Dupont. Virian returned to the others, telling himself that he was the only man among them who was not fit to be a soldier.

The French civilian, with the quick sympathy of his race for emotion, put a friendly hand on the Englishman's shoulder and said: "I cannot permit Dupont to live. The responsibility is mine."

"But what do you suggest?" Virian asked harshly. "Are we to go back to that damned mine shaft?"

"No. Somewhere else, I beg you."

"I can't take you anywhere else. My superiors have worked this out very well. I'll say that for them at least."

"In the hut I cannot — arrange it."

"But that is only what I am saying," Virian insisted. "It can't be done — for the reason that it's humanly impossible for us."

"You would report that?" asked the French major.

"Certainly. Without hesitation."

"We should appear to be cowards."

Medlock gave a grunt of scorn. As an old professional soldier, he had no objection to appearing a coward so long as the situation called for cowardice. Only amateurs and Latins bothered about appearances.

"And who the hell cares?" he said.

"Alas, it must be done," repeated the civilian.

"But you've just said it can't be done," Virian almost shouted.

"I say the hut is too small," the other insisted. "You are slow. You wait for traffic. I wait for you. And then by that time Dupont is not where I want him. I say that I cannot —" and his voice, though it was low, vibrated with agony, "I cannot raise the pistol before his eyes."

It was the note which Virian had already heard, for a single instant, in Smith's voice also. Through the door he could see him still playing his forced and melancholy shove-ha'penny with Dupont. The situation, futile and mismanaged, was intolerable to all of them. They were like children who had broken the back of an animal by brutal thoughtlessness and then were without courage to put it out of pain — and he himself the worst of them.

This couldn't go on. Mercy. No mercy. It can't be done. It must be done. That civilian and Smith had first call on any mercy. If this infirmity of purpose went on much longer, one of them would hysterically free Dupont, or take him out and shoot him before the eyes of some astonished farm laborer.

"Damn Fayze! Damn his precautions!" he cried. "Listen! We get out of the car. You walk at once up to the hut with Dupont in front of you and Smith behind you. Medlock and I go to our posts on the road. We shall all arrive at about the same time. Unless there is traffic right on top of us, we shall give no signal. As soon as Dupont is over the threshold — do it! He'll have his back to you, and he will never know a thing."

6

THE decision was instantly and gratefully accepted. Virian had fought for Dupont's life and Virian had condemned him to death. He himself was well aware of what he had done. Inconsistency be damned! If one couldn't have heaven, then hell was preferable to chaos.

"Well, Dupont," he said, breaking up the shove-ha'penny game, "let's have another shot at it."

The sound of his own voice in that unfortunate phrase, which he had cheerfully pronounced without thinking, made him wince and turn away.

Dupont hoped politely that the luck would be better, ingratiating himself like a circus pig that has been trained to smile. He left the board, and took down his coat and hat. He had plainly de-

cided that for this day at least he had nothing to fear. The drinks, the genial delay, and the resolute acting of his companion had put him at ease.

Virian caught Smith's questioning eye behind Dupont's overcoat, and beckoned to him to remain behind for a moment.

"Same positions, but it will be done through the back of the neck the moment he steps into the hut. A few seconds, and all over."

Smith ran his tongue round his lips, and seemed about to speak. There was no longer any light of adventure in his sturdy, blue eyes; they had matured, as if searching deeply, far down beyond the presumed limit of his vision, into probable consequences.

"Yes? What is it?" Virian asked, trying to put into his smile the eagerness which he dared not show in his voice.

"Okay, sir," said Smith.

He drove the party back to the mine shaft. The journey had the nightmare quality of life in reverse. Pub to lowland hedges, to gray villages under the downs, to clean sweep of hill turf, to the crest of the road and first glimpse of the hut — all the way back, inevitably, to the hated beginning that should have been left forever.

The French civilian told Dupont to get out and walk up to the hut. He himself followed a pace or two behind, and Smith strolled purposefully after.

Medlock hurried to the curve of the road; Virian up the blind hill. There was a car approaching which would be on them in twenty seconds. He made no signal. That was time enough if all went smoothly.

He looked round. Dupont was just entering the door of the hut. He saw the Frenchman's pistol sweep up in a curve and cross the threshold alone, as if it were some tenuous body independent of those before and behind. The shot, too, was thin and strained. Louder and more final was the double thud of planks thrown back into place.

When the car passed, Smith and the French civilian were already walking down the hill.

On the way home they all talked very heartily. Someone laughed, and there was a sudden silence. After that, they all laughed if there were reasonable excuse. Smith put his bravado into his driving. It was brutal. He didn't seem to care whether they ever reached London or not.

"God, he put the wind up me!" Medlock said to Virian, obsessed by his companion of ten years before. "And that blood on his boots —"

Smith hadn't noticed the blood. He had only heard it when he lifted Dupont's shoulders. They made him get out and wash it off in a stream.

"God, he was a tough, and no mistake!" Medlock persisted. "I don't mind telling you — he used to chase me around in my dreams."

"He said the same of you," Virian answered.

"Eh? What do you mean? What do you mean? I thought you didn't know him."

"No, I didn't know him. But I saw a letter of his."

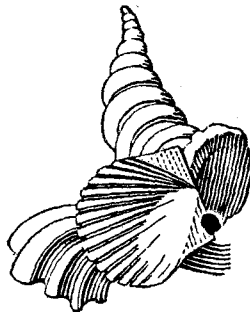
"He wrote about me?" Medlock barked indignantly.

"About you . . . and me . . . and especially Fayze. Smith was just one of his civilian clerks. Temporarily unfit for general service, worshipping his boss and longing to work for him on a real secret mission. Fayze wasn't the man to lose a chance like that; so he used him, and put him into uniform for the job. He told Smith that it was a trial trip, that if he had the nerve to *assist us in every way* . . ."

Medlock put down his drink and retched.

"That bastard Fayze!" he shouted.

"Yes. But, if it's any comfort to you, in *his* dreams there are two of them to chase him around. Smith killed himself a week later. It was his letter to his parents that I saw. Fayze got it before the police. I need hardly tell you that it went no further."





The Atlantic Serial



A choreographer and dancer whose ballets in Oklahoma!, Bloomer Girl, Brigadoon, and Allegro have brought a new quality to the American stage, AGNES DE MILLE had a long row to hoe before she could establish herself. The granddaughter of Henry George, and the daughter of William de Mille, the playwright and the first scenario writer in Hollywood, she was brought up in California. She had always wanted to dance, an ambition which her parents did their best to discourage, but when she was taken to see Pavlova and was led backstage to be kissed by the ballerina, she became a convert for life. She studied at the Kosloff School, practiced at home, composed her own dances at college, and then went East to crash Broadway.

DANCE TO THE PIPER

by AGNES DE MILLE

18

IT is generally reckoned that the cost of launching any concert career is around forty thousand dollars, and the soloist who creates his own vehicles must of course count on spending more because the maturing process is doubly hard and much slower. In a brisk interview I had with Sol Hurok about this time, he named three thousand dollars as the over-all cost for presenting me in a series of New York concerts, a very conservative estimate. I declined, hoping I could earn my way as I went and that no such frightening expenditure would ever be demanded in a lump sum. This was poor economy. Concert artists cannot pay their way for years, and very substantial sums have to be risked without guarantee of any return. But I did not feel justified in losing three thousand dollars in a lump at this point.

The cost of a single concert in the early thirties was about twelve hundred dollars without rehearsal or costume expenses. Add to this a year's rehearsing, studio rental, pianists' fees and lessons and, on top of all, costumes. Multiply by four for the cost of every item today and you will see why so few dance recitals are given. Even with sold-out houses, the dancers lose heavily. In the late twenties and early thirties, the only dancer who could draw more than twelve hundred dollars a performance was Martha Graham. Mother began to lose several thousand a year on my career although I always hoped she wouldn't and never counted on the repeated expense.

Then, on short notice, I found myself engaged to choreograph and dance Christopher Morley's revival of *The Black Crook* in Hoboken. This was the first time I had ever arranged dances for a group.

Now I felt it was time to get a partner. Warren Leonard came to audition for me, bringing an introduction from John Martin. He arrived in a blizzard, hatless, with the ice melting on his lashes and two ballet slippers stuck in pockets, one on either side of his greatcoat.

"I would like you to jump for me," I said.

He took off his galoshes, removed his muffler and overcoat and, putting the slippers on his feet, started jiggling up and down.

"Don't you want to change and warm up?" I asked.

"Why?" he said, staring at me blandly.

He jiggled twice more, rose vertically and touched his hand to the ceiling, then stood waiting for the next orders. "Anything else?"

"Jump like Kreutzberg."

He jumped like Kreutzberg.

"Can you do ballet dancing?"

"Sure."

"What else?"

"Tap, acrobatic, adagio, acrobatic tap, front overs, back overs."

"Can you lift me?"

"Depends on how much you weigh. I don't know how you dance, you know. You've got to show me a thing or two before I answer all your

questions." With that, he fell to the floor and did twenty-five push-ups.

"Can you act?"

"Sure. Why not? What's there to acting?"

I confirmed all this with Martin. John said he could act. And he could. Very nicely, with a dry humor and an excellent, subtle sense of character.

We began to rehearse. Warren thought I was a mess, too fat, too slow, too timid.

"You depend on your personality to get by with murder," he said. "Never mind all that fancy feeling. You've missed your fall three times running now. And your back — how do you expect me to pick you up if you don't hold your back? Don't you care if you do a thing right?" This was an old-time vaudevillian speaking — one did one's tricks right or one got fired.

"I'm tired," I whimpered.

"What's that got to do with it? You're scared too. Why are you always so scared? Afraid I'm going to drop you? Here, I will drop you. It's not so bad." He dropped me. Deliberately. I hit on my chest.

"It's not bad, is it?"

"It's not good," I said quietly.

"Well, now you see? Now get up and do it again and do it right." I toughened up. He was tireless. He also despised food during rehearsal hours. Rehearsal hours were four hours at a stretch. No food, no rest, no conversation. Lots of argument. "Oh, honey," he said one day after a long workout, taking my face between his hands and gazing tenderly at me, "oh, honey, you're so lousy!"

He argued about music, which was supposed to be my province, he not having had much experience with music outside of Orpheum orchestras. "No, no," he would say, his voice rising to falsetto with irritation. "You've done something bad with that phrase. It's not right. I won't let you do it."

He argued about language. I said one day very gently, "May I criticize something? You said 'I sing good.' That's not only untrue, it's ungrammatical."

"You pronounce 'apotheosis' wrong," he snapped.

He argued about clothes. He didn't like the way I dressed. Nobody ever had — but he began running around town to find suitable and attractive things for me to buy. Mother was appalled. "What right has this boy to make such suggestions?"

"He cares how I look."

"Don't you think I care how you look? Haven't I always?"

"Why doesn't she stay out of our rehearsals?" said Warren.

"What's he doing to your work?" said Mother.

"Please don't be rude to her, Warren," I begged.

"Tell her not to be rude to me."

They were rude to one another from then on. Implacably. Never in all the time I worked with him did the tension between them slacken — until

he stopped dancing with me, and then she converted him promptly to Single Tax and he became her lifelong friend and devoted correspondent.

The Black Crook turned out to be great fun but the production was disorganized. The dress rehearsal lasted two days and they never did get around to timing the last act. I remember I tore all the blankets and pillows from my local hotel room and bedded down my dancing girls on the floor of the theater boxes for the two nights of dress rehearsal.

The opening performance endured five and a half hours, from eight-thirty until two in the morning. The audience that came in at eight-thirty went home at twelve, and a brand-new audience off the streets and from the Hofbraus and other Hoboken theaters sauntered in free and filled up the emptying seats. Of course, they didn't know what the play was about, but that didn't matter. The dramatic critics went home at eleven and so missed all my work. John Martin stuck it out and came tottering backstage, with his wife, at two-fifteen. Not only that, but he took Warren and me out for food and cheer — and he did cheer us. He thought we were splendid, and he wrote long columns about us in the *Sunday Times*. But no agent or manager ever read a dance critic, so it didn't help commercially.

During the course of the season, Warren inadvertently kicked me in the face (an error due to my absent-mindedness) and broke my nose. The sound, a kind of wet scrunch, carried to the back of the theater, but, I am proud to say, neither of us missed step. This did not improve my nose. Neither did it hurt it. It remained the same, but the episode (I danced with splints up my nostrils) fatigued me and I was galled at doing the same thing every night, and after three months I decided to quit. The experience, in any case, had degenerated. People crossed the Hudson in the spring evenings to eat German food and drink beer spiked with ether. They arrived late at the theater, very high, not to say a little crazy. I danced through a barrage of peanuts, popcorn, beer coasters, chewing-gum wrappers, and programs and a tumult of cat-calls, whistles, and drunken singing. I didn't like it. I handed in my notice.

Then for a period that seemed endless I tried to break my way through into any possible kind of entertainment. I appeared in third-rate moving-picture houses in Baltimore, Max Reinhardt's Chorus, a stock company (I had agreed to play anything given me and was handed a piano off stage), a movie short, private parties, third-rate night clubs. All I balked at was jiggling on the sidewalk with a tambourine. There was no stone I didn't turn, no door I didn't beat against. From time to time, well-meaning friends would suggest something. Whatever it was I had tried it. Absolutely nothing worked — nothing lasted — noth-

ing led to anything else. And yet whenever I put foot to stage under proper conditions I could make an audience rock with laughter. It seemed inexplicable. I continued to give auditions. One for Billy Rose lasted four hours. He saw nine of my dances in full costume — a concert. He thanked me very courteously afterwards.

19

THEN, out of the blue, Arnold Meckel, Argentina's manager, urged me to allow him to present me in Paris. "You realize I have no money?" I said. "There isn't any moving-picture money behind me." But Meckel hastened to protest. He was not interested in money. He was interested only in my future, which he assured me was something he believed in strongly.

This was the autumn of 1932. Mother's income had dwindled to half, what with the depression and mismanagement by the trustees of her fund. There was indeed no money behind me; I was speaking the truth. Although I was getting a small allowance from Pop, it was totally inadequate to finance theatrical ventures. No one ever spontaneously suspected that the de Mille resources were not buying me a professional footing and protecting me every step of the way. My confreres were wary and only very slowly grew to recognize our common plight. I therefore could make use of none of the dodges and cuts of other professionals and I was charged double for everything. Living within the aura of wealth and yet so powerless I came to find extremely galling.

Mother managed the concert costs by giving up thenceforth, for life, all luxuries — taxis, lower berths, good theater tickets, good restaurants, everything but the cheapest clothes.

My brother-in-law, Bernard Fineman, lent me the thousand dollars for my share of the trip, and Mother, having sublet her apartment, took the gamble.

It was raining the night we arrived in Paris. Meckel did not meet the train, being engaged elsewhere on Madame Argentina's concerns. His secretary came with a bunch of wilted flowers and took me to the office, which she unlocked (it being then near midnight) to cheer me up with a display of the advertising material. As the 15,000 folders were a dingy printing job and contained incorrect dates, the effect on me was disappointing.

The theater selected was a small one, the Théâtre de l'Avenue at the Rond-Point, run by the Pitoëffs. It was a charming little household affair. The head sceneshifter and his wife, who ran the box office, locked the doors every noon for two hours and lunched on a checked tablecloth in the front lobby.

Meckel was planning to paper the entire house. We told him to stop. He thereupon stopped all managerial activities of any sort, including pub-

licity. Mother, undaunted, went to work on Paris with her letters of introduction. Geraldine Farrar had written out about fifteen by longhand; she brought them to me herself in New York. Mother began slowly working her way through the chocolate cake and tea of the *faubourgs*.

There was then in Paris an ardent and brilliant Single-Taxer, Sam Meyer. A true liberal and a Jew, Monsieur Meyer was taken to Auschwitz during the Occupation and destroyed. But at the time of our visit he had a beautiful house in Suresnes and a wide circle of influential and sophisticated friends. He and his wife put their entire weight behind my *début*. I have never heard of a businessman giving up so much time and effort to help someone he barely knew. This he did out of deference to my grandfather and, of course, to my mother. He and his wife and Farrar's friends turned the first concert from a dirty little swindle into a legitimate performance.

For it was a swindle. Meckel did nothing. The advertising and publicity were negligible. The stage was covered with a thick rug up to the morning of the concert. The piano had not been tuned, the cyclorama not cleaned. Whenever I lodged a complaint, the secretary found she could understand neither English nor my French. Meckel had another American girl giving dance recitals at the time. The uncle of this one was a director of General Motors. Meckel evidently figured he had tapped two American gold mines. In the meantime, he was busy with Madame Argentina.

There was an audience — a paying audience. Meckel admitted himself stupefied, but grateful. The rug did come off the floor because Mother wept on the phone to Madame Meckel, and Madame Meckel personally attended to many matters, coming backstage to help with the costume changes.

Mother wrote in her diary: —

Paris, Sunday, Oct. 30, 1932

Well it's over — the first one, thank goodness!

The floor of the stage which had so worried A. had been covered with linoleum — and the dirty little theater looked quite clean, which it really wasn't. The black velvet curtains on the stage had been swept and garnished, and looked very nice too. I stayed in the lobby till the last bell rang for the curtain . . . then took a stance at the door. The usher tried to wave me into seats here and there but I was deaf — stone deaf — and she ultimately pulled down a tiny shelf in the doorway — where I perched. The curtains parted and A. made her entrance in *Stagefright* — her orange and yellow tutu remade and fresh from the hands of the woman who makes the tarlatan skirts of the Opéra ballet, Barbara Karinska. There was a dead silence — not *one hand*. Not a trace of welcome. I froze for I knew she had not been prepared for this custom any more than I had. She started her dance — and did well but drew not one ripple such as she had *from every other audience*. Suddenly she slipped and fell — the

new linoleum — not the fake fall that comes later — but a real fall that left a black mark on her silken leg. I died. . . . I flew around to Meckel, pulled him out of Argentina's box and told him to get rosin for the stage floor.

Next came '49 ("*Danse des plaines de l'ouest*") and they certainly didn't understand that.

Next came the *Gigue* of Bach. As the curtain parted and Agnes stood there in her brocades and white wig, looking very beautiful, the audience came to — and applauded and sat on the edge and at the end called "Bravo" and clapped for I forget how many curtains. Her technique was never so good. From then on I could begin to relax.

At first, the French didn't think I was a bit funny or even intelligible. It was Kurt Jooss who broke the horrible stalemate halfway through the first half by jumping to his feet after the Bach *Gigue* and shouting "Bravo" repeatedly. He also did spadework in the lobbies between halves. As his *Green Table* had just taken every prize on the Continent and was playing nightly to packed audiences in Paris, he was someone to listen to.

Startled into attention by Jooss and others, Meckel made a shade more effort on the second concert. For this we had nearly a full house. Since the Parisians were slow, he explained, fifteen more concerts would certainly do the trick. Fifteen! I gasped, for my money was running low. I'd received no gate receipts whatever. And, by the way, where was the money that had been taken in at the box office?

Meckel grew vague and bothered. There were so many taxes, so many, many government taxes. He would have to go and figure it all out. This conversation took place in the cellar dressing room with me stark naked, in a bath towel, running make-up and sweat.

Sam Meyer said he would inquire about my accounts. He could talk French — the secretary could not pretend not to comprehend him. Monsieur Meyer phoned every day for the next two weeks in the morning and in the afternoon, but Monsieur Meckel was never in.

20

MY NEXT engagement was a Brussels date Meckel had arranged, and one morning Mother, Warren, and I boarded a train and rode through the magnificent October woods to Belgium. We arrived late in the afternoon and phoned friends who had promised to lay the city at our feet. They were dismayed. Not having seen a line in the press, they concluded, not unreasonably, that the engagement was canceled. I telephoned the manager but he had gone home for the day and left no message. So we spent that night in something akin to apprehension. The Belgians were perfectly right; inquiry failed to disclose any publicity whatever.

The next morning early Madame Gottschalk, a friend of Sam Meyer, took me to the Palais des Beaux-Arts and we faced the situation. It was not promising.

"*Mais, si,*" the manager had inserted an ad in the paper. He exhibited two lines of printing in want-ad type.

Gladys De Nil of the Hollywood De Nils will dance tonight at the Palais des Beaux-Arts.

"This is unpretentious, certainly," I said. "Also inaccurate. How many seats has this sold?"

"Not one, Mademoiselle."

"How many seats in the auditorium?"

"Fourteen hundred."

"Have you papered?"

"No. We had no instructions to do this. And besides, this takes time, and costs money for secretaries, and we thought the Paramount people would take care of tickets."

"What Paramount people?"

"The Paramount people — your father's company."

"Who is my father?"

"Cecil B. De Mille, the head of Paramount."

"Did Meckel tell you what kind of dancing I did?"

He shook his head.

"Did Meckel send you any press or photographs or instructions?"

"No."

"Why then did you agree to manage me?"

"As a favor to Meckel. We owe him much. He sends us Madame Argentina. He asked us to let you dance in the theater. We did not expect to spend any money on this. He said that you would take care of all costs, that the Paramount people were behind you."

"I will cancel," I said. "I will not dance before three or four people. I cannot stand this."

I probably looked very ill because Madame Gottschalk put her arms around me and launched into rapid and angry French. I was too disturbed to note what she was saying but it must have been effective. I believe she invoked the name of several cabinet ministers. Her family, it seems, was extremely influential. She flew at that blasé, indifferent young executive like a hen partridge. His manner changed. He turned to me with something like kindness. "You understand, Mademoiselle, nothing was made clear to us. We will do what we can."

Then Annie rose to her feet. Of course, she hadn't far to go. But she had a way of gathering herself up and lifting her head that produced the effect of drums and flags. "You'll dance, Agnes, and before an audience. We've paid for this trip and we'll have this performance. I'm going to the American Embassy. You do the lighting." And with that she left.

I went out on stage where Warren was already trying to cope with sullen stagehands who spoke only a kind of catarrh. Three hours later when we had set the cues for the last dances Mother phoned. "It's all right," she called cheerily. "I'm at the American Consulate. There are five secretaries working under my direction. There will be an audience. No money, but an audience. The Consul-general is coming with his entire family, which is very large — that will take up twelve seats. And they will all wear full evening dress. The press is coming and the Consul has invited you to tea as soon as you're finished."

The kind Consul, Walter Sholes, and his wife and daughters were waiting around a fire with tea and chocolate cake and consolation. He could not speak openly because of his position, but he was angry. I was not the first young American artist to come to Europe and be rooked.

There were four hundred people in the audience — four hundred summoned by phone between noon and six o'clock. Any theatrical secretary who has tried to do papering knows what this means. Did you ever try to give away theater tickets — even so few as four — the afternoon of a performance?

The management provided no dresser. The management did not even clean the dressing rooms. Mother swept them and laid down newspapers on every surface floor and table while I warmed up. Then Mother pressed the dresses while I did my face. When it was time to begin, the manager knocked on the door, and I began. I went through every dance as programmed without sufficient applause to take a bow. Not a laugh. Not a sound. It was like a two-hour-long audition before hostile agents. Paper audiences are traditional. So is the Belgian temperament. I left the stage sobbing for breath and crying tears of vexation and shame. At the end I took Warren by the hand and said, "God damn them. We'll take a bow. And we'll be leiserly." But we were brisk. The sound of diminishing applause sets off a train of automatic reactions no performer can withstand.

The manager was in the wings as I made my final exit. He seemed pleased. "Mademoiselle, you are a success."

I lowered my eyes in anger.

"On my honor, Mademoiselle. The press did not leave. It will be very enthusiastic. I congratulate you."

And strangely enough, the press was just that, very intelligent, very discerning, and very enthusiastic.

The Consul was in the wings, sure enough, as Mother said, in white tie, with his lady in fur and velvet, and, oh, the comfort of home accents and home approval! The quiet, tall, Southern gentleman saying I had done well, and that they were proud. The audience, he added, was highly pleased also, but they were not accustomed to showing it.

Mother and I started to pick up the costumes. Everyone had gone home, the manager first of all. We collected and packed unaided. Warren went out to search a taxi, rare in that part of town. Mother and I pulled and tugged the great trunks and sacks down the lengthy hallways to the door, where two hulking Belgian brutes shouted at us to hurry, hurry, did we think they were going to stand there all night? If we didn't get on with it, they'd lock us in.

I was hungry, so we had supper in our hotel bedroom. Mother had providentially thought to lay in a stock of cheese, milk, and crackers.

We didn't get any box office from Meckel until the night before we left for England. It amounted to forty-eight dollars — not net, of course, gross intake. We had paid all the bills as they came in, with our cash. The accounting followed ten months later.

Mother and I were very pleased to leave Paris. Our last impression of the Parisians was of the Gare du Nord porters screaming and howling for larger tips. Mother crept whipped into our compartment and promptly had a heart attack, her first, which was very frightening to me. I did not realize exactly what the trouble was, nor did she. By the time we got to England, the blue mark had gone from around her mouth and characteristically she did not trouble to see a doctor.

London was kind to us. This time we managed all our business, and with the help of Romney Brent, an actor and a devoted friend of the family, we did well.

Romney turned London inside out for me. He was playing at that time with enormous success in a Noel Coward revue and had become the darling of the drawing rooms. For three weeks before my concert at the Arts Theatre Club, he took me with him to Lady Sybil Colfax's, the Raymond Masseys', Noel Coward's, Dame May Whitty's. "This," he would proclaim to their polite astonishment, "is the greatest pantomimic artist in the world." And because of his charm and his own undoubted gifts, they all came to see. The house was sold out; the house was warm — there was even a little cheering.

Arnold Haskell rushed back to congratulate me. "Come back," he said. "Make your home here and dance often. Whatever you want me to do I will do. I believe in you absolutely. I want to help."

Marie Rambert was nearly as enthusiastic but in her own way. "I can teach you much. Stay and study with me."

Financially we had broken exactly even; that is, the recitals paid for themselves. The press was fine. On the heels of the success came an invitation from Ashley Dukes, the playwright, and his wife, Marie Rambert, to give a series of concerts at the Mercury Theatre. I accepted and the arrangement was made that I give one recital a week and study with

her in between times — all at my own expense. No great profits were possible, but at least the plan guaranteed steady performing without undue loss. Mother and Warren went home, and for the first time in my life I embarked on a project absolutely alone. As Rambert led me into the practice hall for our first business conference, we stepped across flats spread out on the floor. Two young men in sailor pants were bent over painting scenery. They straightened up and regarded me in the fading afternoon light.

"You know Antony Tudor and Hugh Laing, of course," said Rambert. We shook hands.

21

THE Ballet Club — or, as it is now called, the Ballet Rambert — and Mercury Theatre were twin organizations housed in the same building and drawing their inspiration from Marie Rambert and Ashley Dukes. She took care of the dance department, he the dramatic, producing such plays for the first time as *The Ascent of F6* by W. H. Auden, and *Murder in the Cathedral* by T. S. Eliot, directly after the Canterbury premiere.

The theater was run on a shoestring, the house being sealed to £25 maximum. I have always believed that Madame's ballet school paid most of the bills. Rambert was chief teacher, assisted by a young friendly drudge named Antony Tudor. Tudor also served when need arose as secretary, accompanist, stage manager, and janitor, for a fixed salary of £2 a week, room and tuition thrown in. Some of the better pupils also helped out with the teaching now and then, but the school and theater were kept on a strictly professional basis: dancers got 5/6 a performance, choreographers lump sums and a royalty. Tudor, for instance, was paid £10 for his *Jardin aux Lilas*, 2/6 a performance royalty. We all, except Tudor, paid Madame for our classes.

Mim's parsimony never failed as a stimulus to dressing-room conversation. She was relentless about pennies, ha'pence even. The one thing she did not think worth saving was energy, hers or anyone's. Costumes were let out, material redyed, coats turned, scenery painted over, rather than squander an extra pound and start afresh. In this she was like my mother and I had a sympathy for the point of view.

She had to do this; it was carry on this way or quit. She had no endowment that I know of beyond Ashley's personal income. They turned everything they earned back into their theater and its many experimental productions; they lived very quietly without even permitting themselves a car — they considered the Mercury their only luxury. She gave a performance nearly every Sunday night throughout the year and mounted fresh pieces regularly. She furnished her pupils and apprentices

with a place to learn and practice their trade. She did not also expect to pay them. Coming from America where there was opportunity of no sort and where one paid overtime for whatever paltry chance, I considered myself lucky to have found such a berth.

The Ballet Club functioned in what had been the vestry house of a small odd-shaped church situated in an apex of land on the Notting Hill Gate bus routes. Outside, it looked like just what it originally was; inside, it was a geometric conglomeration of boxes, hallways, levels, closets, tiny auditoriums, and stairways. All larger divisions were lit by long ecclesiastical windows which gave an air of sanction to everything that went on inside, even the quarreling. One entered a vestibule hardly big enough for five people to stand in together, warmed one's hands at a coal grate exactly like a Cruikshank hearth, bought a ticket at a cardboard wicket, and walked into an auditorium that seated one hundred and fifty people. The stage was by actual measurement eighteen feet square. The whole place had the air of a tiny eighteenth-century princeling's court theater. And it was in this shoebox, this Punch and Judy show, that the renaissance of English dance occurred. Frederick Ashton proved himself here. Antony Tudor matured into a finished choreographer, the greatest in Europe. Alicia Markova was a regular performer in the days when no one else would give her footroom.

The school revolved around the practice hall which lay alongside the auditorium on a lower level. One went down precipitous steps at the back and entered a large oak-beamed room with a typical ecclesiastical vaulted ceiling. The windows were high up in the clerestory and admitted a pale reflected light because this part of the building was surrounded by Notting Hill dwellings. Voices and music sounded unnaturally loud as in all empty high-studded rooms. The floor was of oak polished to the shine of a dining table and literally worn into the grain by human flesh. I can still feel the knots, nailheads, and joinings under the balls of my feet, the bruising crack under my heel. Down the length of the walls ran *de rigueur* the barre. At one end of the room hung a large old mirror; at the other, encased in iron railing, stood a potbellied stove which grew rosy when prodded by the janitor, and gave off mustiness but no heat. The pianist, with blue fingers, sat at her upright, her back to comfort, in two sweaters, a shawl, a coat, an old felt hat. Whenever a dancer passed close to the stove, she steamed slightly.

The whole room smelled of damp black woollens. The walls sweated. The gray damp of English winter streamed and thickened on the pale windows. Visitors sat fully coated and hatted without dreaming of undoing a button. The dancers dressed in lumber rooms and storage closets filled with old scenery and costume trunks. The practice clothes

hung three deep on hooks all around the walls and they did not dry of body sweat from one day to the next. On arrival a girl would rigorously pull off her woolen dress and, standing in her woolen undershirt, hold her damp black tights over the oil stove while her pale flesh quivered at the exposure. I never put on my pants without looking for mushrooms in the seams. The dank contact made my skin jump.

22

THE English girls took it all quite naturally. Those astonishing English girls! Modest, shy, dogged, and indestructible, with plain bodies, all large-boned and rheumatic. They were virginal, flower-skinned, their cheeks already veined with the raw damp, their knuckles red, their joints and backs punished with incipient arthritis. Their bodies had not the resilience or nerve of American bodies. By comparison, they seemed slow. American speed in learning, American brilliance in turns, American bounce and recoil were bywords on the Continent. "Every race," said Karsavina to me, "has its time for growth, flowering, and decline. Racially your bodies are young; ours are old." The English dancers learned their trade doggedly. How so many of them became great artists is the miracle. But this is an English faculty: the achievement of glory through daily plodding.

The English girls stood long and slender in their black woolen tights and long-sleeved black jumpers at the barre. Their names were Andrée Howard, Diana Gould (Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin), Elizabeth Ruxton (Lisa Serova of the Ballet Russe), Betty Cuff (Nelidova of the Ballet Russe), Pearl Argyle with a face like an anemone, Elizabeth Schooling, Prudence Hyman, Mona Inglesby, and Mim's daughters Lulu and Angela Dukes (Lulu later danced the comedy lead in the English *Oklahoma!*). Beside them were the boys. Their names were Frederick Ashton, Antony Tudor, Hugh Laing, Frank Staff, Walter Gore, William Chappell.

In the center of the room darted Mim, Madame Wasp, queen hornet, vixen mother, the lady boss of Notting Hill. Knobby, knotted with passion, her little legs in wrinkled black tights, her child's tough body in a shapeless baby-pink garment ruffled at the hips, a veil around her little dark head, she scrabbled from side to side in the room, pulling, pushing, poking, screaming, and imploring. Now and then she would stamp her foot and literally howl with distaste. Her hands were not kind. "Long the arms," she would say, pulling an arm almost out of its shoulder socket, "Eggie" (that would be me). "Long the arms and the hands long to be in line," and she molded the fingers roughly into a pointed clump. "Now, relax!" And she sharply rapped the extended wristbone. "Down the shoulders" — a blow on the collarbone. "Up

the head!" A jerk behind the ears. "Frrrrredie, pull in your great bottom. You flaunt your bottom like a banner. Schooling, how dare you be late! With your woolly legs? I give all my time and strength to making something we have not to be ashamed of and you bring your woolly legs to class late without a *plié*." Schooling's face goes like custard and she quietly walks out of the room. "Eggie! Relax!" Diana murmurs between exercises, "I saw you-know-who at the Ballet Russe last night. He'd grown a new mustache, and he did look too Madonna!"

"Deeanna," shouts Mim. "Do not make jokes! I am tired of your humor. I am tired of your wit. I would prefer one good arabesque to six jokes." Diana's face hardens. "Sue, you use your leg like a mop. Down the eyebrows, Eggie, down the eyebrows. No, not that music, Norah, how stupid!"

All this time the pumping goes on around the room without surcease, the heavy breathing, the lifting and falling of legs, the striking and stroking of feet on the floor. Mim, hanging on to the barre around the stove, practices along with the class. Hugh Laing suddenly leaves his place and goes and sits in a corner by the stove brooding. Schooling, with pink eyes, returns. "Andrée, you will never dance if you persist in this ugliness. You have been losing ground steadily for the last six months." Andrée's gray eyes fill. Mim believes in Andrée's choreographic gifts, and feels sorry for her because she has heart trouble. From here on Andrée weeps silently until the end of class.

Antony potters along neither very good nor very bad, biding his time. Ashley Dukes, that "tawny man," as Diana calls him, wanders in from a conference with W. H. Auden, and stands in the door beaming in a kind of effulgent dislike. "I must say I do hate all forms of dancing," he remarks as he leaves.

"Antony," calls Mim, "they need an accompanist in the basement. Go do it, please." Antony docilely leaves and goes down to the children's class which contains three little girls closely related to nobility. Hugh is sitting with glazed eyes fixed to a crack and apparently sees nothing. Mona Inglesby demonstrates an adagio. Mona is subject to headaches, and a mother. She has lots and lots of money. Mim gives her a great deal of attention and she is becoming an unusually fine dancer. "Deeanna, I hope you watched this. That is what I call real feeling. No comments, please."

A new mother is led into the room. She has two daughters of the proper age for ballet training. Mim suddenly turns girlish and frisky. There is a complete reshuffling of the class. Pearl is brought to the front as well as the rebuked but defiant Diana. I am hidden at the rear. Class is reorientated to what used to be called in court dancing "The Presence."

It ends at last. Mim does three cartwheels and

stands on her head. She shouts, "Frrrrreddie, catch me!" and jumps into the arms of the blushing Ashton. The mother is surprised. Mim cackles like a banshee, invites the visitor for lunch, and goes off to change.

At the back of the room we discover Alicia Markova, who has been there quite some time waiting for Ashton's rehearsal to begin. She sits upright, her long slender legs in their hand-wrought tights crossed like two knitting needles. Beside her sits Hugh, unmoving. The pianist, Norah, has spread a coat over his bare legs and is talking in a low motherly way, and although he hasn't stirred he is obviously softening up inside. The damp has become almost visible. Antony has promised to bring him some hot tea and a sandwich so that he won't have to leave off his interesting occupation. We pass through the auditorium. Markova is doing finger-turns on Ashton's hand, six, eight, ten turns like a piano stool, round and round, and then smooths out as easy as butter at the end.

Mim goes to family lunch in her home on Campden Hill around the corner. The children and Reine, Miss Dukes, chatter like squirrels in the technical jargon that is comprehensible only to ballet students and more particularly to Cecchetti ballet students. Mim nibbles and sips, taking her spoon from her mouth, to contradict Ashley when he becomes too grandiloquent. Ashley doesn't hear the children, doesn't mind Mim, sits like the last of the Georgians, ruddy with satisfactory food, making finely balanced pronouncements. But-tressed by the august tradition of English letters he heaps scorn on the arduous labors of his womenfolk. One would gather from his remarks that they were indulging in some sort of time-killer like Victorian needlework or acrostics. The continual mockery of her lord and master can have been of no comfort to Mim but she apparently turns it all aside with gaiety. She nibbles a bit of biscuit, demolishes with one phrase the latest West End play, works out mentally the cost of a set of costumes at 4/6 each; analyzes Angie's pirouettes *dehors et dedans*, hums a little Prokofieff, and sounds out the mother sharply on the likelihood of her daughters' starting lessons soon. I cannot answer for the mother. She probably loves it, as I always did. What she cannot understand she must recognize as robust, salty, and explosively vital. The chances are the daughters will be enrolled before cheese.

We, the pupils, eat at Sally's Tea Room in Church Street. Elizabeth Schooling has found her tongue at last. Schooling is a true English beauty, all pink and white and powdered gold. She has a pink pout for a mouth and her voice sounds like Miss Muffet out of sorts. Diana, deep in a sultana pudding, sums Mim up in terms that would have done Wilde no discredit. But Andrée only sits, tears still streaming down her cheeks. I eat. I'm hungry. And besides I have a three-hour rehearsal ahead of

me in the afternoon, in a basement where there is no heat whatsoever.

23

It is difficult to give a just appraisal of Rambert. At the very mention of her name dancers sometimes lose all self-control. Sometimes their eyes fill. Sometimes they grow pale. However, after they have spent their exasperation, they usually add, "But you know, she could be wonderfully sweet. And, after all, she did do a lot for English dancing."

By God, she did! Had she had an organization behind her comparable to the Sadler's Wells, Rambert, like Ninette de Valois, might have turned her theater into a national institution. More, because of her daring, her catholicity of interest, her infallible taste, and her enormous flair for new talent — and this was her great flair beyond anyone else's — she might have headed the first lyric theater of Europe. De Valois was a great organizer, Mim a poor one. She drove people nuts. They left. This is no small tragedy.

As a pupil of Dalcroze she had been hired by Diaghilev to help Nijinsky count out the *Sacre* music. It was while at work on this project that she learned ballet technique under Cecchetti. She married Ashley Dukes during World War I and immediately started her classes.

She was very small, with jet-black hair, smoldering dark eyes set in a little sharp face, a fine forehead, and a mobile, vulnerable mouth that was held in a tension of artificial politeness against the world. When she was not laughing too shrilly or talking too quickly she looked as though she were about to scream. Sometimes she did scream. She has been known to roll on the floor, throw chairs, and cry out with the intolerable anguish of her balked hopes. And when the agony had passed she looked as though she had made a truce with God that might rupture at any moment.

Her true genius lay in perception and stimulus. Somehow, most unhappily, she mismanaged matters. She had not the iron traplike intention to force success. There were confusions. There were distractions of rage or love. There were quarrels. Matters never marched straight ahead. Every so often she would remember in the middle of a class or a conversation some cruel bottomless disappointment and she would reach out and break whomever she was with. Antony, being possessed of the inner durability of genius, learned quietly to step aside in a kind of mental jujitsu and let her fall against her own fury. Ashton escaped. The rest were cowed on odd days, recalcitrant on even.

But Hugh shouted back, not always with reason. Being young and male and without scruples when angry, he usually did her down. These bouts were not pretty to hear, but Hugh would emerge from them as from a Turkish bath, refreshed and ex-

hilarated. "That wicked woman" — Mim could be heard scuttling and muttering back of the partitions as she made her way to a cup of tea and Ashley. "That dreadful, dreadful wicked woman," he would say with shining eyes as though each phrase were oxygen to his fainting lungs. All she had done was give him a sound beginning in dance technique and prepare him to be the instrument for great choreography. "How can you talk to a woman like that?" I exclaimed. "Don't you ever talk to me like that or you'll be sorry."

Sometimes Mim merited a scolding. She behaved on occasion outrageously. She has been known to walk down the theater aisle and say to paid customers, "I would like to sit next to Lady Oxford. Do you mind moving to the back row?" And she moved them, to their astonishment, although they had held their tickets for weeks. She has turned cartwheels in Piccadilly Circus in broad daylight and right down Notting Hill High Street after a performance. She could, of course, at will conduct herself with distinction and elegance. She was a wit. If in any of the above I have suggested that Madame could not command English grammar, I shall not have been exact. She spoke brilliantly in several languages and her English was vivid. Many a columnist has made copy of her talk. But she had learned dancing in the Russo-Parisian dialect that was the studio jargon of all the Diaghilev generation, and the idiom stuck.

Above all, she was warmhearted. She could be motherly-kind if one were in trouble, darling, wise, and loving. Her woman-to-woman talks were tender with experience. It was just one's good fortune she could not bear. That is, not every day, under her nose, in her own theater; not if one achieved it independently, against her advice, free from control. Rambert, like most women, wanted to feel indispensable.

Mim has at last received some part of her due. The Ballet Rambert is known throughout the British Isles, on the Continent — even as far as Australia. The Queen attended her Gala. She is recognized as a cultural force.

Her hair is now white; her daughters are grown; she has seen many a boy and many a girl through dreadful times. When my husband, an officer in the American Army, went to call on her she was enchantingly gracious. But the old fires still burn. At the end of the war in '45, while I was at work on a picture in London, she shrieked denunciation over the phone for ruining her life's work. (I had engaged one of her principal male dancers for two weeks during his vacation and thereby worn him out and altered his perspective on money matters, she claimed.) "Mim," I yelled. "Stop shouting and listen to me. I am going to have a baby."

"That's fine, Eggie. Splendid! But how could you do this to me? How could you as a woman knowing my lifelong struggle against incrrrrredible odds?" So we parted. But there was a cable at the birth of my son, and when later my ballet *Fall River Legend* was performed at the 1950 Edinburgh Festival, Rambert, I am told, threw herself weeping into Nora Kaye's arms. She said lavish things about the work and she wrote me long and poignantly. "Forgive me, Aggie, dear, if I didn't think you had it in you — but I didn't."

She seemed a touch wistful about the unprecedented triumphs currently achieved by the Sadler's Wells and Ninette de Valois. "I also like beautiful legs and feet, but the Wells has the entire world to select from. I only get the rejects. But I remind myself that among the rejects were Frederick Ashton, Antony Tudor, Andrée Howard, and, I dare say, Aggie de Mille."

So we were indeed. It is to Rambert we owe our deepest bows. We make them with love.

(To be concluded)





DONALD MOFFAT, a veteran of both wars, fell in love with France when he was driving for the American Field Service in 1916. For a time between the wars he and his wife and their daughters resided in Senlis, Paris, and Pornic, an experience he has written of with charm and gaiety in his book *The Mott Family in France*. Last year they went back again — the first time they had seen Paris since the Liberation — and the reunion marked the beginning of a new series of papers for the Atlantic, of which this is the third.

CHAMBRE D'AMIS

by DONALD MOFFAT

I

THE Kanes drove south towards Biarritz through the flat sandy wastes of the Landes; the little Peugeot hummed sturdily along the straight road; the scent of the pine forests on either side drowned the exhaust odor of the flabby French gasoline on which, surprisingly, the Peugeot seemed to thrive; and the Kanes sat in torpid, contented silence.

Kane said: "Do you realize this will be the first time we've ever actually stayed with French people? I'm scared."

"You're always scared of anything new," Mrs. Kane tranquilly replied. "Don't be such a baby."

"Yes, but you're good with people. You've got that what-do-you-call-it."

"But I *like* people."

"You like men." He grinned at her.

"Hah!" It was a delicate snort, but a snort for all that.

Nevertheless, and in spite of his faint, prophetic uneasiness, Kane was looking forward eagerly to the coming adventure. Robert Peyssac was a cook. Kane had first met him in 1916, when Robert had joined his American Field Service section near Verdun to gladden the hearts of the young ambulance drivers with his miracles of sound and simple cookery. After the war, Kane had helped him unscramble the red tape which barred his way into the United States, where in subsequent years Robert and his wife, a cook of almost equal distinction, had made their fortune, working apart in various illustrious households. In 1938 they had returned to their native land to spend the evening of their lives in retirement, after the French fashion. From their savings they had built a little villa near Biarritz, and sent the Kanes photographic proof that it was *tout à fait moderne, même américaine*. In the Villa Le Retour they had enjoyed a year's tranquillity, while Robert started his garden,

before the Germans arrived in 1940. Now, said Robert, in one of his thoughtful letters, the Occupation was only a half-remembered nightmare, and he and his wife rejoiced at the prospect of receiving the Kanes at last. The *chambre d'amis* would be awaiting them, and all the Peyssacs had was theirs. ("*Chambre d'amis!* What a nice name for guest room!" Mrs. Kane said on reading the letter.)

Delayed by repairs to the Peugeot's *câble flexible du comptoir kilométrique* (which Kane finally identified as the correct name for the speedometer cable, after describing it to the *garagiste* as *la machine qui fait marcher le speedomètre*), they didn't reach Villa Le Retour till midafternoon, after telephoning for directions. Robert met them at the gate, beaming a welcome, to direct the car into the garage under the house; and Madame, an apron over her cotton dress, greeted them at the front door, leaving no doubt in the Kanes' minds of the warmth of their reception. She was an Alsatian, aged like her husband seventy-two, tall, brown, a little wrinkled, speaking slow, deep French with a marked accent, and full of a charming dignity as she showed them into the *chambre d'amis* — a small sunny room with a double bed and an immaculate bath adjoining. She introduced them to two other elderly members of the family, Doggie, a white terrier, and Sammie, a large black cat. They received the Kanes politely.

The one-story green and white stucco villa, embowered in trees and semitropical shrubs, stood among a row of neighbors between the local golf course and the banks of a broad estuary, not far from the sea, with a view of the white town and fishing port — a charming spot, and a delicious little house, *moderne* certainly, but *américaine* in arrangement of rooms possibly not, thought Kane, as their host showed them round. There were three bedrooms, two *vaterres*, one bath, a small sitting-

dining room overlooking the garden, Robert's office, and the kitchen — all interconnected according to the mysterious plan which has governed French architecture since the days of Versailles or earlier. The kitchen contained, besides the coal range, an electric stove and a gleaming frigidaire.

Robert looked older, grayer, of course; Kane had expected it. His mustache, once brown and bushy, had been clipped short in the American fashion. But the wise eyes and humorous mouth were as young as ever, and beneath the gravity of advancing years Kane recognized the same integrity and intelligence which had made Robert what he was — one of the great chefs of France.

He showed them the diplomas and medals which decorated the walls of the little bureau, culinary awards of his professional life; a photograph of a youthful Robert in tall white chef's cap and *veston*, standing beside a pastry model of an early Panhard; and he pointed out pictures of the Kane family sent at various Christmases as the children grew up.

The inspection over, he suggested a little drive while his wife prepared the dinner. "I, myself, as you know," he said in his gentle voice, "am from farther north. But the Basque country is not without interest."

He put on his tight blue beret and led them down to the cellar garage where, before starting out, he showed them further evidence of domestic modernity: a seven horsepower *ootbore*, or outboard motor, resting on a frame, which started at the first flick of the cord and filled the cellar with a mighty roar; an electric saw; a moto-cyclette; a neat tool-bench; and, with casual pride, an adjoining room containing shelves of preserved fruit and vegetables put up by his wife, and bins of wine made by Robert from his own grapes. And as they drove forth in his seven horsepower Peugeot-203 — the twin of their own — he pointed out, moored in the stream and painted green and white to match the villa, his little motorboat, in which the *ootbore* carried him out to the fishing grounds. Fishing was his sport, his occupation, his passion, he confessed with a smile.

2

IN the late afternoon sunlight Robert drove them along the high shore road to the Spanish border at Hendaye, showing them the dozens of concrete blockhouses and gun emplacements built by the Germans along the coast and blown up just before they pulled out ("It was August 21st, 1944 — oh, they left in a hurry! *Ils avaient peur. Démoralisés!*"); then up among the foothills of the Pyrenees on the French side of the Bidassoa, a country of scattered farms, white or pastel-washed, with red tile roofs, heavy, rust-colored shutters, and fields fenced with stone slabs set upright — different

from anything they had seen elsewhere in France, as the Basques themselves differ from the French. Later, on the vine-shaded terrace of a small country inn overlooking the Spanish frontier, with the Pyrenees jaggling up to incredible heights in the background, they took a glass of wine, while Robert told of his adventures keeping body and soul alive during the Occupation. He had lost forty pounds, he said, partly from raising a pig.

"*Un cochon c'est un véritable abysse qui demande qu'à manger, il n'est pas croyable le tracas qui donne une bête pareille à élever.*" He had not only to gather hundreds of kilos of acorns from the forest, but to devote much of his precious garden to the cultivation of pig feed — "*c'était le pire du tout*" — almost as heavy a burden, the Kanes gathered, as the regulations imposed by the Germans.

Back at Villa Le Retour before dinner, Madame Peyssac smilingly superintended Mrs. Kane's bath in a steam-filled bathroom and a full tub of scalding water, and the intimacy sealed their friendship. To say that Kane had been looking forward to dinner would be an understatement. What, he wondered, licking his chops in memory of Robert's miracles with simple Army rations in 1916, would these two distinguished artists produce with all the culinary resources of France at their disposal? Madame had prepared the dinner, true; but after their drive, Robert had excused himself for half an hour in the kitchen, and had already told the Kanes that he had been fortunate enough to find a perfect turbot at the fish market that morning.

So, at eight o'clock, they sat down in comfortable chairs at a foursquare table and were served by Margot, the young *bonne à tout faire* who came in by the day and who, whispered Madame in the immemorial manner of housewives, was more interested in dancing and boys than in learning to cook. ("The same with us," murmured Mrs. Kane. "Oh," returned Madame, "the younger generation! In *my* day. . . .") The gentlemen smiled in a superior manner and Robert added: "*Elle n'est pas stylée, vous savez, la petite; mais c'est une fille de bon cœur.*"

First Margot brought in four cups of cold *consommé de volaille*, which tasted to the Kanes like the heavenly essence of a tender young chicken straight from paradise. But the Master was not wholly satisfied.

"*Pour moi,*" he pronounced, "*un consommé doit être ab-sol-u-ment froid et ab-sol-u-ment clair.*" Then he and his wife embarked upon a technical discussion, like a couple of painters arguing pigments, while the Kanes listened, fascinated, as they learned how much patience and skill are needed to achieve the simplicity of excellence.

But the turbot passed with highest credit. "*C'est un peu comme votre chicken halibut, madame,*" said Robert to Mrs. Kane, "*mais plus délicat. Oui, le turbot est le plus délicat des poissons.*" It was served

in a baking dish, ungarnished, with a sauce composed by Robert himself which, he admitted, had succeeded. "A sauce must enhance, never disguise, the natural flavor of the dish it accompanies," he declared seriously. "That is the secret of true French cooking, the best and simplest in the world. But I do not have to tell you this, Madame Kane."

The little new boiled potatoes, like the tomatoes-and-cucumbers vinaigrette, served with the turbot, came from the garden, of course; and the cool white wine they drank with it had been made by Robert from his own grapes. In fact the turbot and the Camembert which separated the asparagus and the *fruits rafraîchis* were the only items on the menu that were not home grown — not counting, either, the three other wines: a red Bordeaux with the cheese, a sweet Bordeaux with the fruit, and the Lanson champagne with the dessert and homemade lady fingers. Margot served them intelligently, washing plates and glasses in time for the next course, while Mrs. Kane reflected on the impossibility of finding at home a servant who would willingly put up with such a parade of dishes. Yes, the dinner was all the Kanes had hoped; but what impressed them most was its simplicity, the innocent pride of its presentation, without formality or ostentation — as if their kind hosts were saying, in a language they perfectly understood, "This is how we live, we know you are capable of appreciating it, and to have you share it gives us happiness."

And so, after coffee and a thimbleful of brandy, with a little reminiscent talk of the brave old days of Verdun and the Argonne, they went to bed, feeling fine, and with Kane wondering, as usual, how he could ever have been afraid of any awkwardness in their reception.

3

THEY slept well. The next morning after breakfast Kane sat on the stone-paved terrace, shaded by vines, overlooking the sunny garden, his ears filled with the liquid din of songbirds, and contentment in his heart, wishing for nothing. A faint sound of kitchen clatter indicated that Madame was already thinking of *déjeuner*. At the foot of the garden he saw Robert at work, and presently Kane lit a cigarette and joined him, to be shown what Robert had accomplished, despite the Germans, in twelve years.

The garden covered about 1500 square yards. Two main paths crossed at the center, forming a small space shaded by a fig tree and set with a table and chairs. The paths were roofed by trellises on which Robert's grapevines were trained, and bordered by raspberry bushes and strawberry plants. Small fruit trees — pear, peach, apricot, cherry — were spotted in a symmetrical pattern; and vegetables — every vegetable Kane had ever heard of — grew neatly in the rich brown loam

between, with the sunny perfume of flowers drenching the air. The rabbit hutch and hen run concealed a compost heap in one corner. "All you need is a salt mine and some sugar cane — perhaps you have them?" suggested Kane. Robert smiled. "It takes a lot of work, a little garden like this. But it is worth it. You agree?"

"France has nothing to fear, so long as she has Peyssacs to cultivate her gardens."

"*C'est vrai*," replied Robert simply. "We ask only to be let alone, to work in peace. But then, at intervals, come the Germans."

"And the Russians?"

"Oh!" Robert's shrug was a masterpiece. "Perhaps. We have many faults, we French. But at least we are realistic. We'll never be seduced by the Russian ideal. Communism! *Ah, non, Monsieur Kane*. The Party is well organized in France, it is true, especially in the industrial areas, and it can still make trouble. But except for a small minority, which grows smaller every day, the French Communist is not a Communist; he is simply a man without confidence in any party."

"*'Agin the government,*' as we say," remarked Kane in English.

"*Exactement!* *'Agin the government.'*" Kane suspected that Robert knew more English than he willingly used. "How many millions of gardens like this are there in France? Can you imagine them being collectivized? *Pensez-vous!* The truth is, Monsieur Kane, that France has never wholly recovered from the Revolution of 1789; those old political wounds have never quite healed. Half of my countrymen have never fully trusted the other half; and neither trusts the politicians, who reach office as a result of compromise. During my years in America, I found little comprehension of this fact."

"And what's the answer?"

"Time, Monsieur Kane. Patience, and hard work." Robert smiled. "As you have seen, monsieur, I enjoy my modern improvements — my electric stove, my *oobore*, my frigidaire. My little American toys, I call them. But inside myself I know, as do all Frenchmen, that unless a thing is done with the two hands, it is not well done." He held up his own hands — square, brown, sensitive, capable — looked at them in turn, then let them drop at his side. "These are my tools." He tapped his forehead. "And this."

Kane saw his wife approaching with Madame Peyssac, talking busily. He joined them while Madame fed the hens with a little grain, some table leavings, and a few handfuls of herbs plucked from a patch beside the hen coop. "*Elles aiment bien un peu de salade, les poules,*" she remarked. They watched the tall red-combed cock shoulder away the hens to get at his breakfast. "*Ah, les hommes,*" said Madame, smiling gently. "Taste this strawberry, madame, warmed by the sun."

"Heavenly!"

They strolled back to the house, and Madame pointed out the two stone cisterns containing rain water from the eaves: one for washing clothes; the other, by the kitchen door, for washing vegetables.

That morning Robert drove them about again — to see the fishing port of St-Jean-de-Luz and the Basque cathedral with its ornately carved wooden galleries where the men sat during Mass, while the women congregated on the floor of the church in the traditional Basque fashion. They passed a *fronton*, with some town kids playing *pelote*, batting balls around the way American boys do on a vacant lot. They bought a few pairs of *espadrilles* for their children at home, and baskets of local weave — a leisurely, sunny morning. Madame Peyssac had again stayed in the house to prepare lunch. "Nothing elaborate," she had promised, when the Kanes had confessed they'd have to be on their way early in the afternoon. "A little *gnocchi*, perhaps? You like *gnocchi*?"

Before lunch they took an *apéritif* under the fig tree in the garden: Pernod, dripped through sugar into a glass of water, too sweet for Mrs. Kane's taste; so she lit a cigarette.

"*S'il vous plaît, Madame Kane,*" said Robert gently, shaking his head as at a naughty child, "*ne fumez pas avant le déjeuner. La nicotine abîme l'appétit.*"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" She quickly stubbed out her cigarette. "We have such bad habits, haven't we?"

"No others, I am sure. Yet in your country I have seen people smoking even with the soup. *J'aime bien l'Amérique, quand même.*"

The *gnocchi* turned out to be an understatement. Lunch began with the same *consommé*, clarified, said Madame, with "*un morceau de cuisse de bœuf,*

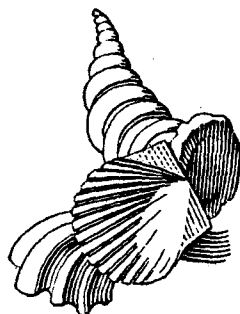
sans nerfs." To the Kanes, wondering at the mystic purifying virtue of a steer's thigh, it tasted just as delicious as it had the evening before; but the Master, after sampling, nodded sober approval, and they realized they still had a thing or two to learn about the refinements of flavor. The *gnocchi* followed, so delicate that the Kanes, on the misunderstanding that it was to be the main course, dove in greedily. They should have known better. For then came tender broilers, with *pommes fondantes* and young string beans; salad with a whole *foie gras*; a perfect Port de Salut cheese; and (sensation!) ice cream frozen by Robert himself, with a strawberry sauce; then dessert (fresh peaches, apricots, cherries); coffee; and cognac. And nothing to drink but a 1933 Médoc, a Vouvray, and champagne. Doggie and Sammie sat up side by side to beg, and were rewarded by a morsel of *foie gras*; then Doggie was given a champagne cork to play with — a truly French toy, thought Mrs. Kane — while Sammie curled up on the sunny terrace and purred. Not a bad idea, Kane decided.

But they had made the foolish mistake of promising a friend on the Riviera to arrive on a certain day, only forty-eight hours off; and so, after posing on the terrace with the Peyssacs for Margot to point a camera, they tried to tell their hosts all that was in their hearts, and drove away.

"Just a little *gnocchi*!" murmured Kane in a golden haze of contentment, as they headed east through the pretty Basque countryside, with Spain on their right, blocked by the snow-capped Pyrenees, and all of France on their left. "What do you think they're saying about us?"

"They liked it, too. Of course!" Mrs. Kane spoke with assurance.

She's right — as usual, thought Kane.





He took the corn
out of American humor
and made it wry

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Books and Men

In his first book, *God and Man at Yale*, WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.,

is declared that the net impact of Yale education is collectivist and agnostic. His book was severely criticized by McGeorge Bundy in the November *Atlantic*; now Mr. Buckley has the floor. A graduate of the class of 1950, he was described by his class historian in these words: "The most outspoken News chairman in 70 years, [he] neatly undercut tolerance, tomfoolery, and everything to the left of Senator Taft."

THE CHANGES AT YALE

by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

IT IS once and for all clear that to be an associate professor has nothing necessarily to do with the ability to (a) read a book, and to then (b) talk about it as though one had read it. Whatever else his attributes, McGeorge Bundy, Yale 1940, Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi, member of the faculty, Harvard University, has demonstrated this deficiency in his review of my book, *God and Man at Yale: The Superstitions of "Academic Freedom"* in last month's *Atlantic*. Mr. Bundy's intemperate performance is not important or even interesting save for the fact that he has clearly been singled out by the Administration of Yale to deliver the counterattack — and along lines determined upon several months ago, before anyone officially associated with Yale had seen the manuscript. Mr. Bundy's review wouldn't have read too differently if he had written it at that time.

If our patience holds and we are willing to cut through the dross of his frantic and unreasoned apologia *pro alma matre sua*, we arrive at his most serious charges against my book, which have to do with the alleged superficiality of my research, the unobjective use of facts, and the unfair concealment of personal prejudices.

Let us test Mr. Bundy's own reliability by reviewing a few examples, more or less at random: —

"He [I] asserts the ineffectiveness of the saintly man who is Yale's chaplain."

My book says: "Mr. Lovett's personal interest in religion can be, and frequently has been, quietly contagious. Through the years, many students, impressed by his faith and goodness, have sought out religion on their own. And some of these have ended up at divinity schools" (p. 6).

Again: "... no outsider can readily check the context in which the statements were made."

My book gives the publisher-author-page references for every quotation I make, and I can think of no greater accommodation to the inquiring reader short of presenting him with a miniature library

with each copy of *God and Man at Yale*.

And again: "... he omits . . . quotations, from the same book [the economics text in question], in which the over-all success of the American economic system is bluntly and vigorously asserted."

My book: "... capitalist, or dominantly free-enterprise economics have succeeded very well in the Western World in raising tremendously the volume of production . . . there are both economic and non-economic reasons for preserving a dominantly wide area of free enterprise." These and other quotations laudatory of the free enterprise system, and extracted from the book in question, are quoted on page 49.

And on and on: "An inspection of the books [the economics texts reviewed] shows that not one of the authors supports a full leveling of incomes."

I never state or imply that any of the economists in question advocates any such thing. In fact, I know of no Stalinist or Fabian who does. But then (as Mr. Bundy may know), I don't believe one has to advocate a "full leveling" of income to qualify as a collectivist, which is the label I attach to the economists whose egalitarian leanings are unequivocally evidenced in their textbooks.

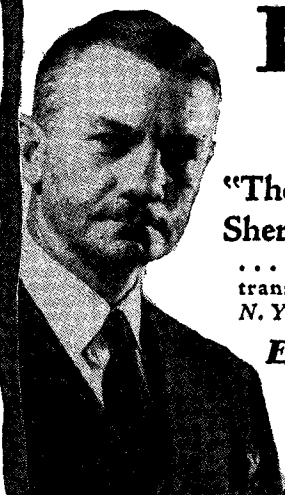
"Mr. Buckley has the appalling effrontery to urge that only those who will support his basic position should be allowed to teach subjects that relate to religion and economics at Yale."

I wrote: "If the alumni wish secular and collectivist influences to prevail at Yale, that is their privilege" (p. 114). I repeat this time and again in ensuing pages.

"... he [I] . . . never does any Yale defender of [academic freedom] the justice of an accurate statement of his position."

I quote Charles Seymour, whom I unembarrassedly consider a "Yale defender," at some length, and I devote many passages to his eloquent definition of academic freedom (pp. 173–181).

"He never considers the generally agreed opinion



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by Thomas B. Hess



... that Yale is more religious than the rest of Protestant America and more religious than it was a generation ago."

I do. In some detail. See Foreword, page xv, pages 37-38, and pages 220-222.

"He makes no mention of the fact that not one of the ministers or chaplains at Yale, of any faith, agrees with his analysis."

Let them speak for themselves. On February 21 of this year, I read the first draft of my chapter on religion to an assembly at which were present every minister (of every faith) associated with Yale, and a half dozen Yale Divinity School students who act as "denominational counselors" to Yale undergraduates.

I asked everyone present to point up errors, exaggerations, injustices, or omissions. Four were mentioned. All of them were corrected to the satisfaction of the critics.

Mr. Bundy arrives, then, at the astounding conclusion that as a Catholic I am by the nature of things incompetent to understand, analyze, or appraise a religious tradition that is Protestant. (This is one criticism, interestingly, that I have never heard a Catholic raise against Paul Blanshard where the situation is reversed.)

At the same meeting with the religious counselors of Yale, I asked everyone present (only two ministers were non-Protestants) whether as much as a sentence or an innuendo in my analysis was distinguishably Catholic. Every member present openly affirmed that nothing in the section was traceable to Catholic thought, and that I had used no criteria unacceptable to Christians of any denomination — "with the possible exception of Unitarians." In the circumstances, I did not consider it necessary to digress, as Mr. Bundy would have had me do, into a biographical statement of my own denomination. What is more, the three students to whom I am most indebted for assistance in preparing and checking my chapter on religion were undergraduate majors in the social sciences at Yale and, at the time I consulted with them, students at the Yale Divinity School. None of them had — or has, to my knowledge — drunk a drop of Papist wine. Nor has Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, or the members of the World Council of Churches or the Federal Council of Churches, whose definitions of Christianity, along with Webster's, I willingly accepted as the basis for evaluating religion at Yale (p. 8).

If nothing else, Mr. Bundy's review was courageous.¹

¹ Mr. Bundy does not confine himself to misrepresenting the material in the book: "It is reported Mr. Buckley's father is sending a copy to every Yale alumnus" (43,000). The best refutation of this (my father purchased 75) would come out of Mr. Bundy's effort, as an alumnus, to get a free copy. But then, on the other hand, he may be deluged with free copies, from people who have read his review and simply refuse to believe that he has read the book.

And so the story goes. Mr. Bundy makes a great deal of the fact that economically I am out of sight. Why, he points out, I even disagree with recommendations of the Committee for Economic Development, and with some policy suggestions of Paul Hoffman, Robert Taft, and Beardsley Ruml! These observations are distinguished not so much for their superficiality as for their pointlessness.

At the outset of my analysis of the state of individualism at Yale, I emphasize that collectivism means some things to some people and other things to others. For example, I believe various policies of the New Deal to be collectivist, and Mr. Bundy does not, which is of no concern to me. (I doubt if Mr. Bundy and I would agree on any definitions. The publishers of his forthcoming book quote him to the effect that the "morality" of Acheson's foreign policy rests on his having tried to get along with Stalin!) I believe the British Labor Government to be markedly collectivist, while the professor at Yale who teaches the only course on comparative economic systems considers it only "mildly collectivist"; I believe Mr. Bundy's "distinctly capitalist" Lord Keynes to have prescribed in his *General Theory* essentially collectivist remedies for cyclical economic disturbances, and it is a matter of consuming indifference to me whether Paul Hoffman or others share my view — and I so state in at least half a dozen passages in my book.

My concern is with alumni opinion on what is being taught at Yale. Mr. Bundy has never learned very much about method, else he would have understood the purpose of my book, which is very simply to say to the alumni of Yale, Look: this is what is being taught. I call it collectivism and my classification of it as such is backed by some of the most eminent students of economics who believe that confiscatory taxes, controlled currencies, continual inflation, federal welfarism, and the rest are hallmarks of the collectivist state. Mine is a seasoned definition, but this is important only in that it doesn't make an aberrant of me. Whatever you wish to call what is being taught at Yale — New Dealism, Welfarism, Socialism, Collectivism, or Bundyism — if you don't like it, you've got a right and a duty to do something about it. You need pay no heed to the mystical hocus-pocus that tells you you've got to support schools that inculcate values you oppose. If, on the other hand, you do approve what is being taught, why then I've got nothing more to say.

There are numerous other statements in Mr. Bundy's review that betray his appalling insincerity. But I've been allowed 1700 words, and while I am grateful for them, I am also restricted to them. Of vital significance, it seems to me, is that Mr. Bundy took a couple of weeks to review a book about a Yale from which he had graduated six years before I matriculated. It took him a couple of weeks or less to indict a book about the Yale

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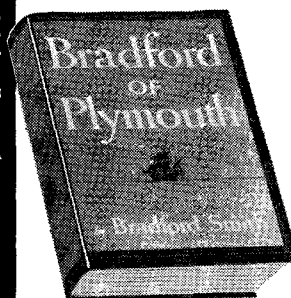
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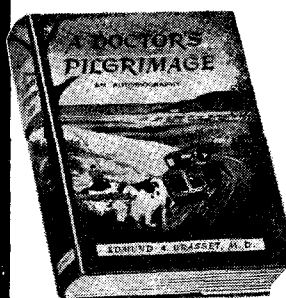
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scene (1946–1951) with which he has only passing familiarity, a book which I wrote after four years of personal experience as an undergraduate interested in the issues discussed, and after another nine months devoted exclusively to a study of the problem. It is this book which, from his office in Cambridge, he writes of as a “pretended firsthand report.”

The arrogance with which Mr. Bundy sets about to attempt to discredit this sort of research is not unexpected from a man who actually comes out and says that the alumni as a body have no “right or duty or capacity to set the educational policies of the college.” “Fascist” has been used carelessly to describe persons and points of view; but it fits with unusual precision Mr. Bundy’s advocacy of irresponsible, irreproachable education by an academic elite.

Mr. Bundy ends by predicting that my “crusade” will come to naught, and he may very well be

right. I stated in the foreword to my book that “my greatest anguish is not in contemplation of the antagonism that this essay will evoke from many quarters, but rather from the knowledge that they are winning and we are losing.” My “crusade” will most probably come to naught, and precisely because the United States is peopled with thinkers like Mr. Bundy, and it is too late to re-educate them. The ascendancy of “academic freedom,” cherished by these haughty totalitarians who refuse to permit the American people to supervise their own destiny, is as certain as the inexorable advance of this country towards collectivism. And I am un-Christian enough to confess to some solace from the knowledge that Mr. Bundy will probably live, alongside of me and others of our generation, to suffer its ravages — even from his privileged position of minor Court Hatchet-Man, which will undoubtedly be awarded him in recognition of natural talents and services rendered.

McGEORGE BUNDY REPLIES

WHEN I sat down to review Mr. Buckley’s book, I was somewhat concerned lest my readers refuse to believe that so violent, unbalanced, and twisted a young man really existed. His rejoinder removes that concern, and it remains to demonstrate that as a defense it is almost a complete fraud.

My review was written at the invitation of the editor of this magazine and no one else; neither of us had been approached in any way whatever by the Yale Administration. The absurd accusation of a put-up job is an excellent sample of Mr. Buckley’s mind and method. Now let us deal with the specific quotations from my original review which Mr. Buckley attacks.

1. Did Mr. Buckley assert the ineffectiveness of Yale’s chaplain? He did. On the very page in which he paid the grudging minor-key tribute which he now quotes, he took direct issue with President Seymour’s praise of Mr. Lovett, and wrote that to applaud “his religious influence and the results it has had on the Yale campus” was “another thing entirely.” And this was the burden of much following argument.

2. On the matter of checking the context of certain statements, we have another prime example of Mr. Buckley’s theory of fair quotation. What I wrote and what the *Atlantic* printed was this: “The insidious character of this sort of innuendo and quotation from lectures [italics added] lies in the fact that no outsider can readily check the context,” etc. So Mr. Buckley’s remarks about his use of

books are totally beside the point. The relevant point is that the book does contain many hearsay quotations for which no printed references can be given. More important, he has here deliberately reversed my clear-cut meaning, and this, as I said of a similar performance in his book, is a measure of the honesty of his method. I might add that in this case it is also a measure of his intelligence.

3. On the matter of quotations to show that a certain economics text took a balanced view of our economic system, Mr. Buckley is once again up to his old tricks. The book he attacked for too much discussion of the excesses of capitalism was Bowman and Bach’s *Economic Analysis and Public Policy*; the book from which he now quotes is Morgan’s *Income and Employment*. Moreover, this error can hardly be accidental; there are in Mr. Buckley’s book no quotations from Morgan which could reasonably be related to my original complaint. I must insist, as I did in my review, on the individualistic notion that an author is not fairly presented by quotations from some other author.

4. As to leveling of incomes, Mr. Buckley specifically accused the textbook writers of “egalitarianism.” I was pointing out that in the usual sense of that word they were nothing of the kind, and Mr. Buckley himself now admits it.

5. Does Mr. Buckley urge “that only those who will support his basic position should be allowed to teach . . . religion and economics at Yale”? He most emphatically does (though I find it comforting that he recoils from his own objective when it is

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bluntly stated). I quite agree that he wants to do this only with alumni support. But as I said in my review, in the sentence *immediately following* the one Mr. Buckley has quoted, he “goes on to argue that the alumni have a right and duty to enforce this view — unless they are themselves sympathetic to atheism and collectivism.” This is still the exact truth of his position, and I still say that it is “appalling effrontery.”

6. Does Mr. Buckley give any accurate statement of Yale’s position on academic freedom? He does not, and pages 173–181 of his book clearly demonstrate the point; they consist of less than a page from President Seymour, chopped up and misinterpreted in eight pages of pure and unadulterated Buckley.

7. Does Mr. Buckley ever “consider the opinion . . . that Yale is more religious than the rest of Protestant America”? He does not. The passages referred to specifically *refuse* to consider this point. This is not a mere technicality; no student of the place of religion at Yale can properly ignore the social context in which the University lives.

8. Do any of the ministers or chaplains at Yale agree with his analysis? They do not. Of course all of them may agree with parts of what he said — as I do myself. But not one can be found to support his method of analysis, his attack on Yale’s Administration as anti-religious, or his suggested solution. Furthermore, no agreement of this character was sought or reached at the meeting of February 21, and what Mr. Buckley read to that meeting differed in major respects from what he finally printed.

9. On one matter I am quite wrong. Mr. Buckley’s father is not sending copies of the book to all alumni, as reported, and I am sorry I passed on the report. With this single exception, however, I stand word for word on my original review.

Now let us consider the matter of Mr. Buckley’s Catholicism. Let me first repeat exactly what I said: “Mr. Buckley, who urges a return to what he considers to be Yale’s true religious tradition, at no point says one word of the fact that he himself is an ardent Roman Catholic [and he now shows us that he went to considerable lengths to insure concealment of this fact]. In view of the pronounced

and well-recognized difference between Protestant and Catholic views on education in America, and in view of Yale’s Protestant history, it seems strange for any Roman Catholic to undertake to define the Yale religious tradition . . . ; it is stranger still for Mr. Buckley to venture his prescription with no word or hint to show his special allegiance.”

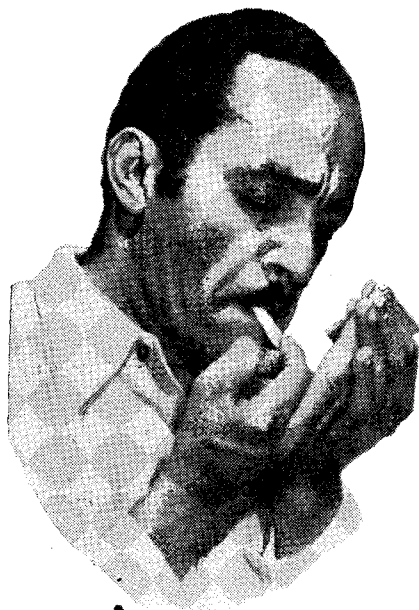
So my complaint was *not* that Mr. Buckley undertook to “understand, analyze, or appraise.” It was that he undertook to offer a *prescription*, pretending to speak for Yale’s true religious tradition. I still think this a very strange thing for a Catholic to do, and I cannot understand what concept of honesty would permit a man to hide so relevant a connection. Let me add, in fairness to other Catholics, that this book certainly does not represent any official Catholic position. In many places, indeed, and particularly in its economics, it is distinctly un-Catholic.

The rest of his outburst may be treated briefly. Mr. Buckley wholly misrepresents both my publisher and myself as to my view of Mr. Acheson. He terms “Fascist” an educational opinion held and expressed repeatedly by Americans like A. Lawrence Lowell, Charles W. Eliot, and Arthur T. Hadley, to speak only of the dead.

As for my words “pretended firsthand report on the opinions and attitudes of Yale’s teachers and textbooks,” I used them advisedly; Mr. Buckley’s book makes it plain that he has never read through the books he praises and condemns, and I learned on inquiry that he had never even tried to meet and talk with some of the teachers he attacked.

Finally, it may now be a matter of “consuming indifference” to Mr. Buckley whether certain recognized capitalists and conservatives share his position, but it was not so when he wrote his book, nor does he “so state” anywhere in it. The book and its introduction constantly pretend to a reasonable conservative position, buttressed by references to Hayek, Jewkes, Knight, Lippmann, Jefferson, Locke, and others. My review demonstrated the falsity of this pretense. So I will repeat my earlier conclusion that he is “a twisted and ignorant young man whose personal views of economics would have seemed reactionary to Mark Hanna.”





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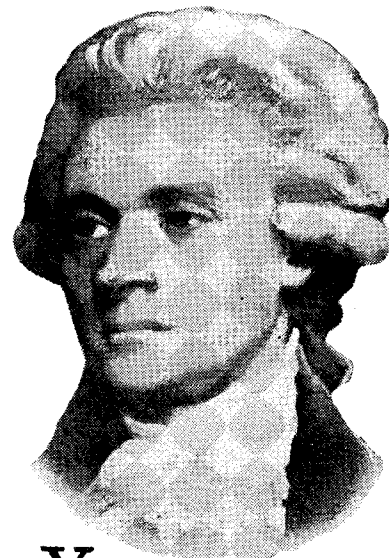
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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THE New York *Times*, which has just celebrated its 100th birthday, was built up to be the best newspaper not only in America but in the world in the short span of sixteen years. It was a decrepit and failing property when, in 1896, Adolph S. Ochs bought it for \$75,000. In the first year, Mr. Ochs made the innovations and defined the policy which has ever since been its guiding light; in a matter of months he had brought it back into active competition with its leading competitors, the *Tribune*, the *Herald*, and the *World*, and from that time until the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912, the *Times* was in the ascendant. Its coverage of the *Titanic* disaster made publishing history and shot it into a lead it has never relinquished. The two men chiefly responsible for this were Mr. Ochs and his incomparable Managing Editor, Carr Van Anda. How they worked together, how they set their standards and built up their staff, how they made the *Times* the most dependable newspaper of record in the world, has been well told by Meyer Berger in a volume which I hope will be nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in history, *The Story of the New York Times, 1851-1951* (Simon and Schuster, \$5.00).

In the light of its success it is amusing to recall what a hard time the *Times* had getting on its feet. Beginning in 1813 seven different proprietors struggled to establish in Manhattan a paper with this name at the masthead, and seven times they failed. The eighth to try was Henry Jarvis Raymond, a wiry, energetic, politically active editor who got his *Times* off to a solid start in 1851, a conservative penny paper in a two-cent market then dominated by Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, James Gordon Bennett's *Herald*, and James Watson Webb's *Courier and Enquirer*.

Long-lived periodicals have their ups and downs and the *Times*'s circulation had shrunk to 9000 copies when in August, 1896, Adolph S. Ochs be-

came its owner. There were then fifteen newspapers in the city, with Pulitzer's *World*, in its morning and evening editions, leading the field with a total circulation of 600,000. The *Times* was in last place, and no one could then have suspected that Ochs would live to see the day when all but the *Times* had died or been absorbed in mergers.

He was the son of a German immigrant, and his success story is better than anything out of Horatio Alger, because, as I remember, Alger's heroes did not perform their miracles with huge debts on both shoulders. "Mooley" Ochs, as he was called, quit school at fourteen to become a chore boy for the Knoxville *Chronicle*. He lived on a shoestring; he was tireless, he impressed people with his direct honesty, and he never backed down on a promise. By twenty he had risen from printer's devil to be the publisher and editor of the wobbly Chattanooga *Times*, then selling barely 250 copies a day. He needed loans, and big ones, to install new machinery and to build up the paper. But loans, however sizable, never fazed him or watered his judgment, either in the South or in the crucial days in New York when, after the building of the new Times Tower in 1905, he had to put up 51 per cent of the *Times* stock for a loan of \$300,000.

When he took control of the New York *Times*, he made certain small changes which were characteristic and lasting. He threw out the cheap backstair fiction; he made the format more readable, widening the space between the lines of type and using better newsprint and ink to obtain a sharper reproduction. He chose the slogan "All the News That's Fit to Print," and he added an illustrated half-tone Sunday supplement and a book review section. He had an inexhaustible curiosity about the unmapped areas of the world and the unknown in science. Over the years he built up the largest, most capable news-gathering staff in the country, and at its head was Carr Van Anda.

There never has been a Managing Editor to touch Van Anda, and the twenty-one years in which he set the tone and the pace of the *Times* is an epic story in itself. It was Van Anda who deduced from the first fragmentary wireless message the fact that the *Titanic* was not only in trouble but that she had sunk. Where other editors played it safe, awaiting confirmation from the White Star Line, he acted on cold reasoning. He immediately planned a round-up of the survivors' stories with sixteen reporters operating from a field office close to the *Carpentia's* dock. Years later when Van Anda was

America's Leading Critics

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ALLAN NEVINS in the N. Y. Times "These large volumes, which surely rank among the handsomest ever published in America, have a quality all their own . . . they hew out a new line, showing what a wealth of pictorial sources we have for the illumination of our American past, and how effectively they may be deployed by a man equally expert in art and in letters."

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LEWIS GANNETT in the N. Y. Herald Tribune "This, I think, is America as perhaps no single book has ever been America before. The heart of it is the 1,200 often amazing pictures, selected by Marshall Davidson of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The pictures, wherever possible, are contemporary; the text — a quarter million words of it — quotes from contemporary sources, and it is integrated with the pictures. The whole is inspired with an idea: the miracle of America, of its constant change, of its evolution in democracy . . . Life in America, in sum, is a magnificent book."

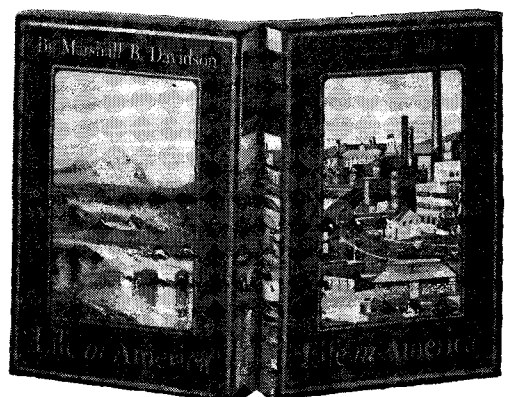
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visiting Lord Northcliffe, the London editor pulled open a desk drawer. In it lay the New York *Times* for April 19, 1912. "We keep this," he said, "as an example of the greatest accomplishment of news reporting."

It was Van Anda who in 1908 secured a blistering, belligerent interview with the Kaiser, and then had the sense of honor and good faith not to let it be published, for in those pre-Vishinsky days such flaming words might well have brought on war; it was Van Anda who refused to follow Roy Howard's premature Armistice story of November 7, 1918; Van Anda who monopolized the only two phones out of Plymouth, Vermont, the night Cal Coolidge took the oath.

The policies and traditions of the *Times* attracted the best: Garet Garrett, Wythe Williams, and Charles Grasty in the First World War; Hanson Baldwin, the ace military commentator, backed by an incomparable team of correspondents, in the Second. Alexander Woolcott and Brooks Atkinson on the theater, Waldemar Kaempffert and William L. Laurence in science, Arthur Krock and James B. Reston in Washington, John H. Finley, Lester Markel, and Charles Merz as editors, Simeon Strunsky and Anne O'Hare McCormick on the editorial page — these are a few of the many who poured their talents into the impersonal eminence of the *Times*. Other papers — the *Tribune*, for instance — have encouraged a more individual style. Hearst in his short hard-bitten paragraphing set a pattern that could be more easily read and more highly colored. The *Times*, on through the present regime of Arthur H. Sulzberger, President and Publisher, has maintained its sovereignty by a comprehension of detail, an unflurried judgment, and a style as quiet as it is authoritative. There can be wastage in such writing, and the *Times's* stories sometimes run to excessive length. There is also a tendency to be aloof, so that the picaresque or bizarre doings of New York are recounted in the same manner as a report of opinions handed down by the Supreme Court. But these are minor matters in an era of highly tempered and angled news.

Meyer Berger, one of the humblest and most distinguished members of the staff, has told the story as a great reporter would tell it — graphically, self-effacingly, and with a warmhearted enthusiasm for the great undertaking which soon kindles the reader's sympathy. His book is a masterly achievement in thoroughness, authority, and readability. It makes me live again in the high points of the half century; it makes me feel the spell, the excitement, and the hardheaded pursuit of truth which is journalism at its best.

A century of books

The Literary Supplement of the New York *Times* has been the Bible of the book trade for as long as I can remember. To celebrate their part in the Cen-

tennial, the literary editors have gone back to their files to reprint with contemporary illustrations the *Times* reviews of the most famous books of the past century, more than one hundred volumes, as they were judged in their first flush of publication. What strikes me at once is the justness, the permanent common sense of the *Times's* attitude toward these books that made history. To us, of course, these novelists like Joyce and Proust, these men of ideas like Darwin and Marx, these poets like Whitman, Kipling, Amy Lowell, are known quantities — labeled and in place. We read with hindsight what these critics were writing with foresight, and the result is to me a competitive and fascinating commentary on modern literature well worth the 25 cents the *Times* will charge you if you ask for a copy.

Here, for instance, is Joseph Collins, with his two superb reviews of *Ulysses* and *Swann's Way*, both published in 1922; brand-new experimental interpretations of a way of writing utterly strange to most of us then, however familiar it may have become since. Collins had what seems to me the essential qualities for a first-class reviewer: a fresh, open, sensuous, associative mind; taste, sympathy, and a good sense of proportion. *Ulysses* he rates as "the most important contribution that has been made to fictional literature in the Twentieth Century." It took courage to say so and he was right.

The appraisals of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, of E. M. Forster's *Passage to India*, and of *Mein Kampf* seem to me equally laudable. Naturally you would expect good things when Brander Matthews in 1919 gives you his opinion of Henry Mencken's *The American Language*, or when Mencken gives you his of Dreiser's novel, *The Financier*. But most of these come from anonymous pens.

The most spectacular misses occur in the fields of political economy, morality, and poetry. *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* by John Maynard Keynes is dismissed as an "acrimonious party pamphlet," and *Das Kapital* as resulting from an excess of spleen. Dickens is praised for his "acceptance in a cheerful spirit of things as they are"; Zola is solemnly told that his novel, *Les Rougon-Macquarts*, "may become an agency of immorality without being immoral itself"; Thomas Mann that he isn't in a class with Galsworthy, and Taine that he is "specious and fanciful." Carl Sandburg and Amy Lowell ("her whole book is of the veritable stuff of dreams") are praised to the skies, while Baudelaire, Yeats, and T. S. Eliot are scanted. The philosophers fare the best: Bergson, William James, Spengler, Nietzsche, and John Dewey are well described and accurately weighed.

On the evidence, these reviewers are writing for a public that has grown in sophistication. There is an increasing use of descriptive shorthand, an increasing awareness of clichés, more terseness and more directness. These of course are picked reviews of major books; and as you mull them over,

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you are reminded of the flaws in contemporary reviewing: the tendency to turn the review into a news story, or if it be of a novel, the temptation to skeletonize the plot; the tendency of young reviewers to be cleverly disparaging of older writers, and, most incredible of all, a kind of guarded deference when a big book appears that really needs to be scorched. The best critics on the *Times* were never deferential.

A town under water

The Fortune Tellers (Lippincott, \$3.75) is **Berry Fleming's** most serious and most skillful novel of the South. It is the story of what the flooding waters of the Savannah River did to the little town of Fredericksville, Georgia; it is the romance of Cleveland Barfield, the town's self-made industrialist and a widower, who has become infatuated with Hannah Winans, the young wife of the engineer who comes to the rescue of the Levee; it is a revelation of "Southern Justice" to an inquisitive Yankee reporter who has come down on the scent of a scandal and who wises up as he watches the emergency; it is a study of the Southern temperament under stress and strongly individualized in such people as "Miss Alice" Macartan, the town's editor; Malcolm Trafford, the aristocrat; and Walter Clewis, the amorous scribe.

Barfield is the central character — strong, well-rounded, very appealing in the loneliness which has led him into his October romance, very human in the anger which he feels toward Hannah's husband and toward Vitner, the prying Yankee with his "tenderer-than-thou" philosophy. The attraction between the lovers is beautifully realized in the snatched-at moments and the half-spoken promises they share in private. But their world is broken into by the flood; Barfield against his will is made head of the Emergency Committee and finds himself working hand in hand with Winans, whose engineering may save the town.

It is a long novel and purposefully so, for Mr. Fleming must first show us the leaks in the dike, the casualness of the citizens, the honeyed accents of the Mayor as he broadcasts complacency, and the brief letup in the rain when momentarily the river falls — all of which contribute to the vulnerability of the community. Barfield, the hero, is a daydreamer and the author uses this fact as an excuse for some transitions which seem to me confusing. Barfield is also dreadfully haunted by the scandal which has attracted the roving reporter, but I confess that I am more mystified than scandalized by this family skeleton: I am never quite sure what all the shooting is about. These little puzzlements are forgotten, however, as the story moves into high gear and as we see the really frightened community rally in its self-defense. That is strong, exciting narration with a lesson in it for us all.

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THE PRESIDENT'S LADY by **Irving Stone**. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) The lady in Mr. Stone's "biographical novel" is Rachel, wife of Andrew Jackson, and theirs is a story of passionate love and melodrama which ranges from log cabin to White House.

JOHN C. CALHOUN: SECTIONALIST, 1840-1850 by **Charles M. Wiltse**. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$6.00.) This is the third and concluding volume of a monumental biography, a work in which great scholarship is leavened with color and vitality.

THE UPROOTED by **Oscar Handlin**. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00.) A moving and highly readable account of what the great immigration to this country meant to the millions of men and women thus transplanted. Mr. Handlin has made an entirely different approach to this basic part of American history, and *The Uprooted* not only illuminates the experience of the newcomers, but also brings into focus the whole picture of strangers in a strange land.

The Well-Tempered Traveller

THE FACE OF SPAIN by **Gerald Brenan**. (Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3.75.) Mr. Brenan — a real connoisseur of Spain, its landscape, its culture, and its people — has turned in a thoughtful, vivid, superbly written account of his recent travels through the country and of life under the Franco regime.

DENMARK IS A LOVELY LAND by **Hudson Strode**. (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.75.) Here is the Danish story — the pleasures of Copenhagen and the famed coöperatives; moated castles; smørrebrød; and Jensen silver. An all-round picture of one of the world's best-ordered and most cheerful democracies.

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The Light Touch

THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER by **Angela Thirkell**. (Knopf, \$3.50.) Austerity cannot wither nor Socialism stale the ways of Bassetshire, with its dizzy domestics and high-spirited gentry. This latest bulletin records Sir Cecil Waring's courtship of the Duke's daughter, which ends, happily, in a hospital.

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A Christmas Check List of Good

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CHARLES J. ROLO



A CENTURY and three quarters after the death of Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, there are still familiar testimonials to the lustrous *bon ton* implicit in his name — a sofa; an overcoat with concealed buttons and a velvet collar; and one of America's most popular cigarettes. But Lord Chesterfield's immortality rests, more securely, on a collection of letters: the premier textbook on an art which passionately interests a large slice of mankind — the art of worldly success.

Though written in eighteenth-century England and aromatic of their age, Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son* have proved themselves adaptable to other places and other times. They have never been out of print; and they have been best-sellers in just about every major language, including Japanese. Their uniqueness — aside from their extraordinary artistic grace — lies in the fact that, not being intended for publication, they are completely free from the manifold hypocrisies in which the pursuit of success and the philosophy behind it are usually cloaked. The how-to-get-along-in-the-world manuals of a Dale Carnegie and his confreres — the middle-class Chesterfields of a society which frankly admires the go-getter — do not remotely match up to the devastating candor of the Chesterfield *Letters*.

A biography of the noble Earl by **Dr. Samuel Shellabarger**, well known for his historical novels, appeared, almost imperceptibly, in the mid-thirties, when the literary climate was foggy with Marxism; and it has been wisely rescued from premature burial. *Lord Chesterfield and His World* (Little, Brown, \$5.00) is a richly documented study of a fascinating man; of the *beau monde* of his time; and of the philosophy of worldly rationalism which, *en négligé*, goes by the name of common sense. The book is climaxed by a tragi-farcical drama, both poignant and instructive: the story of Chesterfield's illegitimate son, who from infancy was educated, with meticulous planning and tyrannical love, to play a great role in public life and the world of fashion — and emerged a lubberly mediocrity.

Lord Chesterfield's own career, though it did not quite fulfill his ambitions, brevets him a master of the art he expounds in his *Letters*. At twenty-one he was a Member of Parliament and at thirty-four Ambassador to Holland, where he acquitted himself with distinction. He rose to be Leader of the Op-

position, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and finally Secretary of State. In spite of an ungainly physique, he cut a dazzling figure as a dandy, wit, and *grand seigneur*. His contemporaries accounted him a man of sagacity, and perhaps the most eminent orator in Parliament. He was friendly with many of the leading spirits of his day — among them Pope, Voltaire, and Montesquieu — and his name had an enviable *cachet* in the leading salons of Paris. He died greatly esteemed.

Dr. Shellabarger keeps in the foreground the intimate connection between Chesterfield's conduct and teaching, and the rationalism of his time. While not a rationalist himself, Shellabarger appreciates the fine fruits of the Age of Reason almost as keenly as he deplors its confining cynicism. His book is at times repetitious; occasionally it strikes a sententious note; and I found myself wincing at the profligate use of exclamation marks. But this is marginal. Dr. Shellabarger's biography is an enjoyable and illuminating picture of a life whose impresario was worldly ambition.

Forward to "Overlord"

The fifth volume of **Winston Churchill's** history of the war, *Closing the Ring* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00), extends from the invasion of Sicily to D Day; like its predecessors, it is a majestic triumph of order imposed on chaos — the most enthralling non-fiction reading of the year. Each volume brings home to me, with a fresh sense of revelation, the stunning assemblage of qualities which make Churchill, as Isaiah Berlin said in his memorable *Atlantic* portrait, "the largest human being of our time."

Churchill's heroic attributes — his dynamic powers of leadership, which so impressed themselves upon us during the war years — have to some extent obscured other qualities of his which are often lacking in great men. His war memoirs have shown him to be singularly free from any sort of pettiness or meanness; free, also, from the facile optimism and vanity which caused Roosevelt to overestimate his ability to manipulate men and the future of nations. Churchill's account of differences within the Allied coalition, while nothing if not forthright, is without a trace of rancor or sourness. He displays a rare capacity for getting along with *and* enjoying men of radically different temperament and ideas (so long as they are not defeatists); a rare capacity for seeing a rival point of view with understanding (it is characteristic, for instance, that when writing about MacArthur's wish to give the Pacific priority, Churchill should include the words "not unnaturally"). He is unfailingly generous about assigning credit to others. And in this latest volume he vigorously rebuts a legend about his ideas for the conquest of Europe, which, in the light of Russia's post-war behavior, has been cited entirely to his advantage. *Closing the Ring* contains a reiterated

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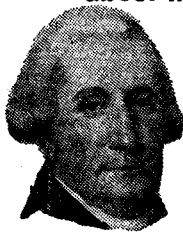
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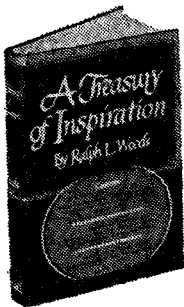
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disclaimer that Churchill pressed for an invasion of the Balkans in preference to "Overlord," the trans-Channel invasion.

What Churchill did press for, without varying "an inch in a year," was (1) a campaign to occupy Rhodes and the other islands of the Dodecanese, which he hoped would bring Turkey into the war; (2) more intensive efforts to stimulate guerrilla activity in the Balkans "by agents, supplies and Commandos." The argument over Rhodes, he says, was "the most acute difference I ever had with General Eisenhower." In preference to the landing in the South of France, Churchill favored a right-handed movement from the north of Italy toward Vienna — an idea which was first suggested by President Roosevelt but was opposed by the U.S. military leaders. Churchill's intent, in sum, was not to dodge the direct blow at Germany, but to strain every nerve to mount subsidiary operations in Germany's rear. Even this limited intervention in Eastern Europe might have substantially improved the post-war situation.

Closing the Ring brings us Churchill's account of the Quebec, Cairo, and Teheran Conferences; the Allied switch from Mikhailovitch to Tito; the beginnings of civil war among the Greeks; and the dramatic preparations for Overlord. Whatever the matter in hand, Churchill gives his humor right of way, as when he is advising the King of a long-delayed answer from Stalin: "I have heard from the Great Bear, and we are on speaking, or at least growling, terms again."

Of the many human interest details that leaven Churchill's narrative, there is one that leaves a delectable picture. During the Cairo Conference, Roosevelt gave a big Thanksgiving dinner, and after it a gramophone played dance music. Churchill's daughter, Sarah, was the only woman present, and she had her work cut out — so, Churchill relates, "I danced with 'Pa' Watson."

The Hoover Story

The first volume of *The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: 1874-1920* (Macmillan, \$4.00) unfolds a classic Horatio Alger story. Orphaned at an early age, Hoover was brought up by Quaker relatives, who inculcated in him a deep respect for education, thrift, and individual enterprise. He worked his way through college and

emerged with a capital of \$40. Two years later, he was hired by a British mining firm, which wanted an American, skilled in gold-mining, for a post in Australia; and soon he was earning \$20,000 a year. At twenty-eight, he became a partner in the firm; at thirty-four, he had a free-lance engineering business of his own, with offices in New York, San Francisco, London, and subsequently Petrograd and Paris. In the course of his fabulously successful career as a mining engineer, he worked in Australia, Burma, Canada, Chile, China (where he witnessed the Boxer rebellion), Mongolia, Mexico, New Zealand, Russia, and Siberia. He was responsible for the development of enormous mineral resources in many of these places, and he earned a considerable fortune.

This first section is the best part of the book. But it leaves a rich lode of adventurous experience sketchily exploited. Personal adventure and the way men live in remote, strange places interest Mr. Hoover less than the prosy business of recording the success of his enterprises. The tone of his *Memoirs*, especially after his mining career has closed, is pretty dry, stilted and without humor. The second and third sections tell the story of *Belgian Relief* and of the United States Food Administration in the First World War; the last two deal with post-war European relief and the peacemaking.

Mr. Hoover's handling of food relief has received such resounding recognition that it seems unnecessary for him to accent his achievements so insistently. Self-congratulation and self-righteousness are distressingly obtrusive throughout the book, particularly in the chapters on peacemaking, which drearily reiterate the fuzzy clichés about Europe's illimitable wickedness, and stand pat by the most archaic isolationism.

On the surface, there appear to be several paradoxes in Hoover's career. It is remarkable that anyone could have seen so much of the world and yet have remained so parochial in his outlook. It is rather surprising that the engineering "doctor" who found his deepest satisfaction in turning sick concerns into profit-makers — in demonstrating to the world American know-how — should later have been so consistently defeatist about combating the world's political infections (except for preventing starvation). It is puzzling that the humanitarian

who worked so strenuously to get food to the hungry in Europe should view the Europeans with such striking incomprehension and dislike. In this connection, Rebecca West once wittily remarked: "We have been bitten by the hand that fed us."

Hoover's *Memoirs* suggest an answer to these contradictions. He seems to be one of those people whose attitude towards life is fully formed, and assumes inflexible contours, before they reach manhood. The apparent paradoxes in his career stem from, and indeed his whole career bears witness to, an undeviating adherence to the ideals, strong prejudices, and simple, black-and-white moral outlook of his youth.

How right was MacArthur?

The General and the President (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.75) by **Richard H. Rovere** and **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.**, is a cool, down-to-the-record book about a white-hot, up-in-the-headlines subject — General MacArthur, the Korean War, and China Policy. Messrs. Rovere and Schlesinger start off with the premise that MacArthur is human and therefore not infallible; and even *that*, these days, is a highly controversial point. When MacArthur made his address before the Joint Meeting of Congress, Representative Dewey Short paid him this tribute in the *Congressional Record*: "We saw a great hunk of God in the flesh, the voice of God." What the Rovere-Schlesinger book offers us is a great hunk of facts and the voice of reason, with witty writing thrown in as a bonus. The authors set forth a meticulously documented account of the General's career, especially its latest phase; and they attempt, as they go along, to evaluate his achievements and his errors, his qualities and his failings.

When a section of the book appeared in *Harper's*, the authors were inevitably denounced by zealots as a pair of scurvy pro-Communists. They are, in point of fact, a pair of militant anti-Communists. Mr. Rovere writes the "Washington Letter" in *The New Yorker* and he was for a time the book critic of *Harper's*. Mr. Schlesinger, whose *Age of Jackson* won a Pulitzer Prize, is Associate Professor of History at Harvard. The two of them make a richly endowed partnership, out of which has come an important contribution to the MacArthur controversy. The net result might be roughly summed up by say-

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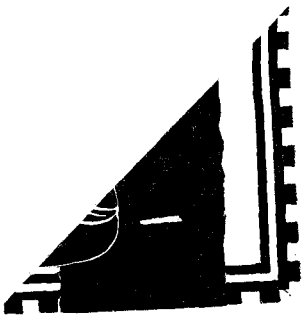
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WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS by John U. Nef, is "one of the most truly important books to appear in recent years."—J. DONALD ADAMS, N. Y. Times \$6.50



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ing that the legend of MacArthur's military infallibility and superior wisdom about the Far East emerges badly tattered. It would take several pages to cite even the major entries on the credit and debit sides of the ledger. Here are just a few of the book's noteworthy contentions:—

1. Almost the only American official who was alarmed about Korea long before the invasion was Dean Acheson, who in 1948 testified that the Republic would be a push-over unless it received stronger American support, and who unsuccessfully pressed Congress to increase American aid. 2. MacArthur's Intelligence discounted a report that the North Koreans would attack in June; he was as much surprised by the invasion as anyone else. 3. MacArthur was asked whether he recommended the use of U.S. ground troops in Korea, and it was on his advice that Truman made the commitment. 4. Two weeks after warning the UN that the Chinese Army, if it joined the Korean war, threatened "the destruction of my command," MacArthur launched an offensive that led straight into a trap prepared by the Chinese. 5. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, contrary to MacArthur's assertion, were vehemently opposed to his plan for bombing China and using Chiang's troops, which would have involved a large-scale war with China and left us vulnerable in Europe.

In view of the role played in the MacArthur controversy by the charge that our present troubles in the Far East were caused by past appeasement of Chinese Communism, the following item, not familiar to many people, is perhaps the most arresting point in *The General and the President*: on December 7, 1945, the State Department received a proposal that U.S. aid to China "be made available as a basis for negotiation by the American Ambassador to bring together and effect a compromise between the major opposing groups [the Communists and Chiang] in order to promote a limited democratic China." The author of this was General MacArthur.

"The Acquitted"

While I was in Sweden last summer, I heard it said that the likeliest candidate for the next Nobel Prize in Literature was *Pär Lagerkvist*, who in last year's balloting ran second to William Faulkner. Of Europe's major literary figures, Lagerkvist, a sixty-year-old



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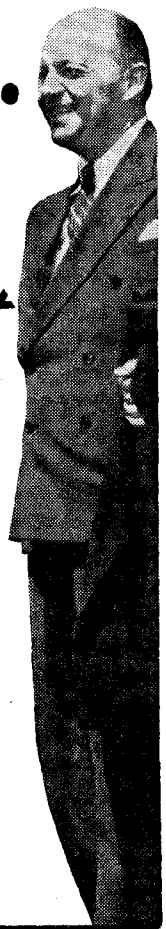
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Swede, is probably the least known to Americans. Until recently, only one book of his, *The Dwarf* (1945), had been published in this country. Now he is represented by a short novel, *Barabbas* (Random House, \$3.00), and it is, by contemporary standards, a small masterpiece.

In a prose style that is swift, sparing, limpid, and hauntingly intense in its effects — a style whose energy and beauty the translator, Alan Blair, has magnificently preserved — Lagerkvist evokes the early Christian era with a selective realism more telling than any ponderously detailed reconstruction of the past. Every image sustains the feeling, "That is the way things were"; every movement in the story has an unerring rightness. The narrative unfolds the spiritual drama of a skeptic confronted with Christ's challenge and it does so in terms peculiarly suggestive to the modern mind. Lagerkvist's *Barabbas* — brutal, solitary, incapable of belief yet haunted by the image of the rabbi who chose to die in his place — is a powerful symbol of the loveless being, imprisoned in selfhood, who can be strongly stirred only by hate and is tormented by an unconscious need for love.

Born of a mother who hated his father, never having known father or mother, *Barabbas* grew up among bandits and learned to live by the law of the jungle. After witnessing the Crucifixion, he returns to his old companions; but he is unable to forget, in drink and love-making, the strange light around the dying man. He questions "those crazy fanatics" about their Master and his teaching, and the things they speak of make no sense to him; the doctrine, "Love One Another," fills him with incomprehension and disgust. Still, when the hare-lipped girl he once ill-used is stoned to death for being a Christian, *Barabbas* surreptitiously knifes the man who casts the first stone.

Many years later, when *Barabbas* is a slave in Rome, he hears the false cry that the Christians are burning the city. Unable to believe in a Son of God who preaches love, he now exultantly believes that the Son of God has returned to annihilate the odious world. In jail, awaiting crucifixion, *Barabbas* listens impassively as one of the true Christians explains his mistake. On the cross, speaking out into the darkness, "as though he were speaking to the darkness," he says: "To Thee I deliver up my soul." We

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do not know whether he dies believing or still wanting to believe.

They all stayed to dinner

A well-worn but still serviceable formula for a novel is to assemble a group of people in a confined space — a ship, say, or a sanatorium, or a hotel — and set them to work on each other in such a way as to achieve one or more of the following objectives: create dramatic action; reveal the inner springs of character; formulate some generalization about life. John O'Hara uses the assembling part of the formula in his new novel-ette, *The Farmers Hotel* (Random House, \$2.00), but he follows through with little more than a batch of character sketches and a transcript of an evening's talk. Most of the character sketches are first-rate as far as they go; and the talk, as always in O'Hara, is recorded with a wonderfully sensitive ear, which delights the reader with such inspired nuances as "gazzoline." There are, however, a few bits of dialogue between two lovers — "Am I your final love?" she said. "My final love," he said" — which seem to have strayed in, highly inappropriately, from the most recent novel by a writer whom O'Hara has called "the outstanding author since Shakespeare."

A flash blizzard lands O'Hara's people in a hotel which is just opening for business, Ira Studebaker's Farmers Hotel at Rockbottom, Pa., a village some distance from the main highways. The first arrivals are a man and woman in expensive riding clothes, whose station wagon had developed engine trouble, and who turn out to be an adulterous couple with a rather subtle problem on their hands: the woman's husband doesn't much mind the affair *per se*, but he is liable to raise all kinds of hell if she fails to save appearances by lodging at a friend's house that night. The upper-class Mrs. Paul and Mr. Pomphret are followed by two strip-teasers, Paulette and Conchita, and their manager, who are on their way to perform at an American Legion Smoker in Reading. A belligerent truck-driver, Joe Rogg, a Negro bartender with a picturesque army history, and a couple of others complete the cast.

The bad weather decides everyone to stay for dinner, and later an entertainment is staged. Joe Rogg, now pretty drunk, makes a cave-man pass at Conchita, and, after an unpleasant

scene, is forced to leave. Shortly afterward, the other visitors take off. The tragedy that follows seems not so much the conclusion of a story as a fortuitous postscript to a sentence-by-sentence, drink-by-drink report of an evening's proceedings. *The Farmers Hotel* is a crisply written, pleasantly readable, and studiously pointless piece of fiction, which betrays the belief that a novelist's function is to emulate a camera wired for sound.

Potpourri

LIFE IN AMERICA by *Marshall B. Davidson*. Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols. \$20.00.

These two extremely handsome volumes, published in association with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, are an exciting venture into a new kind of graphic history, in which pictures and text are equal partners in an alliance. 250,000 words and 1200 illustrations — photographs, drawings, cartoons, reproductions of paintings, water colors, and lithographs — simultaneously tell and depict how Americans have lived since Columbus discovered the continent. This is a social history, concerned with folkways, culture, manners, and only incidentally with politics. It is organized into such divisions as "East Goes West," "Industrial America," "America at Leisure," "The Urban World"; and subdivisions such as "California Gold Rush" or "The Rise of Sports." The illustrations have been imaginatively chosen and they are encyclopedic in range — Football at Yale, 1807; the beginnings of the Mail Order Business at Montgomery Ward, 1878; Registering for the Draft, 1917; the St. Valentine Day Massacre, 1929.

A BREEZE OF MORNING by *Charles Morgan*. Macmillan, \$3.50.

The author of *The Fountain* and *Spark-enbroke* again concerns himself with love of the more exalted sort, though readers of coarser grain than Mr. Morgan may be tempted to dismiss the proceedings as much ado about a pre-adolescent crush. Writing forty years after the events in the story, the narrator nostalgically describes the months when, as a thirteen-year-old schoolboy cramming for a scholarship, he fell in love with the Squire's daughter, Rose, a bewitching creature of nineteen who nearly ran off with his sister's fiancé. It is Mr. Morgan's intent, among other things, to show us a boy's glowing discovery of the world of poetry, learning, and love. But the problems of confecting Latin verse, and the drudgery of swotting for an examination, form a somewhat incongruous counterpoint to a romantic theme. The author's prose, as always, is elegant and chaste; but his novel steers a

faltering course between the ludicrous and sublime.

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN by James T. Farrell. Vanguard, \$2.75.

The latest novel by the author of *Studs Lonigan* is probably the most dismal work of the year turned in by any serious fiction writer of established reputation. Farrell's tale focuses on the sustained disharmony between a nagging, hysterical 53-year-old wife and her gentle, tired-out, 63-year-old husband, a dispatcher in the Express Company. Whatever pathos may exist in the situation is pretty much erased by the story's unrelieved dreariness and insistent bad taste. The climax, in which Peg Callahan goes batty and kills her husband with a kitchen knife, aroused in this reader the feelings which a humane adult might experience when a fly or grasshopper, which has been tortured by nasty children, is finally squashed into unconsciousness.

THE HOUR by Bernard DeVoto. Houghton Mifflin, \$1.75.

"The hour" is the interlude before the evening meal when toil-stained sinners partake of the benison of spiritous liquor. DeVoto hymns the praises of fine whiskey; celebrates the marriage of good gin and dry vermouth; and lays down simple commandments which will arm the tippler against heresy and preserve him from the demon, Rum. With the whips and scorpions of a martial prose style, our prophet chastises the infidels who play around with grenadine, fancy liqueurs, and like abominations; and dreadful is his wrath when he visits those abodes where the apparatus of tipping is leeringly bedizened with girly-stuff and whimsey. *The Hour* should become a devotional manual among those who decently seek uplift through the power of the bottle.

THE AMERICAN OXFORD ATLAS edited by Brigadier Sir Clinton Lewis and Col. J. D. Campbell. Oxford University Press, \$10.

This new world atlas is far and away the best of its kind I've encountered. A project of Oxford University, it employs new map-making techniques developed during the war and is specially designed for American users. The maps are large, and a newly invented projection enables land masses to be shown at twice the size possible before on the same-sized page. There are 120 pages of maps—including a series showing climate, vegetation, geographic structure, population, and land use—and a Gazetteer with 60,000 entries. Among the recent details incorporated are information drawn from Russian war maps; new geographic knowledge about Korea; new canals and pipelines; and latest census figures. The volume has been splendidly produced on heavy paper—the boundary lines are clear, the type legible, and the colors sharp.

The General and the President

—and the Future of American Foreign Policy

by RICHARD H. ROVERE and ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

In this brilliant collaboration you'll find an objective—but by no means neutral—report on MacArthur, his past, his second coming, and a forecast of drama to come.

Cartoons by HERBLOCK \$3.75

The novel of a curious marriage and of a husband seeking to recapture the evil moments of his youth. It's a haunting story, filled with the vivid characters who give Paris charm, mystery, and not a little danger. By the author of *Meg* and *The Double Door*. \$3.00

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in the flesh and in the psyche, and he tells us, without moral indignation and without despair, that that is the way homo sapiens is . . . His work may often have a harsh flavor but it is refreshingly adult and virile."—CHARLES ROLO, *The Atlantic* \$3.50

Winner of the Ernest Hemingway Award, this young Italian novelist has written a story of lusts and violence—of the harsh southwind that whips the Sicilian streets clean and the nerves of men raw. A novel of primitive directness, informed with wild beauty. \$2.75

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by ALEC WAUGH

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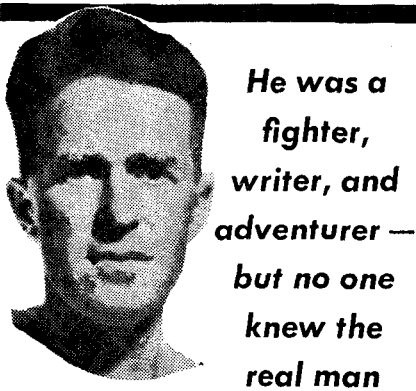
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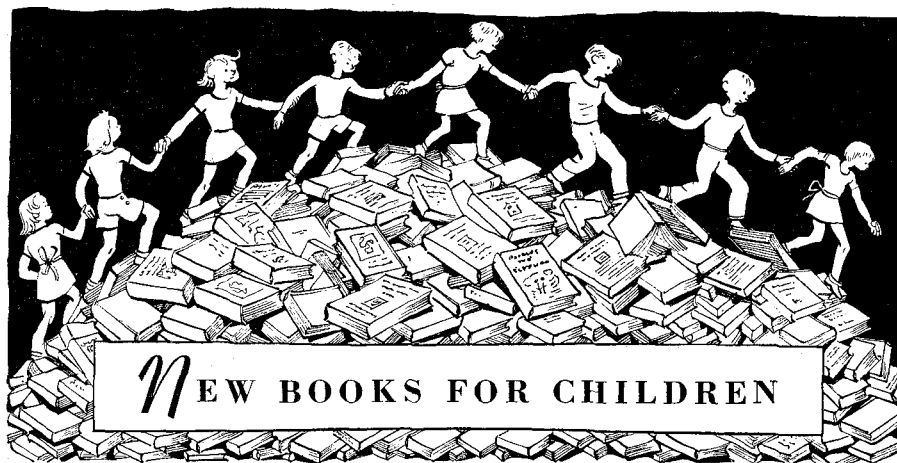
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NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

by **MARGARET FORD KIERAN**

MARGARET FORD KIERAN was *Children's Page Editor of the Boston Herald* for twenty-three years. She is the author of a juvenile entitled *David and the Magic Powder*.

WHEN I was editing the *Children's Page* for the *Boston Herald* I was constantly surprised to find that many of two million or more young readers I'd accumulated over the years had to be coaxed to read fiction. This was a shock to me because my youth had been spent in a day-dreamy way, going over *The Green Fairy Book*, *The Yellow Fairy Book*, the "Oz" books, and even what I thought was that rather silly grown-ups' story called *Alice in Wonderland*.

At the Library the lady who sat on a platform and stamped my worn card was most understanding. "You'll like this," she would say, "there's not a bit of truth in it. *It's all make-believe.*"

The years go by and today small boys with eyeglasses can scarcely be lured away from books on A-bombs, books on mineral collections, and books on the breeding of hamsters. Small girls are equally engrossed in books that tell what Girl Scout founder Juliette Low was really like, how Florence Nightingale started her career of nursing, and what subjects they might have to take in order to become dietitians.

To say that a book is for a ten-year-old or a twelve-year-old or a sixteen-year-old is a tricky business and something that I do reluctantly. You see, by a curious sociological phenomenon every parent has a child who is just a bit brighter than the average. *Every* parent, mind you.

So, when I point out that such and such would be suitable for a twelve-year-old, I realize fully that the twelve-year-old for whom *you* are buying it is way above the average.

My only suggestion is, then, that you will remember this and will get a book your child will have to strive to understand rather than one he dismisses haughtily as "kid stuff."

In the harvest of fall books over a hundred of which the postman, now round-shouldered from their weight, has delivered to my door, there is one that handles the fact-versus-fiction element charmingly. It was done by **Lois Lenski** and she calls it *Prairie School* (Lippincott, \$2.75) because that is what it is about.

The school in South Dakota she writes of is now deserted, and cold winds will whistle through its walls this winter. As late as 1950, though, it was used, and it was then that Miss Lenski visited it by jeep through blinding snow. The year before that she had received a letter from the teacher which convinced her this story should be told. "Since the severe blizzard the first week in January," the letter said, "the children have had to walk as much as two or three miles because no horse, car, or truck can get through the drifts. Today it is twenty-five below."

For people who live in cities or even in country towns where the school bus promptly picks up mitted youngsters by their mailboxes, it is hard to imagine the almost Abe Lincoln primitiveness in this saga of contemporary education. The book gave me a thrill and I am inclined to think it might be a good thing to have around the house for those under-twelves who have to be bribed with television to do their homework and threatened with its withdrawal if they don't get a hustle on, school mornings. When they ask, "Did those kids really get frostbitten trying to make a geography class on time?" you can look them steadily in the eye and answer, "Yes. And it

happened in the United States last year. And it's just as true as an A-bomb."

FOR THE TEEN-AGE BOY

The blizzard reminds me of another new book I liked, *Everyday Weather and How It Works* by **Herman Schneider** (Whittlesey House, \$2.75). This will hold a position analogous to that of the toy locomotive at Christmas, I imagine. The boy for whom it is purchased will be lucky to get a peek over the shoulder once Father becomes enamored of the experiments showing why land heats faster than water or why a dip in the ocean is warmer by night than by day. And as for the chapter on "Building Your Own Weather Station," the makers of newspaper maps on this subject had better look to their laurels.

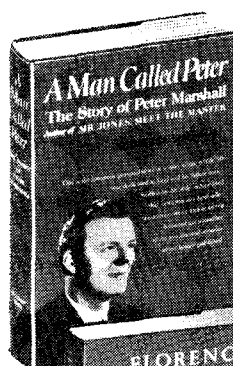
I have only one slight misgiving that tempers my enthusiasm for this book. I cower at the thought of Mother's expression when Junior assembles the materials needed for the homemade weather station. Ready? They are (and of course the kitchen table at meal preparation time is the only logical assembling place) an empty milk carton, a sewing needle, a broom straw, Scotch tape, a bit of nail polish or glue, a human hair at least nine inches long, four pins or thumbtacks, a sharp razor blade, a blank card, a paper clip, and a penny. Maybe, from now on, cook's day out will be known as National Weather Station Assembly Day. But the book is really top-notch and a great help to anyone who is planning a picnic, say.

So is another I will tell you about, once I explain how I solved the task of selecting certain books which seemed more compelling than others. Since, as I said, I looked at well over a hundred, it became apparent early in the postman's visits that the job was too much for one person. So I engaged as helper a young man pushing thirteen who was living near me in Nantucket. It was understood that mine was to be the final word—that his talents would be pressed into service for only first, flash reactions. He nodded his understanding and, with great delicacy I thought, avoided any mention of remuneration, confining his remarks along this line, instead, to a simple "Boy, is this a honey of a book! Boy, if I had \$2.50 I'd sure buy *this* one."

I required no more prodding than

For CHRISTMAS

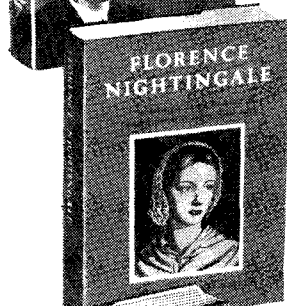
New Books to Read—Good Books to Give



A Man Called Peter

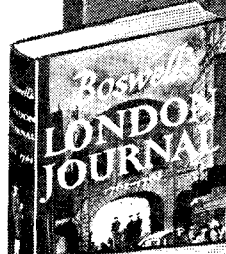
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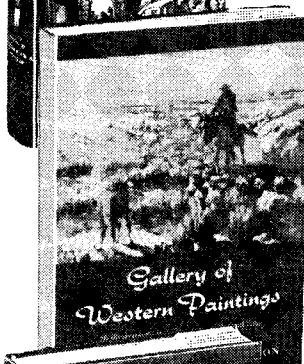
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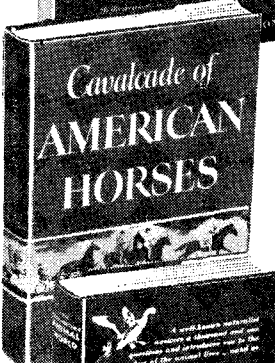
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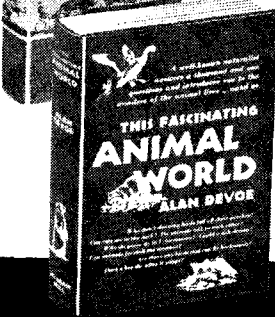
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that to make a straightforward arrangement with him which resulted in an extremely pleasant labor-management relationship. Indeed my respect for his judgment grew so rapidly that I found myself quite set up when we agreed on the merits of a book.

Animal Tools by George F. Mason (Morrow, \$2.00), for instance, drew a long whistle from Ronnie, my apprentice, and I liked it, too. "It's the nuts," he said. "Look, it shows the way frogs' goggles start from the lower part of their eyes and it shows how the light comes from a firefly's stomach." It did indeed. It also had some pretty graphic descriptions and illustrations of how birds' bills determine their eating habits, what mechanism is responsible for a mosquito's maddening hum, and just how important a tail is to a monkey or a gopher or an opossum.

FOR TEN AND UNDER

Ronnie liked that book much better than *A Ranch for Danny* by Clyde Robert Bulla (Crowell, \$2.50), and I could understand why, because the ranch story *was* rather youngish. But it is a good tale of two little boys who visited their Uncle Mack's ranch wa-a-a-y out West. It has everything idolators of Hopalong Cassidy hold sacred: a pony that does tricks, a calf-roping sequence, and (but naturally) the news at the end of the book that Danny doesn't have to go back to that old city after all. Daddy just buys the whole durned ranch.

Perhaps I was attracted to *A Child's Book of Sewing* by Jane Chapman (Greenberg, \$2.50) because I am constantly running into young women fresh out of college who are frantically enrolling in courses given by the Singer Sewing Machine people. With life so short it does seem that some of these skills could have been acquired in earlier years, and certainly this book is a pointer that marks the way. Large, clear diagrams and explicit text will show any little girl how to make a book-mark, a sewing kit, a beanbag, or a belt—and most important of all, perhaps, how to sew on buttons properly.

But Ronnie tossed this book aside contemptuously and he showed only little more respect for *Steamboat South* by Madye Lee Chastain (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), which I enjoyed very much. The steamboat

that is going South carries little Amy Travis who, way back when there was increasing talk of war between the states, went all by herself from Ohio to Texas. Ordinarily you would not think a simple steamboat trip could pack in so much flavorsome action, but perhaps books like *Steamboat South* have prepared us to expect entertaining reading when the setting is the Mississippi of long ago.

The story moves along with better characterizations than have most juveniles and with a thread of quiet humor that Amy, a rather sweetly precocious youngster, distills. There is an air of unhurried elegance in the tale, and I think little girls will enjoy *Steamboat South* and feel greatly relieved when Amy finds a home at last.



ANIMAL STORIES FOR TEEN-AGERS

What my apprentice liked about *Luck of the Irish* by Ruth Adams Knight (Doubleday, \$2.50) I liked, too. First of all, it's a good dog story with authentic details pertaining to dog training, obedience tests, show grooming, and so on. But beyond this there's some pretty exciting stuff when the owner of the Irish setter Lady learns that his father's plane in search of oil has been missing three days over Venezuela. Where you or I might phone or cable for further information, our hero, Steve Sullivan, is satisfied with no such shilly-shallying. He's Johnny-on-the-spot by plane himself, and his experiences in the Venezuelan jungle make his rescued father sum things up this way: "Take one part foolhardiness, one part fortitude, and one part faith and mix well. That's the luck of the Irish."

An incredibly beautiful book is *Gypsy* by Kate Seredy (Viking, \$3.00), who did the illustrations, too. Languorous tigerlike kittens and cats gaze from large black and white drawings. Especially memorable is the one which shows in a law of the jungle arrangement a stealthy cat watching an owl descend on a trembling mouse.

So I give you one dog and one cat book.

There were several horse stories

too, but it was more difficult to single out one of these because so many were fine. Most of them, however, had the old familiar setting—the great open spaces—and that may be why *Smoking Hoof* by Gertrude Robinson (Oxford University Press, \$2.50) stands out in my mind. She chose as a background the American Revolution instead of the plains, and the result is certainly sugar-coated history in the best sense.

Ronnie liked it. I could tell because, in the course of our reading, I devised a ruse that served as a gauge of a book's spellbinding quality. A Hershey bar given to him would be devoured if the story had only moderate appeal. At the end of *Smoking Hoof* there was just a nibble gone from the milk chocolate on the table beside him. Yes, it's a fine tale of Timothy Tucker who at Fort Ticonderoga helped guide a group of soldiers through the woods of Vermont and New Hampshire. From page 1 which describes the odor of sugar bread for General Gage's supper, to page 220 where Timmy is assured that Captain Carr will shoot his "Smoking Hoof" rather than have him suffer in battle, the book is packed with action. I wouldn't have dreamed of finishing the Hershey bar myself.

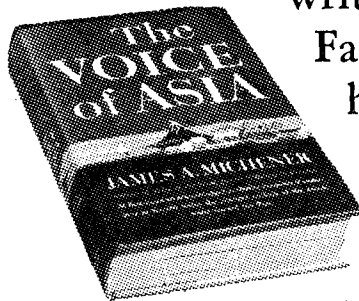
FOR TWELVE AND OVER

History is tapped again as a setting for another book that stands out in this fall's crop. *Mr. Brady's Camera Boy* by Frances Rogers (Lippincott, \$2.75) does a wonderful job of re-creating Washington in the underground slave traffic days; and as for Mr. Brady, well I think every school child knows him as the forerunner of today's camera fiend and as the man who made a lifework of his pictorial record of the Civil War. But this is essentially the story of his young apprentice, of the boy's technique with head-clamp immobilizers, and of his adventures with runaway slaves. Fact and fiction again, and extremely well done.

Every year there's bound to be one outrageously ridiculous book that some children look at with raised eyebrows and others clutch to their hearts like well-worn Teddy bears. This time it is *McWhinney's Jaunt* by Robert Lawson (Little, Brown, \$2.50). Maybe there's a dash of Mary Poppins in McWhinney, but what of that? In all probability they are first cousins once removed. Re-

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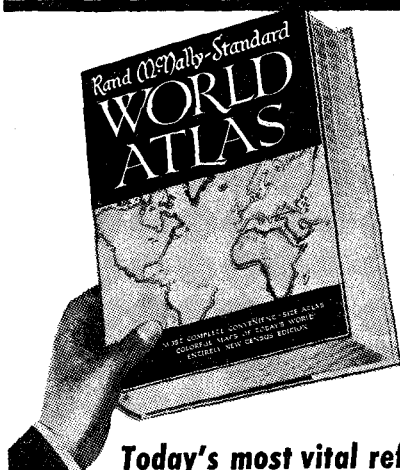
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moved from the ground, that is, since the ground is something Professor McWhinney has spurned ever since he invented a Z-gas with which he fills his bicycle tires. Actually the invention was bred of his desire to embark on a trip in order to get away from Mrs. McWhinney, who, since she had taken up needlepoint, had become, in his opinion, a very great bore. Surely his was an understandable yearning, and the only impediment to his proposed trip was lack of money, a condition (he reports with Micawberlike placidity) not infrequent in his household. Some people might not believe all the things he says he did — things like soaring right over policemen's heads at the base of the George Washington Bridge. But there is a drawing of him doing just that, so he *must* have.

FOR TWELVE AND UNDER

I remember reading *Tree in the Trail* by **Holling Clancy Holling** a few years back and being tremendously impressed by the device he used for presenting a panoramic view of the early Santa Fe trail and the country thereabouts. His new book, *Minn of the Mississippi* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00), is a stunning addition to this unusual and distinguished series with *Minn*, the snapping turtle, moving slowly down the great river past ancient weapons and forgotten treasures. A turtle-eye view of the Mississippi may seem a little odd, but it is surprising how, through this method (with well-documented text and diagrams), you really get the feeling of centuries of growth in Midwestern America.

FOR TEN TO SIXTY

A quick change of pace from life in the slimy water came when I picked up *The Kid Who Batted 1,000* by **Bob Allison and Frank Ernest Hill** (Doubleday, \$2.50). If there is any boy between, say, ten and — oh — sixty who doesn't put his official O.K. on this baseball story, I think he must be a little strange, and frankly I prefer to have no part of him. Some of the dialogue is slightly reminiscent of *Elmer the Great*, and people who saw *It Happens Every Spring* may note a familiar ring, but the story itself has freshness and fast, authentic baseball jargon. My husband was chuckling through it when Ronnie, peeking over his shoulder, said, "Oooh, don't turn over the pages so fast, Mister John. I

want to see if he calls the umpire a bum."

And now I am aghast to find that the next book before me is *Famous Paintings: An Introduction to Art for Young People* by **Alice Elizabeth Chase** (Platt & Munk, \$3.00). I am aghast because I don't quite know how to make a transition from this baseball talk except by diving right in and saying that the book is delightful. It has been put together with a thoughtful consideration for child-appeal.

Instead of museum type of grouping by artists, by schools, or by century, for example, the plates are classified by subject matter: Horses, Storms at Sea, Children and Pets, Saints at Home, Man and Beast, Trains and Stations, Playing Games, and so on. Botticelli, Hogarth, Monet, Renoir, Turner, and Vermeer are among the fifty artists included, and the color reproductions of their paintings are excellent.

FOR GIRLS UNDER TWELVE

When I read *Lisa and Lottie* by **Erich Kastner** (Little, Brown, \$2.50) I couldn't understand why no one had thought of this novel twist for a twins book before. For these two little girls, separated because their parents are separated, meet unknown to each other at school. Then, unknown to their *parents*, they exchange places, one returning to the mother, the other to the father. If you can picture the possibilities for a complicated plot development, it will save me trying to unravel it for you here. I can easily understand why the book has already been translated into six languages. It has originality of idea and piquancy of style. Gay, but without even a dash of anything saccharine, it made me feel very happy — something Pollyanna never did.



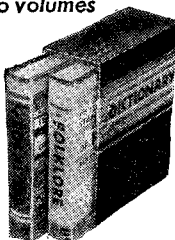
FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

In poignant contrast came *Pong Choolie, You Rascal!* by **Lucy Herndon Crockett** (Holt, \$3.00). Pong Choolie is the name of a little Korean boy caught, bewildered, in the midst of the present mess there.

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First a fugitive from the South Koreans, who know that his father is a Communist, then callously used as a courier by the occupying Reds, he finally reaches sanctuary with a group of American soldiers who are touched by his confused plight. But this sanctuary is short-lived. The evacuating troops are just leaving the shore as he tries frantically and futilely to join them.

Serious-minded older boys and girls will be moved by this story. Ronnie started to read it but he said it had too many Chinese names and he was afraid it was going to be sad anyway.

It surely is. It surely is.

I turn to the books that remain with dismay, because I feel like a radio commentator who looks up at the clock and finds that the minutes will tick away before he has time to finish the notes he had made on other things he intended to mention.

Quickly then, I also enjoyed *The Lest Kingdom* by Chester Bryant (Messner, \$2.50), a hair-raising account of two native boys' experiences in crossing the Indian Green Jungle, and I found *The Right Job for Judith* by Enid Johnson (Messner, \$2.50) a very pleasant account of how one teen-ager discovered what she wanted to do with her life. This year's harvest has, too, a splendid array of books like *La Salle and the Grand Enterprise* by Jeannette Covert Nolan (Messner, \$2.75), *Lonely Crusader*, a shortened biography of Florence Nightingale by Cecil Woodham-Smith (Whittlesey House, \$2.75), and *Mystery Mine* by Kenneth L. Sinclair (Winston, \$2.50).

A thoroughly satisfying series of books for older boys and girls is being published under the Random House Landmark imprint (\$1.50 each). Of the most recent titles, I recommend *Prehistoric America* by Anne Terry White, and *The Explorations of Père Marquette* by Jim Kjelgaard, a downright thrilling account of early Jesuit discoveries in the Midwest. The frightening shout of "Indians" hovers all through this tale, and it is truly inspiring, as is another in the series, *The Vikings*, by Elizabeth Janeway.

These, Ronnie explained to me, however, were not so much for kids. "More like stuff my brother reads in high school," he said, "but I guess they're good books all right."

I said I guessed they *were*, all right.

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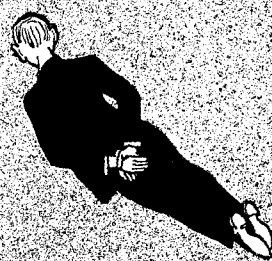
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ACCENT ON LIVING



SPECIAL \$2074



AS ONE who rose to the bait offered by an automobile dealer's advertisement, I offer this brief account of why I am determined to squeeze another year's use out of my 1947 model jalopy-in-the-making.

The dealer was a big one. His new-car invitation, at \$2074 and with a rich trade-in allowance — my old car was listed in his advertisement as a model that would fetch \$200 more than I had expected — struck me as irresistible.

I telephoned the dealer and got a salesman on the line.

"I am calling in regard to your advertisement in the Sunday papers," I said. "I have a 1947 Hoozit to trade."

"Has it a radio and heater?" asked the salesman.

"Yes, it has everything. Snow tires, too."

This must have been unwelcome news, for a considerable pause followed.

"What kind of car do you want to buy?" the salesman asked.

"The one you were advertising. The \$2074 model."

"The \$2074 model?" The salesman had sounded slightly hostile up to this point, but my answer was too

much for him. He burst into honest laughter. "That's a two-door job," he said.

"I'd just as soon have the two-door," I replied.

"And with a hand shift." "Fine, fine. I wanted a hand shift especially. Much quicker on the take-off."

The salesman was chuckling again. "You don't understand," he said. "That \$2074 car comes *stripped*."

I had heard "stripped" used to describe cars plundered by thieves who steal tires, wheels, battery, accessories, and everything else removable. That was certainly what the salesman made it sound like.

"How do you mean — 'stripped'?" I asked.

"I mean stripped," the salesman said. "With that \$2074 car you get absolutely nothing. Nothing at all."

"Does it have tires?"

"Of course it has tires. But it has no equipment. None."

"What kind of equipment do you mean?"

"No radio, no heater. No turn indicator. You wouldn't want to take a car like that out on the road."

"I wouldn't?"

"Well, you might want a car without a heater in this climate, but I wouldn't."

"Well, I was just thinking of the extra cost. I could get the heater later on."

"What's the difference? Now I have a very pretty job here, a four-door. It has an automatic transmission — frankly, no one wants a hand shift nowadays."

"I do."

The salesman brushed past this without listening. "And it does have ordinary equipment — radio, heater, and so on."

"How much is it?"

"\$2882."

The pause was at my end this time.

"No," I said. "I'll take the two-door car with the hand shift — the \$2074 car. It is really exactly what I want."

A long mutual pause.

"Let me tell you about that ad," said the salesman. "We're cleaning

out on that model. It's going to be discontinued."

"That's what I'd heard, but it will suit me very well."

"We only had two of those \$2074 jobs."

"I only want one."

"Well, they're both gone."

"Gone?"

"Sold."

"Oh."

When a man has just persuaded himself into a foolish transaction and declared for the ultimate leap, in all its silliness, his feelings are necessarily mixed when he learns that the deal is not going through after all. He is disappointed, for the moment, in not harvesting the rewards which he has been telling himself this particular error of judgment would, in some mysterious way, bring him. It's a letdown.

But my sorrow at not being fleeced by the dealer in this case was, I am happy to report, short-lived. Such is the resiliency of the human spirit.

Considering the brilliance of the merchandising scheme which lay behind this episode, I must say that the advertisement itself was far too conventional. If a given number of chumps such as myself would reach for the unavailable \$2074 offering, would not a far greater number respond to the same bait at, say, \$1666.33? There is no reason why the dealer should remain earthbound by a supposedly published price of \$2074 when he might just as well have dreamed up the lesser figure. He could even afford to throw in the radio and heater.

As for that word "stripped," the dealer could enlarge its meaning at

the same time. A fair price for the not-to-be-had "stripped" version would be still lower — probably not more than \$900, a mighty attractive bargain in times like these for a new car in the middle price range, lacking only windows, doors, seats, engine, etc. Since he isn't going to be allowed the car in any case, these are superfluities which any motorist can get along perfectly comfortably without.

The upshot of my telephone conversations was a decision to spend \$30 on repairs to my '47 Hoozit. That left me no wealthier than I had been before — in fact I was poorer by \$30 — but my sensations were genuinely those of a man who has just found a few thousands in an old suit — a happy ending in spite of my best efforts.

CHARLES W. MORTON

MIME THE METALLURGIST

by R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is a young English free lance with — oddly enough — considerable experience in metallurgy. He is a regular contributor of light verse to the Atlantic and to Punch.

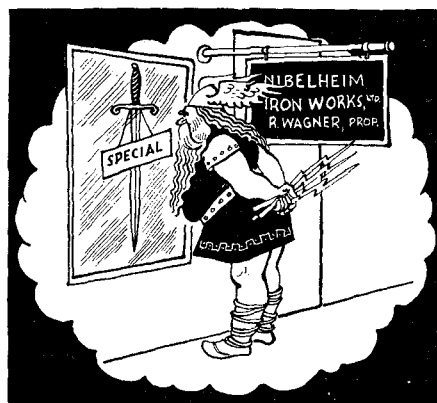
TO US opera-loving metallurgists there is no moment in the theater more satisfying than that at which Siegfried settles down to a little practical work on the sword Nothung. It is a rare opportunity of seeing a full-scale demonstration of metallurgical processes with musical accompaniment; and it occurs only during the Wagner season.

There is, unfortunately, no very satisfactory record of where this sword Nothung originally came from. It is surprising, considering the amount of time the characters in *The Ring* spend in talking about their pasts; but it is nevertheless true that no full account of the matter is given. We have to proceed by deduction.

The first time Nothung appears in the drama is at the end of *The Rhinegold*, when Wotan is about to cross the rainbow bridge to the newly constructed Valhalla. He sees this sword lying about the stage in a whole pile of junk recently delivered from Nibelheim; and he picks it up, waves it absent-mindedly in the air, and takes it with him, thinking it may come in handy later. There is no disputing

that this is the actual sword Nothung; the trumpets and trombones make this quite clear by playing the sword motif, starting *p* and ending *ff*, *sempre crescendo*; and when Wagner scores a theme for trumpets and trombones he is not trifling with his audience. He means to be understood.

Admittedly, this fortuitous dis-



covery of Nothung may seem at first a little unsatisfactory. It is reminiscent of Joan of Arc's account of her sword in *Henry VI*, Part I: —

I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

If one inquires a little further, however, the origin of Nothung is seen to be implicit in the drama. It came, with the rest of the old iron, from Nibelheim; and it was undoubtedly made there. It is improbable that Alberich made it, as he had developed the very sensible habit of getting the other Nibelungs to do all his work for him since he acquired the Ring. The other Nibelungs were all practicing metallurgists, and any of them might have made it; but it is overwhelmingly probable that the original manufacturer of Nothung was Mime, Alberich's unfortunate brother, the greatest metallurgist of them all. There is no accounting otherwise for his subsequent passion for Nothung, and for his horror at Siegfried's unorthodox treatment of it after it got broken.

For Mime was, it must be noted, a careful and tidy-minded dwarf. He was not one of your slapdash metallurgists, neglectful of detail. He had spent a lot of time on this sword Nothung, when his brother first ordered it; and it is probable that Wotan's careless treatment of it did a lot towards warping Mime's originally blameless character.

In the first place, Wotan got hold of it by nefarious means, without a proper receipt; and in the second, he stuck it in a tree in Hunding's drafty hut, where the rain dripped in on it

and might quite well have rusted it away before Siegmund ever got hold of it. As it turned out, the sword escaped this misfortune, through no fault of Wotan's; Siegmund got it safely out of the tree and might have put it to the proper and decent use of running it through Hunding if it had not been, again, for Wotan's interference. Some paltry legal squabble between Wotan and Fricka made it undesirable, in Wotan's eyes, for the sword to be used in this way. He shattered it on his spear, ruining Mime's years of careful work.

The bits of Nothung fell into Mime's hands by a lucky chance, together with Sieglinde and, in the course of time, Siegfried; and he spent a lot of time and hard work trying to stick them together again. It was a hopeless task. For one thing, Wotan had laid it down that it could only be done by a smith who did not know the meaning of fear. Considering that Mime had made the sword, in the first place, in his usual condition of shivering fright, this seemed a little unfair. And then, it must be confessed that Mime did not go about it in the right way. He should have melted the whole thing down and started from the beginning again; but he was naturally unwilling to do this. He had put a lot of work into getting those fragments into the right hardened and tempered condition; and what he tried to do was to weld them together by hammering. The welds were of extremely poor quality and the whole thing fell to pieces again



almost as soon as Siegfried looked at it. Mime had, in fact, lost his grip.

Finally Mime turned the job over to Siegfried at the latter's request. It is at this point that the metallurgist tenses up, trembling with excitement, in his box or amphitheater stall, as the case may be. It is the supreme metallurgical moment of all opera.

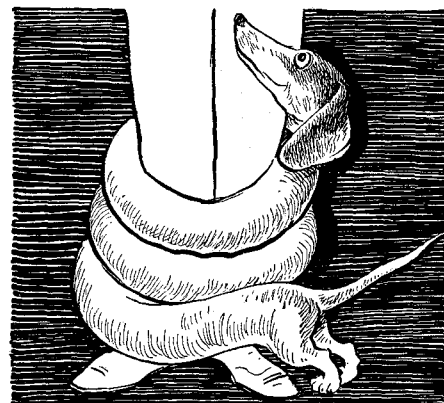
First of all Siegfried clamps the

bits one by one in his bench vise and files them to powder. It takes him two minutes. It is a rush job. He puts the filings in a crucible and melts them up in the furnace. This gives him the opportunity for what is called the first Forging Song, though in fact all he is doing is tugging at the great bellows. By the end of the song the filings are melted, and Siegfried pours them into a mold. They solidify into steel in the austenitic or face-centered cubic condition. Does he allow them to pass quietly into the ferritic-cementitic condition as they cool? Not a bit of it. He plunges the ingot into water at the back of the stage, while the orchestra makes a magnificent hissing noise. In this way the steel, being quenched, passes into the martensitic state, with a body-centered cubic lattice strained by interstitial carbon atoms. It is hard but brittle. Siegfried tempers it. He has not taken in the half of what Mime has told him about metallurgical theory, but he does know that tempered martensite is tough.

He now bashes the sword about on the anvil and sings the second Forging Song, rightly so named. It is a joyous song, full of Hohos and Haheis, and is in tune with the watching metallurgist's exhilarated feelings. And at the end of the act he takes up his newly created Nothung and deals a dirty great blow at the anvil. This, having a continuous cementite network, is as brittle as blazes, and falls into two halves at one blow, if the stagehands have done their work properly. It is the triumph of martensite over matter.

Thinking it all over in glorious retrospect, the metallurgist decides that the only doubtful thing about the whole business is the time factor. It took the smith Munifican six years to make the swords Courtain and Sauvagine for Ogier the Dane; and it took Gallas three years to make Charlemagne's sword Joyeuse. Three years per sword seems a fair average. Yet Siegfried does the whole thing in the last fifteen minutes of Act One.

Nevertheless, he does a fair job in the limited time allowed. Before the end of the opera, Nothung, undamaged by its contact with the anvil, has slain Fafner disguised as a dragon, and shattered Wotan's spear. It has also been used to put an end to Mime, whose conversation at last got too tedious to be borne; which shows that the metallurgical profession has its dangers, like any other.



THE BADGERING HOUND

by WEARE HOLBROOK

WEARE HOLBROOK has written many light articles for news syndicates and magazines. A former Iowan, he now lives in Hartsdale, New York.

MY IDEA in getting a dachshund rather than, say, a wire-haired terrier—which happened to be the most popular breed at the time—was that it would require less exercise on my part. Its legs were so short that a walk around the block ought to be equal to a two-mile jaunt for a borzoi. The brief outing over, I would then park the exhausted creature in the apartment and go downtown to meet the boys.

That's what I thought.

But I reckoned without the peculiar character of the dachshund. It is not like other dogs. To begin with, even though equipped with a pedigree as long as its spine, it looks like something made up of odds and ends from Buffon's *Natural History*. It has elephant ears, an anteater snout, a chicken breast, duck feet, a ratty tail—and El Greco eyes. You can't help feeling sorry for it. And this compassion is returned in the form of gratitude, unmitigated and 100 proof.

Most dogs have outside interests and act preoccupied even when patting: fox terriers and poodles practice vaudeville turns, collies herd sheep, bloodhounds track criminals, greyhounds pose with Conover models, Dalmatians chase fires, whippets race, huskies mush, retrievers retrieve, and spitzes spit. The dachshund was originally bred for hunting badgers and its broad forefeet are designed for digging. But because of its inability to distinguish between badgers and tulip bulbs this atavistic instinct has been discouraged. Consequently the poor thing has nothing to

do except adore its master — which quickly becomes a full-time occupation for both parties concerned.

This sentimental tyranny extends beyond the home. At theaters, concerts, and dinner parties, dog owners in general are indistinguishable from the rest of the crowd. Their pets are simply details of their respective backgrounds, like automobiles, sailboats, gardens, and deep-freeze lockers; they can take a dog or leave it alone — even in a kennel. But those who own dachshunds may be recognized immediately by their haunted look. No cultural display or sparkling repartee can hold their undivided attention. Their gaze is remote, their conversation abstracted, and they leave early to hurry back to their heart-broken howlers whose open diapason of woe can be silenced only by the rattle of a latchkey.

Judging by bench-show statistics, boxers have succeeded cocker spaniels as the most popular breed at the moment. Yet in the newspaper photographs of visiting celebrities and vacationing socialites, dachshunds figure more prominently than all other breeds combined. It's not that they are especially photogenic; it's just that their owners can't bear to leave the little darlings at home.

The most devout dachshund-fancier I ever knew was Aunt Millie. She dedicated the best years of her life to a long black hound named Eric. It was said that she used to sing the dachsolody every morning, and she had no patience with those sticky sentimentalists who consider human beings more important than dogs.

When Eric died recently at the age of sixteen, we were worried about Aunt Millie. She had a nervous breakdown, took no interest in anything around her, and refused even to look at a dog. "There will never be another Eric!" she insisted with tragic finality.

But eventually Aunt Millie snapped out of it, and now she is her old self again — with a new hobby. She has become a people-fancier. "People are really fascinating," she confided to me the other day. "I never tire of watching them. It's wonderful how they respond to a little kind treatment. And when they look at you with those big bifocals, you can't help loving them. They're intelligent, too; I believe with the proper training they could be taught to do almost anything."

ACCENT ON LIVING



by JOHN M. CONLY

Bartok: Mikrokosmos Suite (arr. by Tibor Serly) and **Two Portraits** (Franco Autori conducting the New Symphony Orchestra of London; Bartok Records: 12" LP). Charming and beautifully recorded, *Mikrokosmos* is the ideal introduction to this sometimes baffling modern genius.

Gershwin: Porgy and Bess (Complete opera, with Lawrence Winters, Camilla Williams, Inez Matthews, other soloists, chorus and orchestra conducted by Lehman Engel; Columbia: three 12" LPs boxed with libretto). This is white-hot, surely one of the most gripping, heart-squeezing, fascinating things ever put on records, be it called grand opera, folk opera, or musical play. Without reservations, buy it.

Hartmann, Karl Amadeus: Symphony No. 4 (Franz André conducting the INR Symphony of Brussels; Capitol Telefunken: 10" LP). "Peter Grimes rides again!" gleefully exclaimed one listener. If you think you'd like Benjamin Britten in Bavarian, try this.

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 43 and 50 (Mogens Wöldike conducting the Danish State Radio chamber orchestra; Haydn Society: 12" LP). Wöldike's here and Haydn Society's got him. Import-shoppers know what this means; others can find out for \$5.95. Perfection is so rarely met with.

Mozart: Horn Concerto No. 3 and Motet: Exsultate, Jubilate and Zaide: "Ruhe sanft" (Richard Bales conducting the National Gallery Orchestra with Mason Jones, horn, and Barbara Troxell, soprano; WCFM: 12" LP). These were made at last summer's Charlottesville, Va., Mozart festival, obviously *con amore*.

Nielsen, Carl: Symphony No. 5 (Erik Tuxen conducting the Danish State Broadcasting Symphony; HMV "plum label" Z-7022-26: five 12" 78s). Nielsen has been called a Scandinavian Rachmaninoff, but he's more than that, although virtually unknown in America. Recording: superb.

Strauss, Richard: Don Quixote (Bavarian State Orchestra, the composer conducting; Decca-Deutsche Grammophon: 12" LP). Smoothly recorded.

Verdi: La Traviata (Arturo Toscanini, soloists, Robert Shaw Chorale, and NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: two 12" LPs or 13 45s). The maestro unvetoes release of this 1947 transcript after he heard a black-market record of it broadcast in Europe last summer.

Come On-a Stan's House (Stan Freeman, harpsichord, with guitar, drums, and bass viol; Columbia: 10" LP or four 10" 78s). The jazz pianist is now extinct — this is *the* instrument for the idiom. Lend an ear to "Scarlati in the Blue Room."

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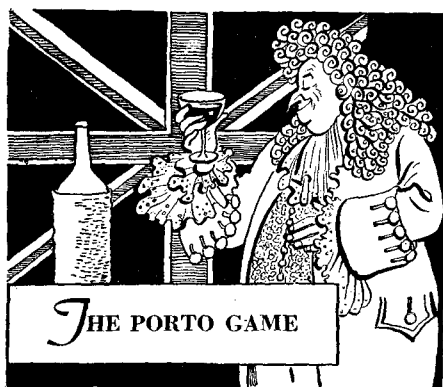
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by DIGGORY VENN

Born in England and now living in Boston, DIGGORY VENN was a press officer with the Marines in the Pacific, a news reporter in San Francisco, and more recently has been investigating circulation opportunities in Europe for American magazines.

THE Porto Game is the art of making port wine. The stakes are high, the fruits of victory are a definite boon to mankind, but the rules and procedures are as complicated as the insides of a calculating machine.

That at least was the reaction of my wife and me to an exhilarating, and not necessarily sober, visit to the playing fields of port last year. Our destination was Porto and the vineyards of the Alto Douro, often referred to as the helot domain of England — and not without reason. Most of the port traders are Englishmen whose families have been playing the game for three generations. Without the English market, there would be no port trade to speak of, and very probably no such liquid as port.

To begin with, port was specially designed in pre-whiskey days for the English gentleman who was even then suffering from draft, dampness, and chill. He craved a drink blessed with body, flavor, and plenty of alcohol. Port was the mitten on the chilblain.

Portugal was chosen as the source of supply largely for negative reasons. The English had to get their wine from somewhere, and because of politics neither France nor Spain was allowed to be much help. So Charles II, a monarch who drank only French wines but was married to a Braganza of Portugal, inaugurated the trade in 1678. In 1703 Gallophobia had reached such a pitch in England that the Methuen or Port Treaty was signed with Portugal establishing discriminatory duties against French wines "for ever." The port trade flourished, and has never stopped.

Port is not a natural wine. Unlike claret, Burgundy, hock, or Moselle, it is manufactured. That is to say, brandy is added to the must during fermentation to entrap part of the natural sugar and make the wine sweeter and more alcoholic. The cynics, who disregard the rich, aromatic, and velvety result of complementing nature, indict the port traders for turning what they claim would otherwise be a cheap, wholesome wine into an expensive, unhealthy one.

To blame port for the prevalence of gout in England is stretching a point even though Pitt's gouty leg, bandages, and crutches were once as much a part of the political scene as Churchill's cigars and Eden's Homburg are today. But there is no doubt that port is an expensive way of indulging the palate. The Porto Players are the first to admit that the dominant economic factor of their sport is the high cost of production. The addition of brandy, for example, delays potability about eight years. The best port does not attain its peak for at least twenty years, and even fifty. One recorded sample held out for ninety. Overhead in such cases runs high.

Then there is the matter of the vineyards or *quintas*. All port grapes are grown along the upper reaches of the Douro River (Alto Douro), the most unmanageable fifty-mile stretch of land in all Portugal.

The region is beautiful to look at. The valley rises abruptly from the narrow band of water. The vines march across the hillsides in neat, bastioned rows. But the terrain is steep and rocky. The soil is flaky and lacks many essential chemical properties. Water springs are at a premium and seldom suffice even for domestic needs. In any case, the combination of slope and soil creates such good drainage that moisture never stays around long enough to do the vines much good. To create room for the vines, the hillsides must be terraced at great expense. Almost all the work is done by human labor because the region is too rugged for any kind of farm machinery, even a plow.

Roads are few and far between, and at vintage time the harvested grapes are carried up or down the slopes on the backs of local Portuguese. Finally, to the sound of music, with trousers hitched above their knees, young Portuguese tread the grapes in stone tanks (*lagares*). The theory is that only human feet will extract the full color and richness from the grapes.

The climate of the Alto Douro does its best to hinder all these activities, with fog, frost, tropical heat, and a minimum rainfall which arrives at the wrong time of year in the form of boisterous spring thunderstorms.

For a spectator, the storms are wondrous to behold. The wind, compressed into the narrow Douro Valley, soon reaches sufficient velocity to mow down any young vine. It is followed by torrential rain which undoes all the careful and expensive terracing by undermining the supporting walls. If the rains last long enough — and they usually do — the whole terrace gives up and plunges down the hillside, taking the vine roots with it. The final indignity is an accurate and devastating bombardment of oversize hailstones.

To put it mildly, the yield per vine in the Alto Douro region is not high. This, however, is all right with the traders, who agree that the smaller the yield, the better the quality of wine. This theory is so well held that the traders resist any temptation to increase their crop by irrigation for fear of reducing quality. The problem of the rich, alluvial bottomlands, where the yield is a gallon of juice per vine as against the norm of one gallon per eight vines, is neatly taken care of. By law, these bonanzas are excluded from the delimited, port-producing area.

And so a rule of thumb emerges: The best vineyards grow on the steepest slopes, cost the most to construct, and yield the least wine. Or as the Instituto do Vinho puts it: "Port is a wine which cannot be sold cheaply."

Transportation is yet another adversity. Port is generally not handled in the *quintas*, but removed a few



months after the vintage to the entrepôt at Vila Nova da Gaia. The journey is only about fifty miles, but it is a tough one. The main highway, until recently, was the Douro River, a

narrow, treacherous stream, navigable most efficiently by a special boat called the *barco rabelo*.

This vessel is flat-bottomed to les-



sen the danger of capsizing in the river's innumerable rapids, and sports a turned-up nose, ungainly sails, and a rudder in the form of a long wooden sweep which facilitates rapid and radical changes in direction. Its limitations virtually dictate the cycle of viticulture. In February, when the river is swollen by winter rains, the *rabelo* ferries its heavy cargo downstream. It returns at the end of summer. By then, the prevailing winds have switched direction and blow upstream, enabling the *rabelo* to crunch home over the summer shallows without too much damage. *Rabelos* are still in use today, but alternative transportation is now provided by a dinky railroad which chuffs its way along the convoluted course of the river.

Once safely at the entrepôt, the wine is delivered to a lodge. A typical lodge is an informal and redolent collection of buildings which meander along the river front. The grounds are clipped and planted like a garden. Vines wander up and across buildings, making bridges of shade. In the warehouses, huge wooden vats squat on an earth floor in a cathedral-like milieu of serenity and gloom. Besmoked blenders, tending to their lodge work, busy themselves with test tubes, compare colors, taste samples, and spit with Yankee aim and accuracy into huge, flared spittoons set at waist height.

The object at this stage in the Porto Game is to prepare a "mark" or kind of wine for the benefit of the consumer. And here the game becomes difficult and devious again.

Left to its brandy-fortified self, a good quality single port (one not blended with any other year) starts off life a deep red color. As it ages in

wood, it gradually loses color and becomes ruby and finally tawny. The color now will be dark amber, and the wine will have reached the peak development of its full-bodied, velvety taste and bouquet. A lesser quality wine will begin with a lighter color and arrive at the tawny stage with greater speed and fewer virtues of taste and aroma.

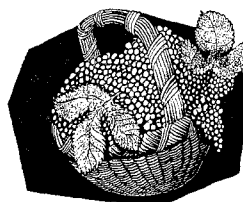
So far so good. But the traditional port is a blended wine for reasons of economy and speed. Here the blender or taster steps in. By adding single wines to each other in various combinations, he cancels out defects, enhances qualities, and produces his standard marks of blended wines. These marks go on indefinitely from year to year. Each one conforms to a set style, but varies tremendously in age, quality, and price.

In making up his marks, the blender aims at four main styles of port: Tawny, Ruby, Full, and White.

Tawny is amber-colored, and generally a blended wine. A single wine will, however, become tawny with great age. Many young tawny wines in the lower price range are blends of red and white port.

Ruby is halfway in color between a tawny and a full port. Usually a blended wine, it can be a single wine which has lost color with age.

Full is a deep red young wine, two to five years old. Usually a blended wine, it can also be a single wine.



White is made from white grapes, and is lighter in body and has a less pronounced aroma than red port. It has some characteristics of sherry (also a fortified wine), and gains rather than loses color with age — the opposite of red port.

The monarch of all the styles, *Vintage Port*, is governed by a completely different set of rules. The result of an exceptionally good year, it is not blended with the wines of any other year, but stands on its own considerable merits. Bottled at two years, it is aged in bottle instead of wood. As a result, it matures slowly, reaching its peak in twenty to fifty years, and retains more color and body than blended ports, as well as acquiring a finer bouquet. Like other ports aged in bottle, it gradually forms a crust — hence *Crusted Ports*. These wines, of course, should be decanted carefully, and never drunk when "bottlesick" — that is, when in the process of throwing a crust.

Now primarily a dessert wine which climaxes a fine meal, port was originally designed to be drunk at any time of the day. The French still revere it as an *apéritif* before meals. White port is not accorded the same respect as its red brother, and may be tampered with. Many of the Porto Players mix it with ice and soda water as a summer drink. Otherwise any port worthy of the name demands the trinity of wine appreciation: sight, scent, and palate.

WHO SPOUSES WHOM?

by HUGHES MEARNS

WHEN first wife meets the second wife,
What do they say? What do they think?
When husband two meets husband three,
Who sportingly pays for the drink?

When daughter by the third wife meets
A handsome lad by number two
Whose dad was fourth wife's second job,
What should a puzzled lassie do?

When fifth wife meets her fourth man's bride —
It happens now in any room —
Who should speak first? And by this time
Who gives a hoot who spouses whom?

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To jungle folk at jungle play;
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And more like monkeys every day.

69 — Toulouse-Lautrec

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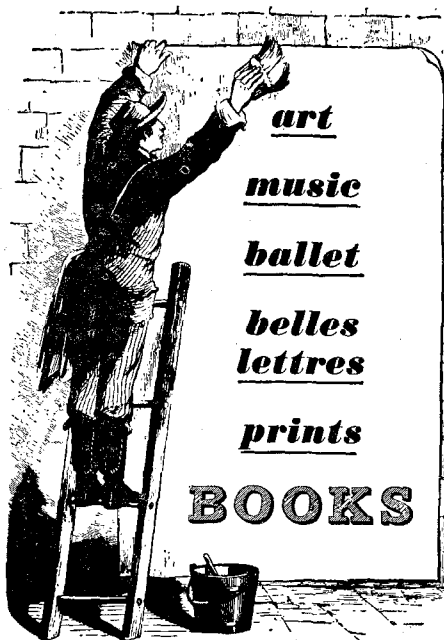
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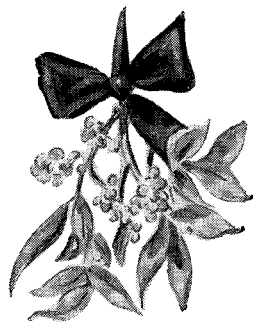
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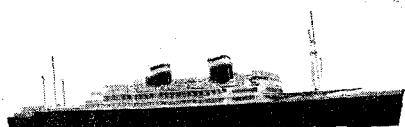
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